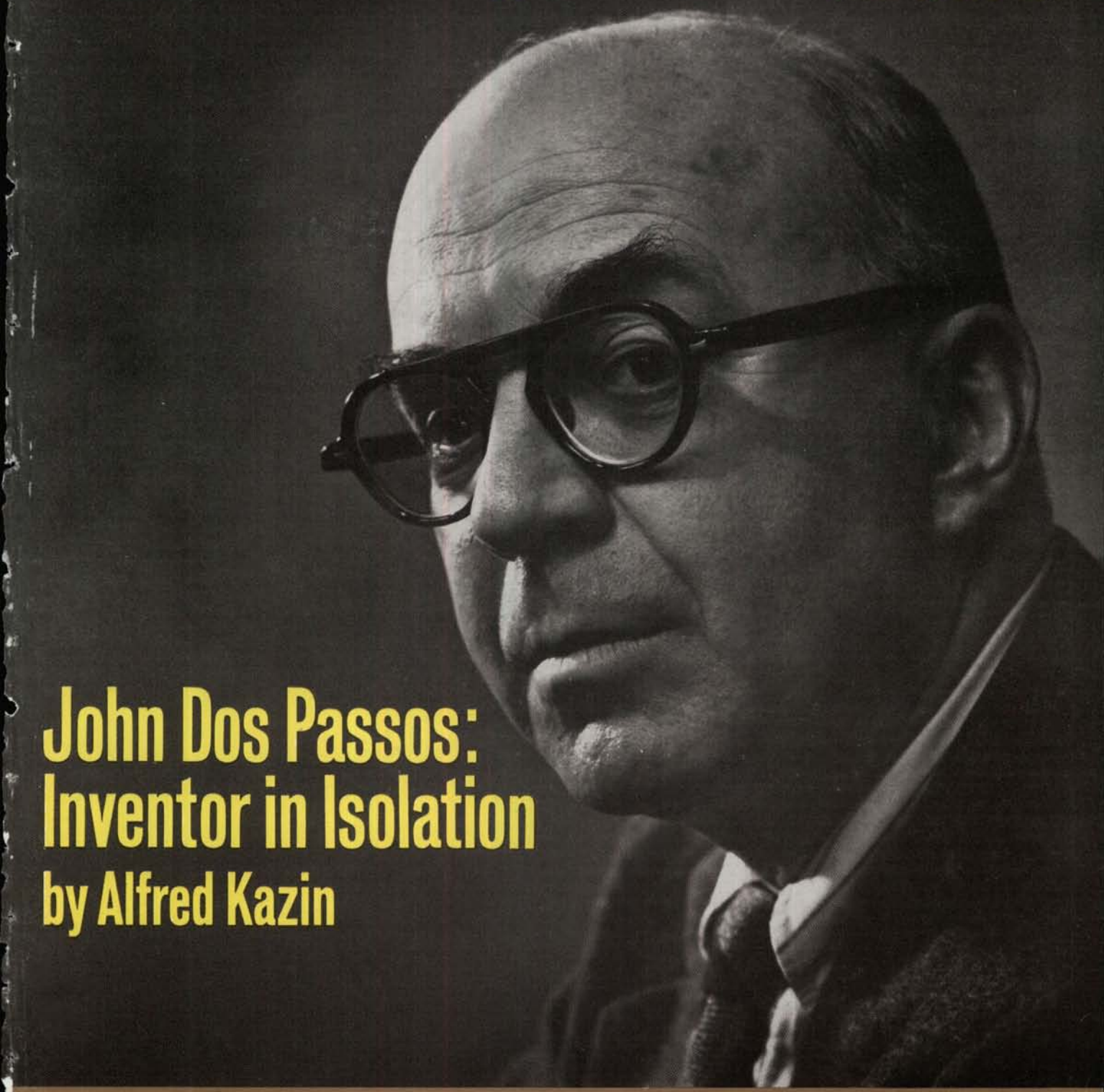
Saturday Review

March 15, 1969 35¢



John Dos Passos: Inventor in Isolation

by Alfred Kazin

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EDUCATION

MIAMI: THE CLIMATI

By Peter Schrag

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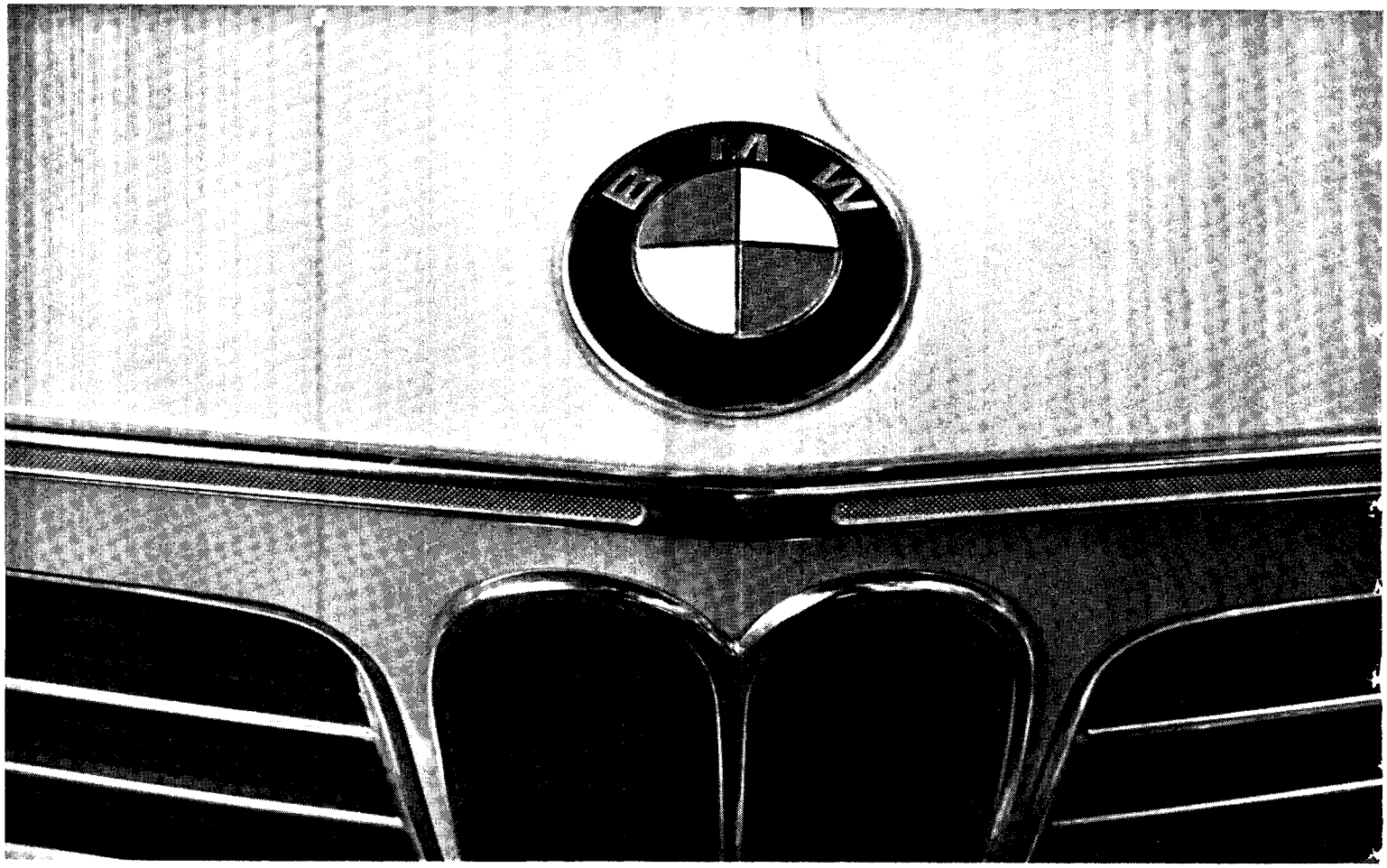

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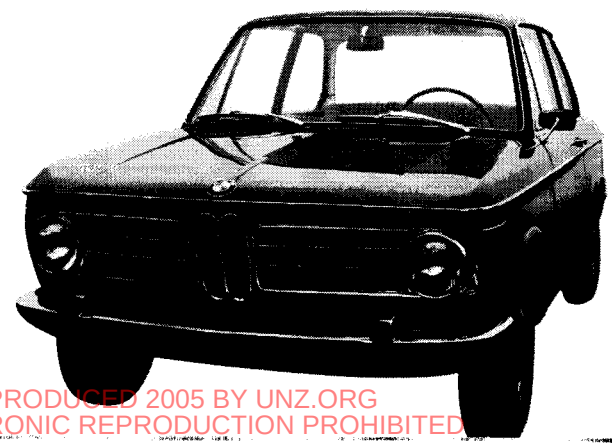

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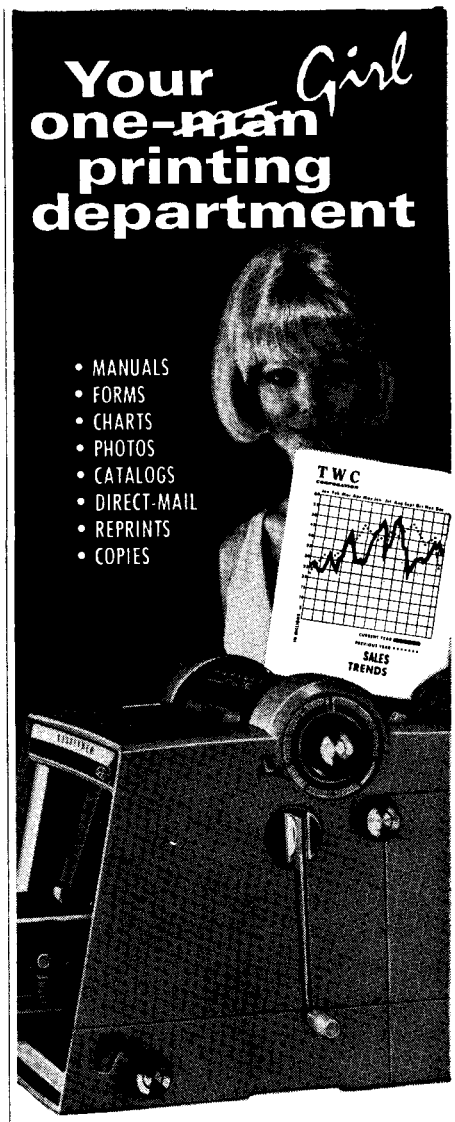

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The End of American Haiku

(A lament, at appropriate length, on hearing that Western Union has abandoned the old-fashioned Day Letter.)

Some cerebrations neatly fit
Into ten words
(IN JAM SEND FIFTY DOLLARS IMMEDIATELY LETTER FOLLOWS LOVE JUNIOR),
But in a prolix nation
How refreshingly challenging it was
To compress one's rambling sunlit thoughts
On birth,
Adoration, graduation, abnegation,
Or death
Into a modest yet still meaty package!
Alas, no more.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

Blow-Up Tight (A Play for Total Audience Involvement)

As last member of audience takes seat, doors are slammed shut, and hammers are heard nailing them closed on the outside. Audience titters nervously.

Lights go down until theater is dark, whereupon members of the cast dressed only in phosphorescent green paint begin crawling across the customers' laps whispering lugubriously:

PUT IT ALL together, it spells mother. . . .

I can take my clothes off, but it's no *fun*. . . .

My draft card will not burn, bend, fold, or staple. What will the pigs do to us next. . . ?

Didn't I meet you at a Molotov cocktail party. . . ?

I wish I only hated myself in the *morning*. . . .

Get rid of your filthy lousy money. Before it's too late. *Now*. . . .

Audience titters nervously. Many put their wallets or purses into the ghastly green hands.

Lights go up just enough to reveal other members of the cast, dressed as Storm Troopers, stringing barbed wire around the seating section. Phosphorescent crawlers file out through the last gap just before the barbed wire enclosure is completed.

Spotlight reveals Leader, front and center.

LEADER: Like Shakespeare said, "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?"

Storm Troopers unfurl long bullwhips and lash across the wire barricade at the audience. Loud reports from whips cracking a few inches above most customers' heads. Loud reports from customers whose heads were a few inches higher than most.

LEADER: Any complaints? Anybody don't begin to, like, feel involved?

Audience titters nervously.

LEADER: I get the feeling, like, somehow you still don't feel really *in* it. Like you think this is a *play*, and we're playing games: and, like, you could get out and go back to your stinking crummy homes. Right?

A murmur of assent from audience.

LEADER: Well, that's not what theater's all about, see. It's not make-believe; it's part of this goddam cruddy world you pigs made. We don't tell it *like* it is; we give you *is*, see.

Spotlights reveal firing squad ranged on both sides of Leader, with rifles leveled at audience.

LEADER: *(to firing squad)*: Shave off the tops of the seats!

Customers hit the floor as a volley grazes the tops of the seats.

LEADER: OK, you pigs got your lousy stinking money's worth? Anybody still feel they're not having a real theatrical experience? We can afford one more round, even for a matinee crowd.

White handkerchiefs flutter here and there above seat tops.

LEADER: It figures. Pigs afraid to live, pigs afraid to die. Well, there's a half-ton of dynamite under the floor you're crawling on, and in exactly twenty seconds we're going to blow this place up.

Wails of dismay out front.

LEADER: You'll go down in history as the first totally involved audience. We let you leave this place alive, you'd gripe we sold you your lousy tickets under false pretenses. We could lose our license. See you in hell, pigs.

Panic out front.

LEADER: Sorry we can't join you, but the show must go on. Know what I mean?

Entire cast ducks dexterously behind blast-proof curtain as explosion demolishes audience section and audience.

—L. B. SALOMON.

Ringing in the New

ASK SOMEONE (particularly a college professor) when the twentieth century began and chances are pretty good that he'll answer: 1) 1900; 2) 1914; 3) with W. B. Yeats. But he would be wrong on all counts. The twentieth century began in 1901. Tell that to your someone and he is sure to argue, even after you point out that our civilization always begins to count with the number one and not with zero; and that our basic multiple, ten, always ends with zero (10, 100, 1,000, etc.). Centuries end with zero; they begin with one. Failing to convince him, send him to *The New York Times* for Tuesday, January 1, 1901, first column to the right:

TWENTIETH CENTURY'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY

> The Century is dead; long live the Century! Yesterday was the Nineteenth, today the Twentieth. Sometime last night the one died and the other was born.

But what is most relevant is the current mistaken belief that the twenty-first century is going to start in the year 2000. Walter Cronkite is always saying, "By the year 2000" on his *Twenty-First Century* TV program; the little animated film *Automania 2000* obviously means "by the next century"; economists, political commentators, city planners, and agricultural and scientific experts all speak of "the year 2000." The year 2000 is building symbolic power. Clearly most of us assume that the new century will begin a year earlier than it will. Only Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* seems to have gotten straight on these century matters. (Just ask your someone why 2001 to see how widespread is the confusion.)

Anyway, I hope that by the millennium it will all get cleared up. Imagine the embarrassment at all those New Year's Eve parties preparing to celebrate the passing of the old century and the entry of the new a year too soon.

—BARRY TARGAN.

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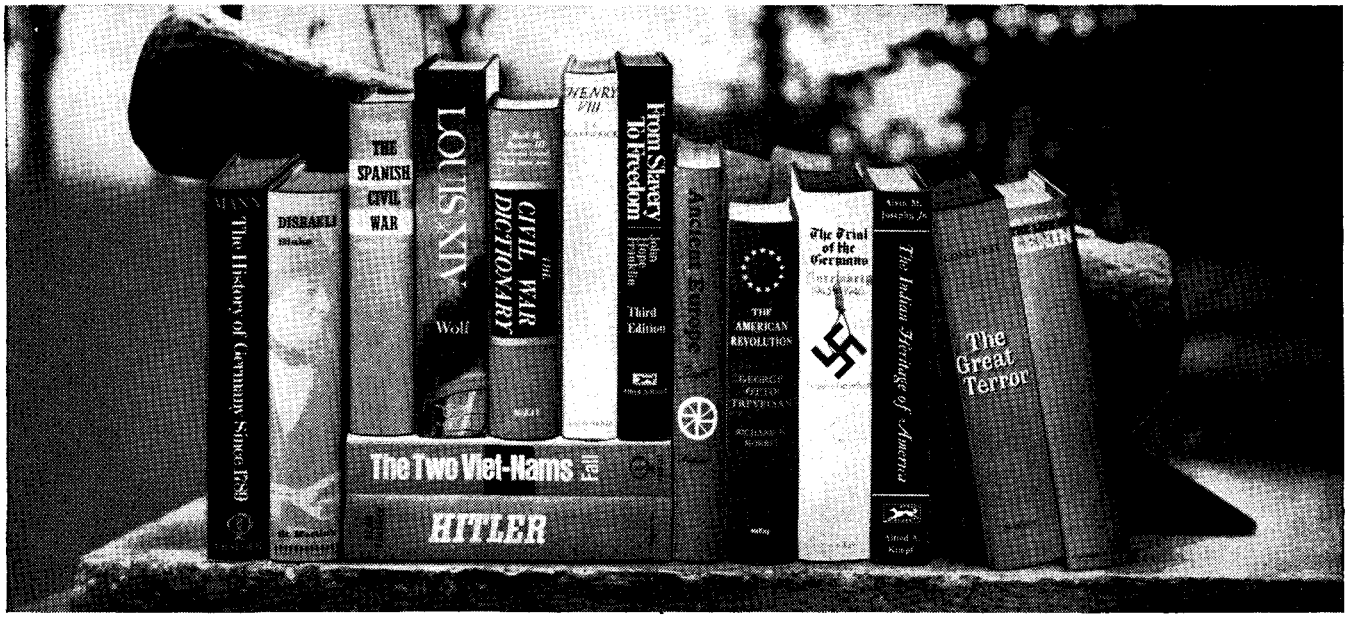

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

No One To Talk To

LAST AUGUST, I went into a new business. I made myself available to a booking agency for the lecture circuit. This has been the best-kept secret in all show biz. I head the FBI list of Ten Least Wanted Men.

How I got involved was, one day I was on the phone with an associate at *SR* who suggested I go on the road and give some talks to readers of this magazine at clubs, universities, luncheons, and dinners to find out what they're thinking and talking about.

"It'll be educational for you and enjoyable. Some of our editors are doing it," he said. "I'll call the W. Colston Leigh agency and have them get in touch with you."

"Yes," I said, "we must do that one day."

Well, one day turned out to be one minute after I hung up. Mr. Leigh was on the phone and said he'd like to come over to talk about it. He came with a contract which I signed on August 19, making myself available. I immediately got ahead on my other work to make time for all those speeches I was to make on my road tour.

Three months later, on November 15, I heard from Mr. Leigh. He had made a contract for my first booking.

"Well, finally," I said. "Where is it, Mr. Leigh?"

"Gloversville, New York."

"Good. When is it?"

"On a Saturday night."

"Good. Is that this week or next?"

"January 11," he replied.

Well, anyone can easily see that any bee was going to be a lot busier than I. Is this the famous Chautauqua circuit I had heard so much about? Is this the way William Jennings Bryan got started?

I had never spoken in public before, and despite what you may have read, I cannot talk off the top of my head. But I kept saying that with two whole months to go I had plenty of time before old January 11 rolled around.

But old January 11, as all January 11s do, rolled around sooner than expected. Still no speech. However, I had reservations on a train, and the three-and-a-half-hour ride would give me the time needed.

Strangely enough it was my wife who gave me an opening line. I hadn't mentioned this new kick I was on to Jane, but I had to explain because on Saturdays we go to a Broadway matinee.

"I won't be able to make the theater with you today," I said as I left, "so you better round up someone to go with."

"Why?" she asked. "Where are you going this early?"

"I'm going up to Gloversville, New York, to make a speech," I replied.

And she said, "All right, then don't tell me."

I made a note to open with that. The train left at 8:30. I settled back with pen and pad, and at 8:35 I was sound asleep. At 12, I was awakened by the conductor.

Gloversville was covered with snow. Its landscape was wintry picturesque. In the crisp, clean air, trees stood leafless against a cold blue sky, their fingers reaching glovelessly up into the icy winds.

But the people were warm and hospitable, their response intelligent and instantaneous. The subject was television, a peek behind the scenes, a sort of thumbnose description of my life through the years in service of the stars for whom I had written. I was amazed at the sound of clear, honest, uncanned laughter. They seemed to be getting even with their TV sets at home.

Wouldn't you think, this being my first outing, Mr. Leigh would have sent someone to monitor the speech? No one. I got to the office early Monday to await his call. None came Monday. Or Tuesday or Wednesday. On Thursday I sent Mr. Leigh a note: "I'm sorry about what happened in Gloversville. All I can say is that it wasn't my fault."

That would make him call. Nothing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. On Thursday, January 23, I couldn't stand it. I phoned him.

"Hi," he said. "I just saw your note here about something that happened in Gloversville. What happened?"

"It's too delicate to discuss on the phone," I replied.

"I don't know what it could have been. I have their check here. And I have another booking for you."

Well, that was more like it. I perked up. "Where?"

"Cincinnati."

"When?"

"October."

Slave driver!

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"Silas Marner's Gold Found!"

That's the headline from a recent creative teaching project which made *Silas Marner* a bit easier for high school sophomores to appreciate. Donna Lubow, an English teacher at Maine South High School in Park Ridge, Illinois, came up with the idea.

Mrs. Lubow Maine South High School Park Ridge, Illinois

"The idea was involvement . . ."

"Teaching Silas Marner was a problem because it was difficult to get the kids involved. My idea was to have the students feel what it was like to live in the time and setting of the novel. So I decided that we'd make a newspaper of Silas' day—an imaginary *Raveloe Town Crier*. With news, editorials, and fun things like sports pages, letters to the editors, lovelorn columns, even comics. And every article would tie in with the events in the story.

***"Silas Marner* became fun . . ."**

"The kids loved it. And they absorbed the story beautifully. They became so involved, on some days they even volunteered to stay late to work on the paper. A few girls typed masters, which I ran off on our duplicating machine. My "journalists" and I then stapled the six or seven pages into newspapers which we proudly handed out to all English students. (And I made sure my English Department Chairman received one as well!)

"The semester's high point . . ."

"Looking back, I can see it was the semester's high point in student enthusiasm. I've used similar newspaper assignments since, and I've found each new group has responded to them with the same excitement. You should have seen our *Julius Caesar* paper. Now *that* was a real collector's issue!"

If you would like a copy of the students' "Raveloe Town Crier" write to A. B. Dick Company, 5700 W. Touhy Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. 60648

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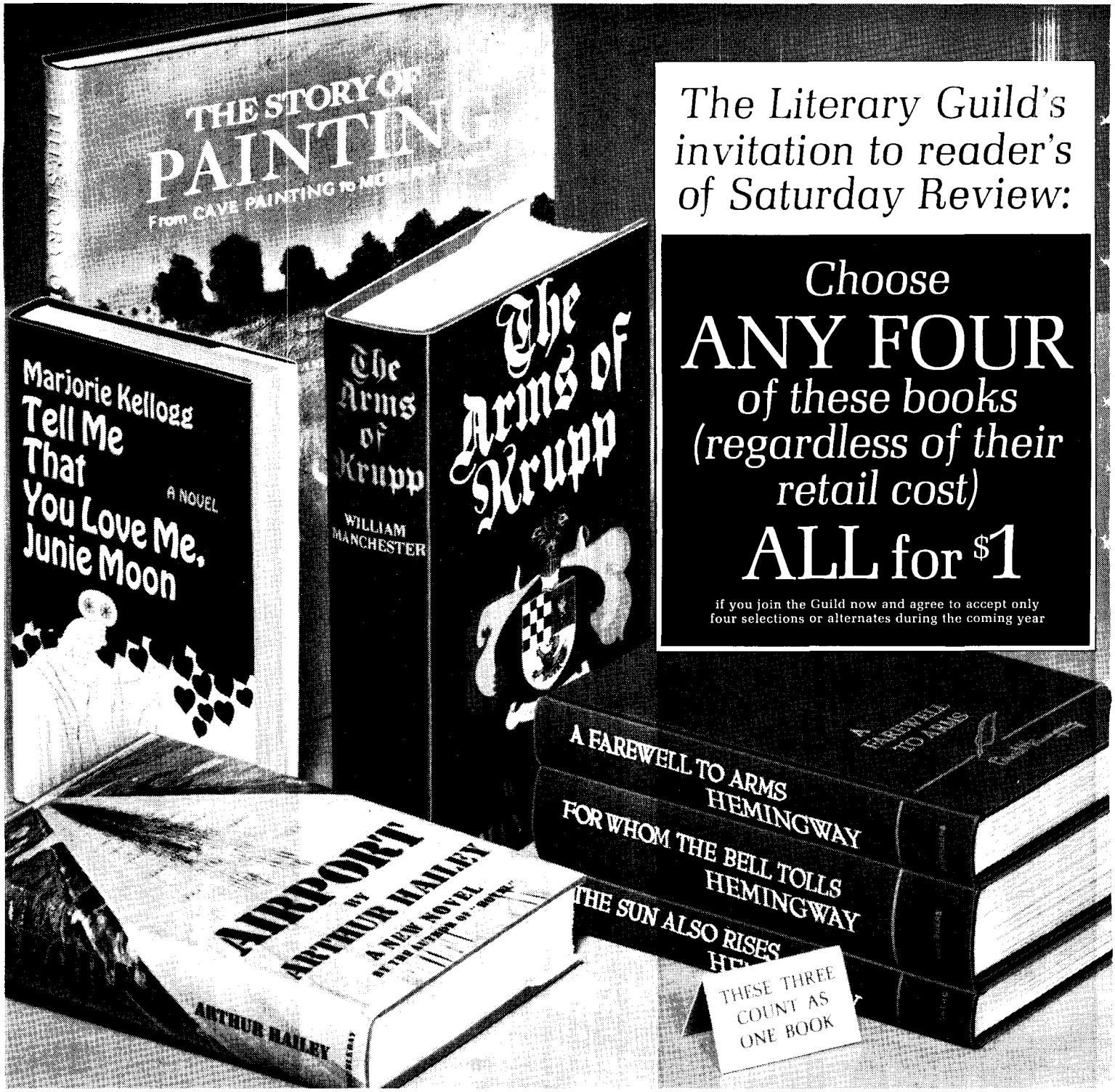

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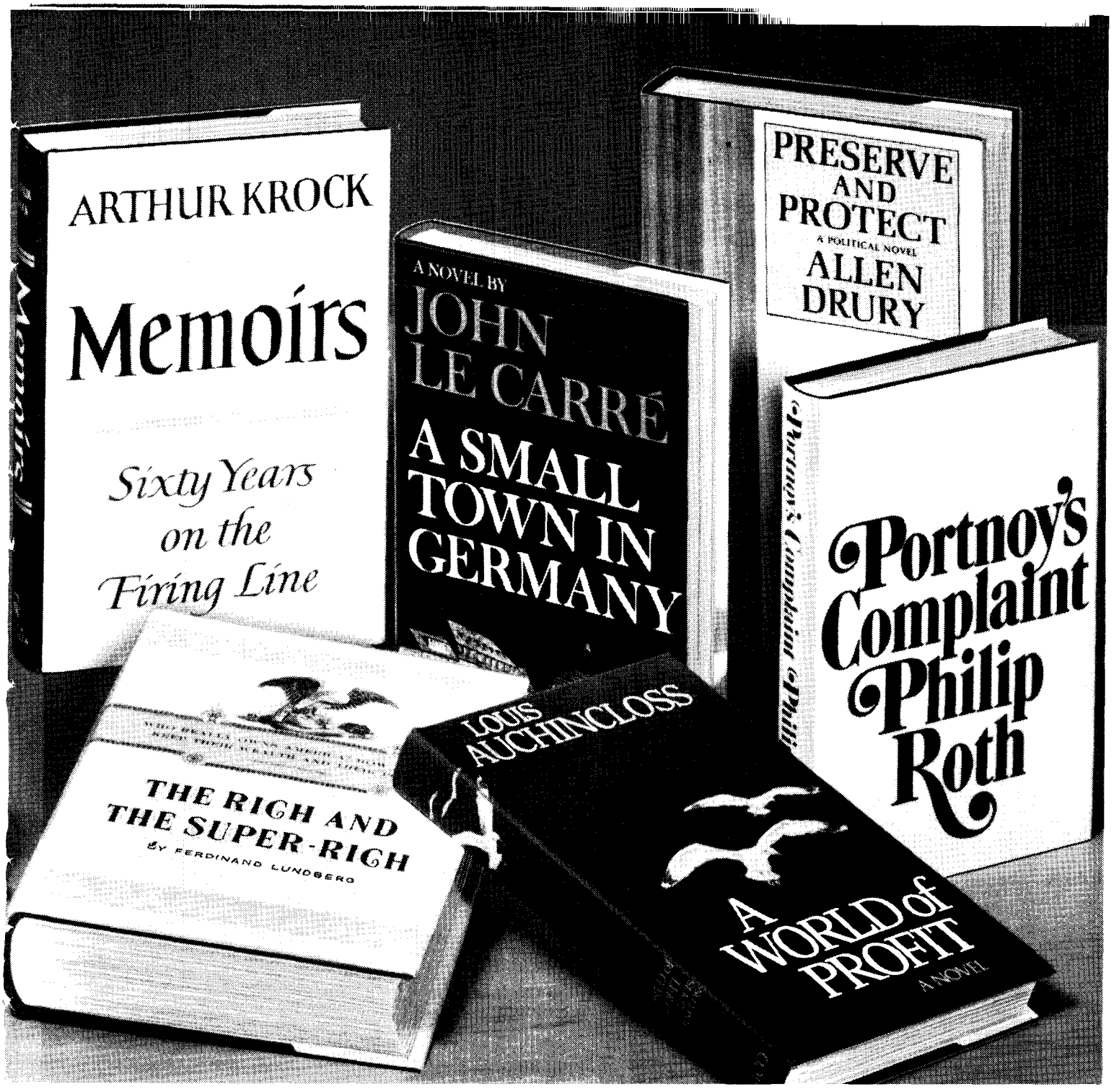

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A simple-minded fellow inherited a whole roomful of paintings, according to Edward Schreiber. One of the paintings is of water lilies. "I hate water lilies," says the man, and he sells it to a secondhand furniture dealer for $11. Moral: A fool and his Monet are soon parted.

It is reported that Jackie Onassis has purchased numerous copies of *An Exaltation of Larks*, which she found in the Gotham shop Serendipity. This unusual, entertaining book by James Lipton had been called "chic" in fashionable circles, sending it off on a slightly different course from that of most publications. The author, for instance, has been interviewed in depth by *Women's Wear Daily*. The book is the first ever to be offered for sale in Bendel's, the swank 57th Street store.

An Exaltation of Larks or *The Venereal Game* (Grossman) has nothing to do with a dread disease, but is merely a collection and discussion of terms of venery, which some of us know as collective nouns. Mr. Lipton, a man of many interests—one of which is words—long ago began gathering these expressions and tracing their origin and authenticity. Pride of lions, host of angels, litter of pups—and then on to more obscure and more gratifying ones such as skulk of foxes, cowardice of curs, crash of rhinoceroses. Lipton found himself poring over fifteenth-century writings when the venereal game was a serious business. "I feel that it is an enormously rich vein of poetry in the language," he says. "I think 'a parliament of owls' is as rich a term as we have in English." He carries the game along by inventing such new ones as "a descent of relatives" and "an overcharge of repairmen."

James Lipton is the son of Lawrence Lipton, the poet and maybe the first twentieth-century hippie, although in those days they called them Bohemians. Lawrence is the author of *The Holy Barbarians*, the definitive work on the rebellious generation. He taught his son to read at the age of three. By the time James was twelve he had turned out novels and epic poems. Then, at eighteen, he rebelled against rebellion and declared he would be a lawyer. ("I had a puzzlement of problems," he says.) That didn't last, and now James Lipton has been an actor, choreographer, and playwright, having written the book and lyrics for two musicals—one of which was *Sherry*—and also now is scripting the daily television soap opera *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*.

That's a string of words.

In his most recent catalogue of rare books and first editions, New York dealer Philip Duschnes writes this introduction:

> Bring Back the Quill Pen!
>
> We are pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. Rip Van Winkle to our staff as general manager. Mr. Van Winkle assures us that all telephone calls will be answered by the human voice, and further assures that all orders will be picked out by human hands with careful selectivity. All parcels will be packed by hand and colorful United States postage stamps will be affixed to all parcels; they will be in a variety of colors and will portray, generally, genuine engraved portraits of past presidents of the United States.
>
> Mr. Van Winkle further assures us that he would not recognize a computer if it came up and shook his hand in Central Park and that he knows nothing of automation. In fact the only thing he does automatically is to say, "When," and then only when the glass is almost full. Although Mr. Van Winkle has been asleep for twenty years he is quite aware of the increase in prices of books and manuscripts. That is what woke him up!

The late Al Jolson was a raging hypochondriac writes H. Allen Smith—hence a great boon to the medical profession. Once on a social occasion, one of Jolson's many doctors was telling him about a certain rare disease then under investigation. "What makes this disease so odd," said the doctor, "is that the man who has it shows no outward sign of illness. In fact, he has no sensation of sickness at all—he looks and feels as if he were in perfect, robust health."

"My God!" cried Jolson, clutching at his chest. "My symptoms exactly!"

Sharps and Flats: Adman Larry Dunst, writing in *Madison Avenue*, says that the anti-smoking commercials on

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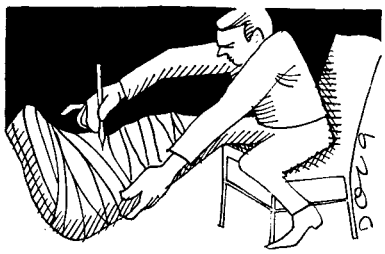
television are the worst things he's ever seen. His reasoning is that they are "scare advertising," and that they have a negative effect on kids who see them. "Consider what happens," he writes, "when a child tells his parents to give up smoking because he heard on TV it's bad—yet his parents keep puffing away. Suddenly, death or the threat of death takes on an unnatural importance that is hardly normal or healthy for a young child." I guess the adman would rather die than snitch.

► The new lingo: In Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the American Furniture Company announces that every one of its display rooms is "accessorized."

► A new twist: When CBS television executive and Latin scholar Ronnie Beck broke his arm, he let no one write upon the cast except himself. He inscribed



"Exsultabunt ossa humiliata"—his translation of the words from Psalm 51: ". . . that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice"—and they did.

► Four Russians who lately toured Western Europe and parts of the United States are now back in Moscow giving lectures, based on their trip abroad, entitled "Behind the Iron Curtain."

► Eric Hoffer's philosophy is a good example of the danger of being self-taught.

► Professor Richard M. Turner: Show me a chap who whistles "St. Louis Blues" while installing bathroom plumbing, and I'll show you a W. C. Handy man.

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From "Mass Communications," an occasional paper from the Center for Study of Democratic Institutions.

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Duel of Honor: In Rome one may buy luxury or even possibly comfort but seldom the two together. The apartment we settled into in '56 made a mildly pretentious effort at luxury on a petit bourgeois scale, then settled down for the winter to being a stone cave of the glaciers. Somehow we shivered through it into the pleasant spring. Stone, however, is not only the building material most natively allied to cold—it is also the slipperiest when wet. We had almost finished our year when Jonnel, then aged three, spilled a glass of milk just as Benn, then aged two, came running, hit the slick, slammed into the wall, and fell down to lie there yowling.

A parent develops an ear for the tone of a child's yowl. Most yowls send forth no claim that need take a man from his desk. This one, however, had a bubble of shrillness that my ear was tuned to. It was the yowl not of grievance but of pain and it brought me running.

It brought us all running. Luciana, the maid, raced in from the terrace. My wife ran in from the sitting room. Even Myra, then four, caught the sound of it and came running from somewhere, mouth and eyes gaping.

Benn was holding his wrist, which was already swollen. I looked at it and guessed nothing was broken but the swelling looked ominous. Luciana was sure it was broken. Offered any choice, she would natively elect tragedy. I had a reasonably secure feeling that a break would have pitched that bubble of shrill at least half an octave higher, and the scream did not increase noticeably when I circled the wrist with two fingers and ran them gently over the bruise to feel for anything out of line. But mine were amateur fingers. As it happened, the neighbor just above us in the condominium was a doctor. I sent Luciana to fetch him.

He was there in a minute and it took him thirty seconds to confirm my guess that nothing was broken. "Take the cardboard core from a roll of toilet paper and tape it over the wrist," he said. "It will be well in two or three days. Children heal fast."

Better conditioned to American than to Italian medical methods. I felt like telling him I was not much as a bandager and that the treatment seemed in any case to be his department. It was obvious to me, moreover, that no cardboard core of anything would survive Benn's attack for more than a few hours. Nevertheless, the doctor's assurance was comfort and comfort is worth a fee. I thanked him and asked what I owed.

"Three," he said.

I looked puzzled.

"Three thousand lire," he explained. I heard Luciana gasp and saw her stiffen at how he was cheating us. Three thousand lire, to be sure, was just a touch under $5, and someone had to pay the man's way through medical school. Nevertheless there was a principle involved that had nothing to do with rates of exchange. He had not even undertaken to apply a bandage and he was asking for about double the going rate. Very well, I decided, we would just play the game out. I counted out 4,000 lire and gave him the notes.

"You have overpayed," he said when he had the money.

"Not at all," I said. "Certainly a man who deals in the tourist trade may be offered a tip for his services."

He did raise his eyebrows. Then he shrugged, smiled, and bowed, somehow all at once, as he gave me back twenty-five hundred lire. "*E giusto,*" he acknowledged as between two who have achieved understanding. "It is right."

"*Bellissimo!*" Luciana chortled when he had left. "*Ma come Lei ce l'è fatta!*" How I had done him in! Luciana was a partisan and a daughter of partisans and her current family was forever her cause.

I was so oafishly set up by her praise—especially after a year of paying my tourist taxes on a thousand such items, that I decided to carry on with the game. The doctor was a man of honor. The Italian term for it is "*orgoglio,*" and it means the approximate total of pride plus honor plus punctilio plus a trace of pomposity, sometimes more than a trace. Nothing in the doctor's total of *orgoglio* would put him above multiplying the rate for tourists, and Americans at that. Nothing in a tourist's need tends to touch a man's honor. But to be offered a tip, especially by one who spoke the language and who, therefore, might even have his own sense of *orgoglio*—that touched a point of identity. A man, I sensed, may demand from the barbarian what he is compelled to refuse in his own tongue. I decided to redouble.

That night I had Luciana deliver to him with a card of thanks the most expensive bottle of brandy to be had at the local liquor store. It wasn't exactly a bottle from a king's cellar, but it was

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well above the ordinary market run, at least for that quarter of Rome.

"But why?" my wife asked when Luciana had left.

"I'm buying subject matter," I told her. "It's even, probably, tax deductible. And I promise you it will sell at a profit, if that's what's bothering you. But I'm also having a good time."

Sure enough, the bell rang the next night and a deliveryman handed in a wooden box with four bottles of Moët & Chandon. As it happens, I've never really favored champagne, but the gesture was handsome. "From a learner who is glad to learn," the card said. "Bon voyage and an early return."

So he knew we were leaving, damn him! I had guessed I would make a profit on my brandy, for we were well off the dollar exchange and into a duel of honor and I, for my part, had meant to lead him on only to insult him. Somehow I had chosen him to be my scapegoat for all the tiny indignities a year can impose on a tourist. I had imagined it would make a fine exit to toss off his return gift as my profit, and to disappear to Naples and the boat home, gloating about the one time I had beat the tourist rap, and leaving him to wonder what my next move would be, only to find when the TO LET sign went up that there would be no next move.

Now, of course, there had to be one. The champagne had left me profitably ahead. I would have to convert that into a loss.

Scotch is some sort of badge of internationalism in Rome, partly perhaps because it is expensive, not being any real part of the local market, but Signore Indelicato at the liquor store had a sailor cousin who smuggled in a few cases from time to time for under-the-counter untaxed sale. He had offered me nine bottles at really quite a good price, specifying payment in American dollars, not because there was much to be gained on the exchange but because, as I suspected, dealing in foreign currency fed his sense of intrigue. I had told him I was leaving and that I didn't myself drink scotch, so I had bought only one bottle for my wife.

It turned out he still had the other eight. I bought them without mentioning the transaction to my wife, and left them with a friend I could trust to deliver them after we had left for Naples. I was not about to trust Indelicato to make deliveries he knew I could not check on.

"From a student who values instruction," I wrote on my card. I left no forwarding address. Sometimes there is none. Perhaps I have my own touch of *orgoglio*. Perhaps I was ashamed of myself for having wanted to insult him. All in all, he had borne himself with the greater grace once we were off the tourist circuit and into a duel of honor.

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John Dos Passos: Inventor in Isolation

An eminent literary historian examines the career of an innovator and individualist for whom American history is "the greatest drama of modern times."

By ALFRED KAZIN

JOHN O'HARA once said that the development of the United States in the first half of the twentieth century is the greatest possible subject for a novelist. He left the implication that anyone lucky enough to have been part of this change, to have made the subject his own, had an advantage over the younger novelists who since 1945 have taken American power for granted and have missed the drama of its emergence.

Whatever else may be said of this proposition, or of the gifted but now "old-fashioned" and resentful novelist who made it, it is a fact that faith in subject matter as the novelist's secret strength, especially in the "big change" as the greatest of social facts, does characterize the novelists born around the turn of the century—writers otherwise so unlike each other as John O'Hara and John Dos Passos. This faith also distinguishes them from younger writers such as Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, Norman Mailer, Flannery O'Connor, who grew up in the Depression or war and have never thought the United States as unique in world history as Americans used to think it was in 1917. The younger writers have been impressed by America's resemblance to old-world powers, not by the legends of America's special destiny. History, as they see it, sooner or later becomes everywhere the same. And all history is essentially obscure and problematical, in some ways too unreal ever to be fully understood by the individual novelist who will not feel that *he* can depend on "history" to hold him up, to supply him with material, to infuse him with the vitality that only confidence in one's subject can.

Henry James said that the "novelist succeeds to the sacred office of the historian." The old faith that "history" exists objectively, that it has an ascertainable order, that it is what the novelist most depends on and appeals to, that "history" even supplies the *structure* of the novel—this is what distinguishes the extraordinary invention that is Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* from most novels published since 1940. And it is surely because "history" as order—to say nothing of "history" as something to believe in!—comes so hard to younger writers, and readers, that Dos Passos has been a relatively neglected writer in recent years.

IT is often assumed that Dos Passos was a "left-wing" novelist in the Thirties who, like other novelists of the period, turned conservative and thus changed and lost his creative identity. *U.S.A.* is certainly the peak of his career and the three novels that make it up were all published in the Thirties—*The 42nd Parallel* in 1930, *1919* in 1932, *The Big Money* in 1936. But the trilogy is not simply a "left-wing" novel, and its technical inventiveness and freshness of style are typical of the Twenties rather than the Thirties. In any event, Dos Passos has always been so detached from all group thinking that it is impossible to understand his development as a novelist by identifying him with the radical novelists of the Thirties. He began earlier. He has never been a Marxist, and in all periods he has followed his own perky, obstinately independent course. Whatever may be said of Dos Passos's political associations and ideas in recent years, it can be maintained that while some (by no means all) of his values have changed, it is not his values but the loss by many educated people of a belief in "history" that has caused Dos Passos's relative isolation in recent years.

Dos Passos was born in Chicago in 1896, graduated from Harvard in 1916, and served as an ambulance driver in France and Italy before joining the American Army. None of the other writers associated with the "lost generation"—not Hemingway or Fitzgerald or Cummings, though they were all close friends—had the passion for history, for retracing history's creative moments, that Dos Passos has shown in his many nonfiction studies of American history as well as in *U.S.A.* Alone among his literary cronies, Dos Passos managed to add this idea of history as the great operative force to their enthusiasm for radical technique, the language of Joyce, and "the religion of the world." Dos Passos shared this cult of art, and *U.S.A.* grew out of it as much as out of his sense of American history as the greatest drama of modern times. But neither Fitzgerald, Cummings, nor Hemingway ever had Dos Passos's interest in the average man as a subject for fiction.

Most oddly for someone with his "esthetic" concerns, Dos Passos was sympathetic to the long tradition of American radical dissent and he has always been hostile to political dogma and orthodoxy. *The 42nd Parallel* opens with the story of Mac, a typically rootless Wobbly and "working-class stiff" of the golden age of American socialism before 1917; *The Big Money* ends on the struggles of Mary French (and John Dos Passos) to save Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927. To round out his trilogy when it was finally published in a single volume, Dos Passos added, as preface and epilogue, his sketches of a young man, hungry and alone, walking the high-

This article is drawn from Alfred Kazin's introduction to a new edition of John Dos Passos's *U.S.A.*, to be published by New American Library later this month.

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ways. "Vag," the American vagrant, is Dos Passos's expression of his lifelong fascination with the alienated, the outsider, the beaten, the dissenter: the lost and forgotten in American history. Mac, the American Wobbly and drifter at the beginning of *U.S.A.*, is as much an expression of what has been sacrificed to American progress as is Mary French, the middle-class Communist, at the end of the book.

These solitaries, along with the young man endlessly walking America, frame this enormous chronicle of disillusionment with the American promise much as the saints in a medieval painting frame the agony on the cross. The loner in America interested Dos Passos long before he became interested in the American as protester. And despite Dos Passos's disenchantment since the Thirties with the radical-as-ideologist, the Communist-as-policeman (at the end of *The Big Money,* lonely Mary French identifies herself with a Stalinist orthodoxy to which she will inevitably fall victim), Dos Passos is still fascinated—as witness his books on the Jeffersonian tradition—with the true dissenter, whether he is alone in the White House or on the highway.

It is in his long attraction to figures who somehow illustrate some power for historic perspective (no matter what solitude this may bring) that we can see Dos Passos's particular artistic imperatives. The detachment behind this is very characteristic of those American writers from the upper class, born on the eve of our century—Hemingway, Cummings, Edmund Wilson—whose childhoods were distinctly sheltered and protected; who grew up in stable families where fathers were ministers (Cummings), lawyers (Wilson), doctors (Hemingway), and mothers were the conscious transmitters of the American Puritan tradition in all the old certainty that Americans were more virtuous than other peoples.

To these writers of the "lost generation," brought up in what is now thought of as the last stable period in American history—before America became a world empire—"Mr. Wilson's War," as Dos Passos calls it in his recent book on this central episode in the life of his generation, came as an explosion of the old isolationism and the old provincial self-righteousness. "Mr. Wilson's War" tied America to Europe in a way that was to be stimulating at the time to Dos Passos, Hemingway, and Cummings; but it destroyed their image of America. "Mr. Wilson," the very embodiment of Puritan American high-mindedness and didacticism, managed by "his war" to rob America of its good conscience.

From then on, the old familiar identification of America with righteousness was a subject for the history books. It was the writers—and some political dissenters—who were the new elect and keepers of the American conscience. "Mr. Wilson's War," from *their* point of view, was a moral cheat and a political catastrophe; as they saw it, it would soon give free rein to the speculators, financiers, and other "rugged individualists" whose unbridled greed was a dangerous American tradition that only men of intellectual principle had ever kept in check. But the writers who went to war (symbolically as ambulance drivers) found in Europe the same detachment from American money-making that they had found in their sheltered childhoods in professional families—plus a passion for the new language of twentieth-century painting and literature. Dos Passos and his friends would yet create something human out of so much destruction.

To these gifts and postures of detachment, natural to creative individualists, Dos Passos brought family circumstances that were certainly distinctive among those members of his social class who also graduated from Choate, Harvard, and the very select Norton-Harjes Volunteer Ambulance Service. The novelist's full name is John Roderigo Dos Passos; his paternal grandfather immigrated to the United States from the Portuguese island of Madeira; his father, John Randolph Dos Passos, born in 1844, fought in the Civil War (he was at the Battle of Antietam), and became one of the most famous corporation lawyers of his time, an authority on the law of the stock market (he wrote a famous legal text on the subject). He was a deep-dyed Republican stalwart when this really meant something, in the age of McKinley. He was fifty-two years old when his son was born in Chicago to Lucy Addison Sprigg, who was of an old Maryland and Virginia family.

The novelist's complex attitude toward American society may have one source in this complicated heritage. Another source was probably the distant yet flamboyant presence of Dos Passos's *père,* who by all accounts was a man of very great abilities and a pillar of Wall Street, but was not a Sunday school type when it came to women. Both the exotic name and the sexual scandal in the background of Dos Passos's family history possibly explain why the autobiographical "Camera Eye" sections of *U.S.A.* dealing with childhood and early youth are deliberately evasive as well as blurred in the style of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* The impressionistic style which is Don Passos's general inspiration enables him to field certain family embarrassments. The perhaps deliberate murkiness of these early "Camera Eye" sections is in striking contrast with the later autobiographical chronicle and the bristlingly clear prose of the "biographies" of famous Americans and the narrative sections proper.

Dos Passos was clearly brought up in the immense reserve of the upper classes in America, and readers encountering him are usually amazed by the contrast between the fluent, fast prose he writes and the extraordinarily shy, tight, embarrassed self he shows to strangers. It may be that the concentrated sensitivity of his public personality helps to explain the "streamlined" and even gimmicky side of his famous *U.S.A.* The sensibility that conceived this book is obviously complex enough to have produced the complicated division into "Camera Eye," "Newsreel," "Biography," and narrative sections. This structure is surely, among other things, a way of objectifying one vulnerable individual's experience to the uttermost—of turning even the individual life into a facet of history. The hard-

A "lifelong fascination with . . . the lost and forgotten in American history."

—Joel Horowitz (Black Star).

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ness behind *U.S.A.* is an idea, not a feeling; it is an esthetic proposition about style in relation to the contemporary world. Dos Passos carries it off brilliantly, but it always remains distinctly *willed*. Malcolm Cowley once pointed out that Dos Passos's college years were those of the "Harvard esthetes." He learned to think of experience as separable into softish dreams and the hard realities of a world coming down on the subjectivities of a poet, thus leading him doggedly to train his "camera" on an external world conceived as a distant *object*—an experience necessarily separable from man's hopes for unity with his surroundings.

The creed behind Dos Passos's first novels—*One Man's Initiation* (1917—republished in 1946 as *First Encounter*), *Three Soldiers* (1921), *Manhattan Transfer* (1925)—was learned at college and at war, supported by his "esthetic" training and his experiences as an ambulance driver and medical corpsman. The modern world is ugly, hopelessly corrupt, and is to be met not by love or social protest, but by "art." For the writers of the "lost generation," art was the highest possible resistance to the "swindle" of the social world and the ultimate proof of one's aristocratic individualism in the modern mass world. Art was the *nuova scienza*, the true science of the new period, the only possible new language—it would capture the discontinuities of the modern world and use for itself the violent motions and radical new energies of the postwar period.

The new language was to be modeled on painting, sculpture, architecture—the arts that alone could do justice to the transformation of space. Dos Passos first went to Spain to study architecture, and drawing became his "second" art (he even illustrated some of his early travel books). He saw Europe—even in wartime—as the unique treasure house of architecture and painting, and his obvious imitation of the impressionistic wordties of Joyce (and perhaps Cummings as well, another painter among writers) was surely motivated, as well, by the plastic sense of composition among those writers, such as the Futurists, who admired the new technology—the twentieth-century feeling for speed.

Dos Passos is actually one of the few American writers of his generation who has been inspired by the industrial landscape and has sought to duplicate some of its forms in *U.S.A.* He has taken from technology the rhythms, images, and above all the headlong energy that would express the complexity of the human environment in the twentieth century.

Dos Passos's first novels no longer have much interest for us today, for they are too moody, self-dramatizingly sensitive, and marked by the romantic despair that is the individual's conscious sacrifice of his hopes to the world of war, modern plutocracy, and the inhuman big city. But in *The 42nd Parallel* (which, coming out in 1930, is, of course, not a book of the Thirties, but of the individualistic Twenties), one is struck above all by the sharp, confident, radical new *tone* with which Dos Passos gets his singularly new kind of narrative under way. The novel begins with the "newsreel" flashing before us the popular songs, headlines, and the national excitement as the twentieth century opens. Behind his "Camera Eye," Dos Passos first remembers himself as a boy with his mother in Europe, escaping a hostile pro-Boer crowd that thinks them English. The first character in *U.S.A.* is the aforementioned Mac, Fenian O'Hara McCreary from Middletown, Connecticut, who will devote his restless, baffled life to the "movement." The first biography of an important maker and shaper of the new century is of Eugene V. Debs.

From the first, the material is labor struggles, imperialism, socialism, war—and the personal sense of futility that expresses itself in whoring, violent drinking, and the aimless moving on of Americans that convey the prodigality of our continent. With Mac, we start at the bottom of the social pyramid, among the Wobblies, "Reds," militant "working-class stiffs" who will be central to the whole long trilogy because "socialism" has been the great twentieth-century issue, even in America. The radicals in the book seal its meanings like a Greek chorus. Though they fail like everybody else, these radicals are a judgment on the profit system whose business is business, whose most dramatic form of intelligence is money-making, and whose violent competitiveness always leads to war. But though Dos Passos's sympathies, at least in *The 42nd Parallel*, are clearly with radicals who are off the main track, he does not particularly respect them. It is inventors, scientists, intellectuals of the highest creative ability, statesmen of rare moral courage who are his heroes. There are no such figures among the characters of the novel; even among the biographies we see the type only in Steinmetz, General Electric's "socialist" wizard. For the same reason, the tonic edge of the book, its stylistic dash and irony, its gay inventiveness are the greatest possible homage to art as a new kind of "practicality" in getting down the facts of human existence in our century.

WHAT Dos Passos created with *The 42nd Parallel* was in fact another American invention—an American *thing* peculiar to the opportunity and stress of American life, like the Wright Brothers' airplane, Edison's phonograph, Luther Burbank's hybrids, Thorstein Veblen's social analysis, Frank Lloyd Wright's first office buildings. (All these fellow inventors are celebrated in *U.S.A.*) *The 42nd Parallel* is an art work. But we soon recognize that Dos Passos's contraption, his new kind of novel, is in fact (reminding us of Frank Lloyd Wright's self-dramatizing Guggenheim Museum) *the greatest character in the book itself*. Our greatest pleasure in reading *The 42nd Parallel* is in being surprised, delighted, and provoked by the "scheme," by Dos Passos's shifting "strategy." We recognize that the exciting presence in *The 42nd Parallel* is the book itself, which is always getting us to anticipate some happy new audacity. A mobile by Alexander Calder or a furious mural design by Jackson Pollock makes us dwell on the specific originality of the artist, the most dramatic thing about the work itself. So *The 42nd Par-*

"Eat your Brussels sprouts."

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allel becomes a book about writing *The 42nd Parallel*. That is the tradition of the romantic poet, and reading him we are on every side surrounded by Dos Passos himself: his "idea."

The technical interest of *The 42nd Parallel* was indeed so great for its time that Jean-Paul Sartre, whose restless search for what is "authentic" to our time makes him a prophetic critic, said in 1938: "Dos Passos has invented only one thing, an art of storytelling. But that is enough. . . . I regard Dos Passos as the greatest writer of our time." Thirty years later, that tribute will surprise even the most loyal admirers of *U.S.A.*, for Dos Passos has been more involved in recent years with social and intellectual history than with the art of the novel. Yet he has so absorbed what he invented for *U.S.A.* that even his nonfiction books display the flat, clipped, peculiarly rushing style that at its worst is tabloid journalism and at its best a documentary prose with the freshness of free verse. But when we look away from his recent books and come back to *The 42nd Parallel*, we can see the real ingenuity that went into it. Though the trilogy gets better and stronger as it goes along, this first volume shows what a remarkable tool Dos Passos has invented for evoking the simultaneous actualities of existence.

The 42nd Parallel opens in 1900. It follows Mac, the "working-class stiff," as he constantly moves about; recites the biographies of Debs, Luther Burbank, Big Bill Haywood, William Jennings Bryan, and Minor Keith of the United Fruit Company; and ends with Charley Anderson, the garage mechanic from North Dakota, going overseas. (Charley will come back an airplane ace and inventor in *The Big Money*.) The other main characters are Janey Williams, who will become private secretary to J. Ward Moorehouse, the rising man in the rising public relations industry; Eleanor Stoddard, the interior decorator who will become Moorehouse's prime confidante; Eleanor's friend Eveline Hutchins, who is not as frigid and superior as Eleanor. Tired of too many love affairs and too many parties, Eveline will commit suicide at the end.

The important point about J. Ward Moorehouse's racket, public relations, and Eleanor Stoddard's racket, interior decorating, is that both are new, responsive to big corporations and new money, and synthetic. J. Ward Moorehouse and Eleanor Stoddard are in fact artificial people, always on stage, who correspondingly suffer from a lack of reality and of human affection. But on the other side of the broad American picture, Mac, the professional agitator, has no more direction in his life; marriage to a thoroughly conventional girl in San Diego becomes intolerable to him, but as he roams his way across the country, finally

"I'll bet this is the first smile you've gotten today. Isn't that worth something?"

ending up in Mexico just as the revolution begins, he is at the mercy of every new "comrade" and every new pick-up. The only direction in his life seems to be his symbolic presence wherever the "action" is. He is in Goldfield, Nevada, when the miners go on strike under the leadership of Big Bill Haywood, and he is in Mexico because the Mexican Revolution is taking place.

With the same "representative" quality, J. Ward Moorehouse rises in the public relations "game" in order to show its relation to big business and big government, while Eleanor Stoddard's dabbling in the "little theater" movement represents the artiness of the newly "modern" period just before World War I. History in the most tangible sense—what happened—is obviously more important in Dos Passos's scheme than whom things happened to. The matter of the book is always the representative happening and person, the historical moment illustrated in its catchwords, its songs, its influences, above all, in its speech. What Dos Passos wants to capture more than anything else is the echo of what people were actually saying, exactly in the style in which anyone might have said it. The artistic aim of his book, one may say, is to represent the litany, the tone, the issue of the time in the voice of the time, the banality, the cliché that finally brings home to us the voice in the crowd—the voice of mass opinion.

The voice that might be anyone's voice brings home to us, as only so powerful a reduction of the many to the one ever can, the vibrating resemblances that make history. In the flush of Wilson's New Freedom in 1913, Jerry Burnham, the professional cynic, says to Janey Williams: "I think there's a chance we may get back to being a democracy." Mac and his comrades are always talking about "forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old." Janey Williams's "Popper" notes: "I don't trust girls nowadays with these here ankle length skirts and all that." Eveline Hutchins, who will find life too dreary, thinks early in the book: "Maybe she'd been wrong from the start to want everything so just right and beautiful." Charley Anderson, leaving the sticks, thinks: "To hell with all that, I want to see some country."

YET more important than the sayings, which make *U.S.A.* a compendium of American quotations, is the way in which Dos Passos, the objective narrator, gets popular rhythms, repetitions, and stock phrases into his running description of people. Terse and external as his narrative style is, it is cunningly made up of all the different speech styles of the people he is writing about. This is the "poetry" behind the book that makes the "history" in it live. The section on J. Ward Moorehouse begins:

> He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on the Fourth of July. Poor Mrs. Moorehouse could hear the firecrackers popping and crackling outside the hospital all through her labor pains. And

(*Continued on page* 44)

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Saturday Review

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De-escalating the Rhetoric

ONE of the problems for any democratic society, especially at a time of rapid change, is to match political rhetoric to reality; that is, to find language adequate for particular—and general—situations. For the United States in the past generation, this has meant de-escalating our messianic ambitions and countering disbelief as new possibilities materialized and old ones disappeared. We have begun to learn, for example, that "total victory" can have little, if any, meaning in a nuclear age; that assuming unilaterally the role of world policeman is arrogant and chimerical; and that "eliminating poverty and injustice" is not a project but a condition of life.

It is nonetheless true that our political rhetoric remains overinflated: Crises stand atop other crises; pressing needs demand urgent priorities; revolutions pursue radical changes with the speed of light. We still speak as if we could solve all problems, defeat all enemies, achieve all ambitions with one blow, one law, one program. President Nixon's recent call for verbal de-escalation is therefore to be welcomed. "America," he said in his Inaugural, "has suffered from a fever of words; from inflated rhetoric that promises more than it can deliver, from angry rhetoric that fans discontents into hatreds; from bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading. We cannot learn from one another until we stop shouting at one another—until we speak quietly enough so that our words can be heard as well as our voices."

Mr. Nixon was referring to domestic issues—to questions of race, housing, poverty, and urban unrest—but he could as easily have been talking about international problems, and particularly about the arms race. In both sectors, reducing the decibels would undoubtedly be helpful. In his initial press conference January 27, he pursued this theme by declaring that "sufficiency" in the nuclear arsenal might be a more suitable objective (rhetorically, that is) than "superiority" over the Soviet Union, a verbal shift that could make it more difficult for Soviet hawks to argue that the United States is placing them in a position of "inferiority" requiring new weapons on their part. Since Defense Secretary Laird subsequently gave the new Administration's support to the deployment of the Sentinel anti-ballistic-missile system, the value (and meaning) of Mr. Nixon's rhetoric remains doubtful. If "sufficiency" becomes just another euphemism for escalation and overkill, the Soviets will be able to make the appropriate translation without too much effort, and the cycle of real escalation will resume.

But the principle remains valid: in the long run, inflated rhetoric, international or domestic, can be just as dangerous as an inflated budget or an overstocked arsenal. "When supremacy is the issue," wrote Walter Lippmann more than thirty years ago, "the world is in a period of total wars in which there can be no decision except by the extinction of one of the antagonists as a power in affairs. This issue is not justifiable nor can it be compromised. When it exists, peace is only an armed truce during which the warriors prepare for the next battle. . . . When the question of supremacy is raised, there is a condition of continuing war with intervals in which there is no fighting."

At the same time, precision in political rhetoric is as necessary as modulation. Too much noise will exacerbate problems; soft words will not make them disappear. The positive demands of peace and social justice are real and pressing. Malnutrition and famine, disease, violence, and oppression are not semantic abstractions. Perhaps rhetoric has promised "more than it can deliver," but rhetoric did not create poverty or injustice, although it is often used to cover them up. "Political language," said George Orwell, "is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind." One of the reasons for all the domestic shouting in the last few years was to drown out the noise of the apologists: "freedom now" and "black power" are noisy, but the filibuster is "pure wind," and "all deliberate speed" in integration has turned out to be no speed at all. Demonstrations against the war in Vietnam may become shouting matches and battles with club-wielding cops, but when Vietnamese civilians are systematically gunned down by our planes and bombs, how softly should a moral man speak?

Let us hope that our words can be heard above our voices, but let's also be certain that they can be heard over the euphemisms of apology and the din of official obfuscation. "In our time," to quote Orwell again, "political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible." Certain forms of brutality (the Russian purges and deportations, and the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan), he said, "can indeed be defended, but only by arguments which are too brutal for most people to face." The noise we have heard in the last couple of years has been, in part, an attempt to call the contemporary forms of brutality by their proper name. Murder by any name is murder. —P.S.

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Letters to the Editor

A Museum's Purpose

KATHARINE KUH's column "What's an Art Museum For? [FINE ARTS, Feb 22], dealing with the Metropolitan Museum of Art's current "Harlem On My Mind" exhibition comes like a breath of fresh air. It was one of the few non-hysterical, emotionally nonsubjective, and logical criticisms of the exhibition to appear in print. Although I believe that Mrs. Kuh's questions are valid and worth asking at this time, I disagree with many of her conclusions.

She begins by asking questions about the function of art museums in our contemporary society: what museums are, how they operate, and how people think they are changing. When art museums were first established as public collections of art objects in the nineteenth century, both audience and financial support were exclusively patrician. Since that time, museums have been concerned with fostering direct responses to works of art. Great museums such as the Louvre and the Metropolitan have prided themselves on their collections of masterpieces—objects admired for what is termed their "art value" rather than their broader significance as cultural documents.

Within the last twenty years, museum attendance has grown tenfold. Neither this audience nor the financial base of support for museums is exclusively patrician any longer. The great benefactors who donated masterpieces to the museums are no longer the source of funds that supports these institutions. Operating funds come from a handful of wealthy supporters, a general middle-class, college-educated membership, plus city, county, state, and federal monies. If public money is going to keep museums alive, then museums must go public.

The crisis that faces art museums in America today is the yet to be resolved issue of whether they are private or public institutions. In this sense, the "Harlem On My Mind" exhibition hit the jugular vein. The exhibition was an attempt to realistically extend the traditional boundaries of the museum's audience to a large segment of the population that had not yet been directly involved. Resistance to Harlem as a subject and what it connotes had more to do with the criticism of the "Harlem On My Mind" exhibition than how the exhibition was organized, what it contained, how it was presented, or who produced it.

Essentially, all of this boils down to one question: Are art museums going to deal with art for art's sake, or is it going to be for the people's sake? In the case of the "Harlem On My Mind" exhibition, people—not art objects—were the subect. Given the changing direction of both museum audiences and museum patronage, having people serve as the subject of a major exhibition was appropriate.

Every generation tells the last one how things are going to change. The old art museum is going out and the new one is coming in. What has been traditionally valid for museums of other generations should not be either abandoned or destroyed; however, where a lack of contemporary relevance does exist, changes must be initiated. When viewed in retrospect by a future generation, "Harlem On My Mind" will be accepted as a significant turning point for art museums.

ALLON SCHOENER,
Visual Arts Director,
New York State Council on
the Arts, and Director of
the "Harlem on My Mind" exhibition,
New York, N.Y.

A Clear Case

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Are You Making Yourself Clear?" [*SR*, Feb. 22] brings to mind Gilbert's lines in *The Mikado:*

> Her terrible tale
> You can't assail,
> With truth it quite agrees:
> Her taste exact
> For faultless fact
> Amounts to a disease.

As N.C. suggests, the essence of our educational problem is a lack of communication. Part of the root of this problem, I agree, seems to be a lack of vocabulary control. The first step in solving this problem is to promote a realization of its magnitude. Perhaps, N.C.'s editorial will aid in innovational development in the area of "speech," which should probably be called communication (suggesting a difference between communication and simply speaking).

RICKY W. BURK,
Long Beach High School,
Long Beach, Miss.

"ARE YOU MAKING yourself clear?" The answer is no. For this we must blame literature, which is embroidered language as compared to the sackcloth of ordinary conversation. My suggestion is to place all the dictionaries on the top shelf and then let all the educated persons convey their thoughts to the uneducated with 2,000 or 3,000 ordinary once-a-week words. This would give an idea a chance of growing up in a hostile world.

We would still be faced with the problem of those who hide their ignorance behind a screen of misapplied words to which they attach their own obscure meanings.

J. CARLETON ESTY,
Lavallette, N.J.

Condition of Employment

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON's column, "And Now the News" [TV-RADIO, Jan. 18], was another step forward in what many citizens hope will eventually be a searching review by media people concerned (before the federal government does it) of the Fairness Doctrine and press "freedom" under the First Amendment.

I agree with Mr. Shayon's statement that "No broadcasters, including newsmen, ought to have such absolute power over our most powerful media, no matter how devoted they may be to truth and honesty and the people's right to know." But while we sit around saying no newsmen should have this power, we accept—without question—the right of a private organization (in this case the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists) to decide who will and who won't broadcast the news. Nobody claims they exercise this condition. But it is simple fact that membership in a private organization is a condition of employment with the major networks and most major independent stations throughout the country.

HUGH C. NEWTON,
Director of Information,
National Right to Work Committee,
Washington, D.C.

"I guess you're all wondering why I have need of a motley crew, right?"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

"Pros" and Cons

LAFAYETTE, IND.

THE CONCEPT of university theater departments operating professional resident theaters as part of their educational program is being severely tested at some of our colleges, and there are recent indications that the burden of running a professional company within a university can become intolerable. For no matter how good the artistic results, there is too often a shortsighted inability on the part of university administrators to adapt their regulations to meet the special needs of theatrical production.

The Purdue Professional Theatre Company is a case in point. This project, which began its professional operation in 1967, has proved most popular with audiences and well worth the relatively small annual $28,000 deficit it requires.

The company's artistic director, teacher Joseph Stockdale, has just finished staging a new musical comedy version of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell,* which captures the charm of an English seaside resort in the 1890s. Although it is not a very good play, it does contain one marvelous role, that of the elderly waiter whose skill and tact make all the other characters seem foolish by comparison.

The musical, as adapted by Stockdale, emphasizes the romantic undercurrents in the script, and even brings together at the end, as Shaw did not, the play's two most irreconcilable characters. The music by Roz Aronson, wife of a Purdue professor, is melodic and excellent, with "If You Will Walk With Me" the most memorable of several lovely ballads. Though serviceable and singable, Stuart Howard's lyrics are less impressive. And this is perhaps the first musical ever to use its title song only during the curtain call.

Although the performances by a company chosen primarily for its ability to act in a variety of speaking roles are quite understandably best during the non-singing part of the action, the song deliveries turn out to be agreeable and competent. As the waiter, David C. Jones is amusingly imperturbable. Connie Heaver, as the immovable maiden, and Jay Stuart, as the irresistible impecunious dentist who pursues her, are attractive and vital. And Robert Donley, as the terrible-tempered father, and Angelo Mango, as the clear-thinking lawyer who saves the day, both give strong portrayals.

Is there a future for this musical? Certainly in its present form it, like the play, suffers from an unclear attitude and a scattered romantic focus. Yet it compensates for these lacks with its old-fashioned charm and its one very playable character. Perhaps with a bit more ruthlessness on the part of its adapter (after all, the play is in the public domain), it could become a thoroughly delightful, intimate musical.

Unfortunately, this and the other achievements of the Purdue Professional Theatre Company have been accompanied by what has seemed to Stockdale to be a continual harassment by the regulation-bound Purdue business office. As a result, Stockdale has just resigned as artistic director and will henceforth content himself with the less arduous chores of teaching and of directing student productions. This resignation presumably dooms an excellent company, for to hire a new artistic director would increase a deficit already considered onerous by the fiscal authorities.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SINCE PITTSBURGH is currently without a professional resident theater, it seems reasonable that Carnegie-Mellon University, which has long boasted one of the United States' top drama schools, should consider the possibility of including a semiprofessional company in its plans for a new theater complex here in 1972.

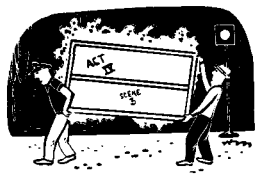
Accordingly, the Department of Drama has attempted a facsimile of the kind of operation that Pittsburghers might expect with a production of *Mother Courage* in which the more mature characters are played by professional actors, who are also members of the faculty.

The title role is played by Sirin Devrim, an outstanding Turkish actress who has immigrated to this country. Miss Devrim has a warm, lively stage personality that makes her portrait of the woman Brecht called "the hyena of the battlefield" seem friendly, intelligent, and compassionate. And given this interpretation, director Word Baker has emphasized the script's comic potential. While the expert teachers and well trained students do a good job with the play's frequently indigestible dialogue, the songs remain largely unrealized. As usual, it is Mother Courage's mute daughter Kattrin who steals the show, and a Carnegie-Mellon student, Carol Frisch, triumphs in this role, particularly in a superbly executed sequence when she puts on a whore's fancy trappings and mimes the pleasures of being a glamorously wicked woman.

Clearly this production is only a tentative first effort, but it serves to define both the problems and advantages of a project that will simultaneously serve Carnegie-Mellon students and Pittsburgh theatergoers.

Two seasons ago, the Brandeis University Theatre gave Don Petersen's *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* its first professional production. The faults of this episodic documentary about a New York institution for rehabilitating juvenile narcotic addicts were apparent (THE THEATER, March 4, 1967), but the script did offer some intensely effective dramatic moments.

The Broadway production does not save a play which, after the more recent *The Concept,* seems a bit dated in its pessimism. But it does use the script as an opportunity to present us with some exciting acting. Most engrossing, for example, is the scene between Al Pacino, as a ruthless but bright inmate, and Hal



Holbrook, as a benevolent and sensitive young teacher. The struggle by these two to communicate with and love each other is breathtaking. Another shining moment in this play is provided by Lauren Jones as a prostitute who fiercely resists her overwhelming impulse to become romantically involved with a sensitive young addict. Miss Jones builds her inner struggle into a magnificently tortured cry that is utterly moving.

Director Michael A. Schultz has been inventive in his direction, particularly in a third-act scene between Miss Jones and the attractively soft-spoken Roger Robinson, who plays the unrealistic addict who hopes to kick the habit and marry her. Their suppressed love erupts into a fight which the director enlarges by use of a picnic basket full of dinnerware that sprays all over the stage. *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* is worth seeing for its peak moments, and if the playwright has not fully succeeded in his effort to put the addict's relationship to society in totally integrated perspective, we respect his refusal to accept easy answers in place of the truth.

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Beg. April 14 Wed. Mat. Orch. $6.25. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $7.50
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

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EZRA VOGEL

Are We Ready for China?

A great wall of confusion keeps
America from dialogue with Peking.

NOW THAT the Cultural Revolution has tapered off and principal personnel readjustments have been completed, Chinese leaders have undoubtedly begun to consider the major lines of policy to pursue in the years ahead. On the international scene the Chinese are confronted with a new situation. The likelihood of war with America has probably never been less. The danger of armed conflict over Taiwan, so acute in 1958 and 1962, has passed and, as an aftermath of Vietnam, the prospect of heavy American involvement in another Asian land war is faint. As China ponders Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia and considers the thousands of miles of much disputed border that she shares with the USSR, it is not unreasonable for her leaders to conclude that the threat of conflict in the years ahead may be greater with Russia than with the United States. The Soviet Union has already evinced sensitivity to this re-evaluation and to the possibility of a relaxation in Sino-American tension.

No one could expect a sudden blossoming of warm friendship between the United States and China. The latter's fear of "capitalist" trickery is still too deep and her capacity for foreign trade too small. On the American side, Richard Nixon has let it be known that he will not encourage Red China's entry into the U.N. Yet the United States has announced that we are prepared to exchange newsmen and scholars with China and to begin discussions related to the lowering of trade barriers. Although Peking canceled the Warsaw talks at the last minute, there are many indications that Chinese leaders are beginning to prepare for more contact with the West.

Until now Americans have been preoccupied with the question "What is our correct policy toward China?" rather than "What is China like? What does China want or need?" China's views or possible response have received virtually no consideration. It is time to begin asking another question, one that has been strangely absent from the American scene: "Are we intellectually ready for contact with China?" Or is George F. Kennan correct when he says the American capacity for misunderstanding is so vast that it is perhaps better to have no contact at all?

Abetting misconceptions is the abysmal press coverage of China in the USA. American reporters, almost without exception, do not have the linguistic skills, historical background, knowledge of Chinese Communist affairs, and capacity for balanced analysis necessary to write meaningfully about China. The thought of a foreign journalist covering the United States without knowing English is ludicrous, but somehow American papers can tolerate accounts concerning China by reporters who don't know Chinese.

In the American press China is depicted as a country plagued by clashes, Mao silliness, succession struggles, irrational ideology, and near-

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SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIBSON

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starvation. Some dispatches are merely garbled messages that read like literal translations by someone who knew the words but not the meaning of the text.

If leaders in Peking criticize a purge target for resisting, American reporters blithely treat the alleged resistance as news—without realizing that the charges may be fabricated and without even hinting at the real news, the implied attack on the resister. In the subtle ups and downs and jockeying for position, reporters noticing one little "down" will feature it as a purge or the end of a career when in fact the shift represents only a minor reshuffling in an ongoing readjustment. When an unknowing reporter spots an article urging, for example, that schools be made more proletarian in order to eliminate bourgeois attitudes, he plays it up as if it were a new policy, not aware that one can find similar statements made on almost any day for the last twenty years. How can the American reader make sense of news about China when the reporters themselves don't understand it?

This is not simply because they cannot go to China. Rather, most American reporters do not make the effort or their papers feel they cannot afford to give them the time to acquire the background necessary to raise the level of their reportage about China. A happy exception is the able Washington *Post* correspondent, Stanley Karnow, who writes columns that are at least as well informed and interesting as two recent books by foreign journalists: *China in the Throes of the Cultural Revolution: An Eye-Witness Account*, by Louis Barcata (Hart, 299 pp., $8.95), and *This Is Communist China*, by the staff of *Yomiuri Shimbun*, edited by Robert Trumbull (McKay, 274 pp., $5.95).

Barcata, a sensitive German writer reporting on his third visit to China, in 1967, conveys the bewilderment and apprehension of the foreigner confronted with poster-covered walls, blaring loudspeakers, and militant parades. In word and picture Barcata depicts the intelligent and spontaneous young people who are endeavoring to live according to the ideals proclaimed by the men in power. While Red Guards and soldiers quote with conviction the gospel of Mao, interpreters try earnestly to explain current doctrine, whether it be the errors of the party élite or the progress since Liberation. Barcata sees the vitality of the Chinese but is not blind to their fear of the secret police; he notes the "correct" explanations but is mindful of the effort required to accept them.

THE denunciations of party leaders prevalent during Barcata's visit were apparently sincere; yet he realizes that so many men could not all have been "enemies of the people." Underlying the massive festivals and parades, he well knows, are the simple, Spartan lives of the ordinary Chinese. And beneath the formally correct behavior of his Chinese hosts he senses at times a wariness and suspicion toward foreigners and their activities. In short, allowing for the limitations of language and time, Barcata sensitively describes the mood of present-day China.

Robert Trumbull, a *New York Times* correspondent in Japan, has selected and adapted a lengthy series of articles from the Japanese newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*, written by a task force of Japanese journalists and academics who visited China from November 1966 to February 1967. Since many of them spoke Chinese and had lived on the Mainland for some years, they bring a real competence to their work. With the possible exception of Robert Shackford's series in the Scripps-Howard newspapers, there has been nothing comparable in the American press. Like the firsthand impressions of Barcata, *This Is Communist China* conveys some idea of the background of the Cultural Revolution.

Mao is represented not only as a determined visionary but as a man with deep populist roots that link him with the army and the peasants. Liu, who has few roots in the army, is pictured as a competent party organizer with a long history in the labor movement. According to the Japanese observers, the party leaders recognize China's progress and Mao's contribution but are critical of the excesses of the Great Leap Forward and the fanatical worship of Mao. As the rift between Liu and Mao grew, the latter bolstered his position with the support of the army and mass media, while party organizers strengthened their base through the large regional party bureaus and the provincial party committees. The Japanese task force traces the expansion of party control over economic life and, not being forced to rely on official accounts of progress, describe the new construction and technology as they have witnessed them. Although the Japanese were sensitive about China's use of anti-Japanese propaganda after World War II to develop a martial spirit, their report as a whole is balanced and objective.

One can learn from these books; however, if the reader asks, "Can one understand the major trends in the Cultural Revolution after reading them?" the answer would have to be "No." Barcata does not even pretend to have the background necessary for such an interpretation. And, whereas the Japanese journalists and scholars are competent in their own fields, the anonymous English translations and Trumbull's editing leave much to be desired. On page 86, for example, not realizing that "Child Vanguards" is a peculiar translation for the phrase usually rendered as "Young Pioneers," Trumbull gives the impression that they are two separate organizations. Moreover, he does not have the knowledge necessary to place the period described in perspective. The Japanese reporters were in China at the time of the attack on and removal from office of the regional party bureaucrats. Although that is the basic significance of these months, one will not perceive this from the book as edited by Trumbull. He talks as if the Paris Commune model were still in existence, not realizing it was dropped like a hot potato within a few weeks after its introduction in January 1967.

Robert J. Lifton, an American psychiatrist, deals in his book *Revolutionary Immortality: Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Revolution* (Random House, 178 pp., $4.95), with the Chinese concern over the declining revolutionary spirit

"I remember when life was one big joke. What happened?"

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and Mao's efforts to keep it alive. Mao strives for purity, for the avoidance of bureaucratic and élitist corruption. He tries to bring to its maximum the power of human will to control technology and physical environment. Lifton speculates on Mao's preoccupation with his own impending death and his desire to establish in his successors a firm commitment to him and the ideals for which he stands. One senses the importance of Mao as a symbol of revolutionary vitality and the discouragement and loss of élan that may follow his demise.

Lifton offers insight into some aspects of Mao, but seems not to have read many of Mao's speeches and directives during the Cultural Revolution. Instead, Lifton relies almost exclusively on the Communist leader's pious general statements. Of course, one must take these professions seriously just as one must take those of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon seriously; but to erect an entire psychological theory without first studying Mao's political life is no more meaningful than to attempt to expound the psychology of Johnson or Nixon without knowing anything of their political behavior.

Perhaps two brief examples of the problems this leads to will suffice. In late 1957 and 1958 as a result of great pressure to raise their quotas or be subjected to attack as Rightists, local cadres reluctantly increased their commitments. When they were unable to meet them, they falsified their reports for fear of being purged. As Lifton interprets this falsification, "It was an expression of the powerful need . . . to maintain a collective image of revolutionary vitality that became, so to speak, more real than reality itself."

In 1958, in the context of severe labor shortages and projections for rapid growth, Chinese Communist leaders temporarily abandoned the campaign for birth control although contraceptives were still available. Apparently unaware of this latter fact, Lifton asserts, "Birth control became an assault upon Chinese power, an attack upon revolutionary immortality." If one accepted his theory that the Cultural Revolution represented a revival of what he calls "Maoist psychism," one would expect birth control campaigns to have been again shelved during the Cultural Revolution. But, as Lifton admits, they were not; the reason, which he does not discuss, is that the leaders' economic perspective in 1966 was different from that in 1958. In short, Lifton's fanciful interpretations at times hide more direct explanations.

Even if many of us China specialists would disagree profoundly with American policy on China, we must admit that over the years the State Department has included a number of officials who, like O. Edmund Clubb, have reported brilliantly on China. The Department, which has continued to attract able young people, now boasts about 100 Chinese-speaking officers. Although most of the reports of the State Department and CIA are classified, those by government analysts released through Congressional hearings and in journals like *China Quarterly* make it clear that these analysts are vastly better informed than the newsmen who write about China. One might add that with the information obtained by Clubb and others, intelligent and thoughtful leaders in our government could have made wiser political decisions.

Clubb's *Communism in China* (Columbia, 124 pp., $7.50), a reprint of a report he wrote while serving as U.S. Consul at Hankow in 1932, is an impressive piece of research into the origins of the Communist movement. Tracing the rise of Communist base areas after the split with the Kuomintang in 1927, Clubb shows why the Kuomintang was unable to get a wider following. Seventeen years before the Communists took Peking, he concluded that the "development would apparently be slowly toward a form of State Socialism."

In the last decade or two Chinese studies have made enormous strides in the United States, thanks to the selfless efforts of a handful of academic statesmen and the largesse of American foundations. One can find biases and limitations, but the progress in language training, preparing bibliographic guides, instigating basic research, and gaining an overview of China has been impressive. Evidencing this are *China in Revolution: The First Phase, 1900-1931*, edited by Mary Clabaugh Wright (Yale, 505 pp., $15), and *Communism and China: Ideology in Flux*, by Benjamin I. Schwartz (Harvard, 254 pp., $5.95). Mr. Schwartz and Mrs. Wright are leading products of the initial postwar expansion of Chinese studies. They and later scholars who contribute to the Wright volume handle the Chinese language and have a mastery of their material.

China in Revolution pictures the dynamism in early twentieth-century China that derived from a nationalism which had become both anti-imperialist and anti-provincialist. Mrs. Wright argues persuasively that these years should not be examined solely as background for the 1911 revolution, but considered as the first phase of a continuing revolution of which Communism represents a later aspect. This first phase, from 1900 to 1915, marked the end of the last dynasty and the rise of new educational institutions and of new roles for youth, women, the modern military, overseas Chinese, and industrial workers. It is clear that the ferment was not limited to democratic assemblies, chambers of commerce, and other élite groups but was extending into the peasantry.

Communism and China is a collection of essays by one of the few scholars who span Chinese studies from early history to contemporary Communism. Written between 1954 and 1967, Benjamin Schwartz's essays, like Clubb's but unlike those of many China specialists, bear reprinting in the light of more recent events. The theme that pervades his book is the seriousness with which Chinese leaders regard ideological questions and the alterations made in ideology to take account of practical problems and changing perspectives. The locus of proletarian consciousness, Schwartz establishes, was separated from the proletarian class during the 1930s and placed in the Chinese Communist Party itself. He pointed to the fundamental differences between China and the Soviet Union over this issue long before the Sino-Soviet split. The fluctuations in ideology are followed through the Hundred Flowers period up to the Cultural Revolution, when the proletarian essence, which had been lodged in the party, was transferred at least temporarily to the revolutionaries.

THE works by Clubb, Wright and Schwartz are among the best by Western scholars on twentieth-century China. Given their interests and talents, they should not have written any differently. Yet if one returns to the question of whether these works adequately prepare Americans for contact with China, the answer again would have to be "No." By this I mean simply that government analysts and scholars have not yet paid much attention to many of the basic questions that we should raise if we wish to have productive contact with China:

What are the Chinese needs in economic development and technology?

What political structure is required by a society undertaking basic change?

What role might foreign countries have in assisting China to solve her problems?

How big a role could foreign countries play without disturbing the nationalism and political integration that hold China together?

Few government analysts, for all their ability, have addressed themselves to such matters because the dominant questions many American government specialists ask about China have to do with military capacity. And few academics have tackled these issues because their own intellectual interests lie elsewhere. Perhaps we are not yet ready for contact with China.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Wroth at and Right with Roth

I AM WROTH at the Philip Roth novel *Portnoy's Complaint*, and at the sophomoric review by Granville Hicks [*SR*, Feb. 22]. Both Portnoy and Roth suffer from that form of psychopathology known as *Juedischer Selbsthass* (Jewish self-hate). Dr. Spielvogel must be quite a bumbling neophyte not to have quickly diagnosed it.

ABE ROSENBLOOM,
Silver Spring, Md.

PHILIP ROTH MUST OBVIOUSLY QUALIFY for the euphemistic Talmudical label, *Sonei Yisrael*, "enemy of Israel." *Portnoy's Complaint* is another veiled attempt through creative literary style to drag the stereotyped and maligned image of the Jew through the dung-heap of pseudo-Jewish soul searching.

RICHARD M. YELLIN,
New York, N.Y.

I FULLY INTEND to take the excellent advice contained in observation 3 of Granville Hicks's paean of praise: Since the book is not Required Reading I shall not read it. We also serve who only slouch about and ignore.

CAROL ROBINSON MOORE,
Jackson, Tenn.

PLEASE LET ME PRAISE YOU—and Mr. Hicks—for the much appreciated restraint used in the review of *Portnoy's Complaint*.

BEATRICE B. FOX,
Watertown, N.Y.

THIS IS TOO MUCH! Why do reviewers as well as publishers put up with all the dirty-word boys and their antics? I refuse to read the books. Now I can't dodge the reviews.

HELEN RUTH MONTAGUE,
Portland, Ore.

THE EXCITEMENT AND INTEREST in this book are an indictment of the present-day readers and the morality of our times.

Jewish authors like Sholom Aleichem, Mendele Mocher Sforim, and Peretz knew and understood the Jewish people and their life. They criticized and praised every phase of the Jewish family without the aid of the bathroom and bedroom experiences. Shame on Roth; he is not funny—he is a phony.

WILLIAM BRAITERMAN,
Baltimore, Md.

BRAVO FOR MARYA MANNES for her rousing dissent on *Portnoy's Complaint*. The defenders of common decency have a champion the articulate and intellectual equal of its enemies.

NED EGAN,
Barrytown, N.Y.

I SUPPOSE ONLY A DEARTH of talent prevents Marya Mannes from writing a woman's version of *Portnoy's Complaint*. It's a shame, because she certainly possesses the requisite hang-ups. Where others see humanity, she sees filth; where others see sadness, she sees subjugation.

STEVEN B. GOLDBERG,
New York, N.Y.

ANY PERSON WHO CAN EQUATE claptrap such as *Myra Breckenridge* with *Portnoy's Complaint* does not deserve to have read the book let alone to have had her opinions printed.

JANICE HINTZ,
Milwaukee, Wis.

THIS NOVEL SIGNALS a new genre of American literature—the masturbatory genre. We can expect dissertations examining it.

ROBERT B. PALMER,
New York, N.Y.

WHY CENSURE LIBIDINOUS and often brilliant writers? Let them belabor their Krafft-Ebing compulsions in print, titillating primeval stimulae among our emerging Neanderthals. The sordid details of sex are quickly surfeiting. Let's be patient.

JOHN KETTLEWELL,
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

IF MISS MANNES is trying to say that *Portnoy's Complaint* is a pornographic book, then obviously Mr. Roth must have intended it to be. Were I at all willing to accept this theory, then I would have to call the book a failure, on that score. It is totally explicit, yes, and painfully funny, yes, and even just painful, but pornographic . . .?

SUE HEIMANN,
New York, N.Y.

IT IS TIME for a woman to write a novel about the "complete" woman Miss Mannes talks about.

ROBERT F. DIELI,
Austin, Tex.

Arab-Israeli Ire

WE ARE ASKED TO DISMISS Maxime Rodinson as a Marxist and an assimilationist and his *Israel and the Arabs* [*SR*, Feb. 1] as unworthy of the space devoted to it by Drew Middleton. For the information of your correspondents, Maxime Rodinson is professor of Old Ethiopic and Old South Arabic at the Sorbonne, has been an official of the French Department of Antiquities in Syria, in charge of Oriental printed books at the National Library in Paris, the publisher-editor of *Moyen Orient*, and is the author of such classics as *Les Semites et l'Alphabet*, *Le Monde Islamique et l'extension de l'ecriture Arabe* and *Islam et capitalisme*, a biography of Mohammed, as well as several articles in the Encyclopaedia of Islam, and a contributor to *Temps Modernes* and *Revue française de science politique* among others.

To dismiss Professor Rodinson simply as a Marxist is also unfair. He resigned from the Communist Party in protest against "ideological totalitarianism" and was later to write: "all religions, and beyond that all State ideologies are surely opiums of the people."

D. S. DANIEL,
Rochester, N.Y.

PALESTINE HAS ALWAYS been a land claimed by right of conquest. The Hebrews, it may be recalled, were not exempt from this status, for their "Promised Land" originally belonged to others before them, as it belonged to others besides the Arabs before the seventh century. Can Mr. Rosenwald assure us that the Knesset includes representatives of, for example, the early Canaanites?

JOHN W. BARKER,
Madison, Wis.

KURT ROSENWALD [Book Forum, Feb. 22] claims that the Arabs have never had rights over Palestinian territory. This is sheerest poppycock. The Arabs took Palestine from the Byzantines within five years of Mohammed's death, occupying Jerusalem in 637. Saladin, who drove the Crusaders from Jerusalem in 1187 after eighty-eight years of Christian rule, was born in Takrit, Mesopotamia, of Kurdish parentage, and was emphatically not a Turk. After helping his uncle Azd ad-Din Sirkuh Ayyub in the defeat of the Fatimid armies of Egypt in 1168, he succeeded at his uncle's death shortly thereafter to the de facto rulership of Egypt. Three years later, when the last ailing Fatimid caliph died, Saladin was proclaimed Sultan of Egypt, and was later recognized by the Abbassid caliph of Baghdad as King of Egypt and Syria. Jerusalem did not fall to the Ottoman Turks until the early years of the sixteenth century.

The question of the Arab claim to Palestine is further muddied by Joseph B. Kushner, who rightly but irrelevantly points out [Book Forum, Feb. 15] that "Jews were living in the Holy Land after the first diaspora, well before the nomadic Arabs moved in." But the Muslim Arab conquest of the seventh century did not implant a new population; it Arabized the great majority of the old population, which included not only Jews but the descendants of Philistines, Canaanites and other peoples of antiquity resident there since long before the initial Jewish invasion and conquest, not to mention Graeco-Roman remnants of the late pre-Christian and early Christian eras, to which were added, with the passage of time, Arabized Mongols, Turks, Crusaders and others. These mixed peoples—predominantly Muslim, all Arabic-speaking—constitute the "Arabs" of Palestine, and their claim to Palestine is the same claim supposedly granted all indigenous populations by Western democratic theory.

GERALD PEARCE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

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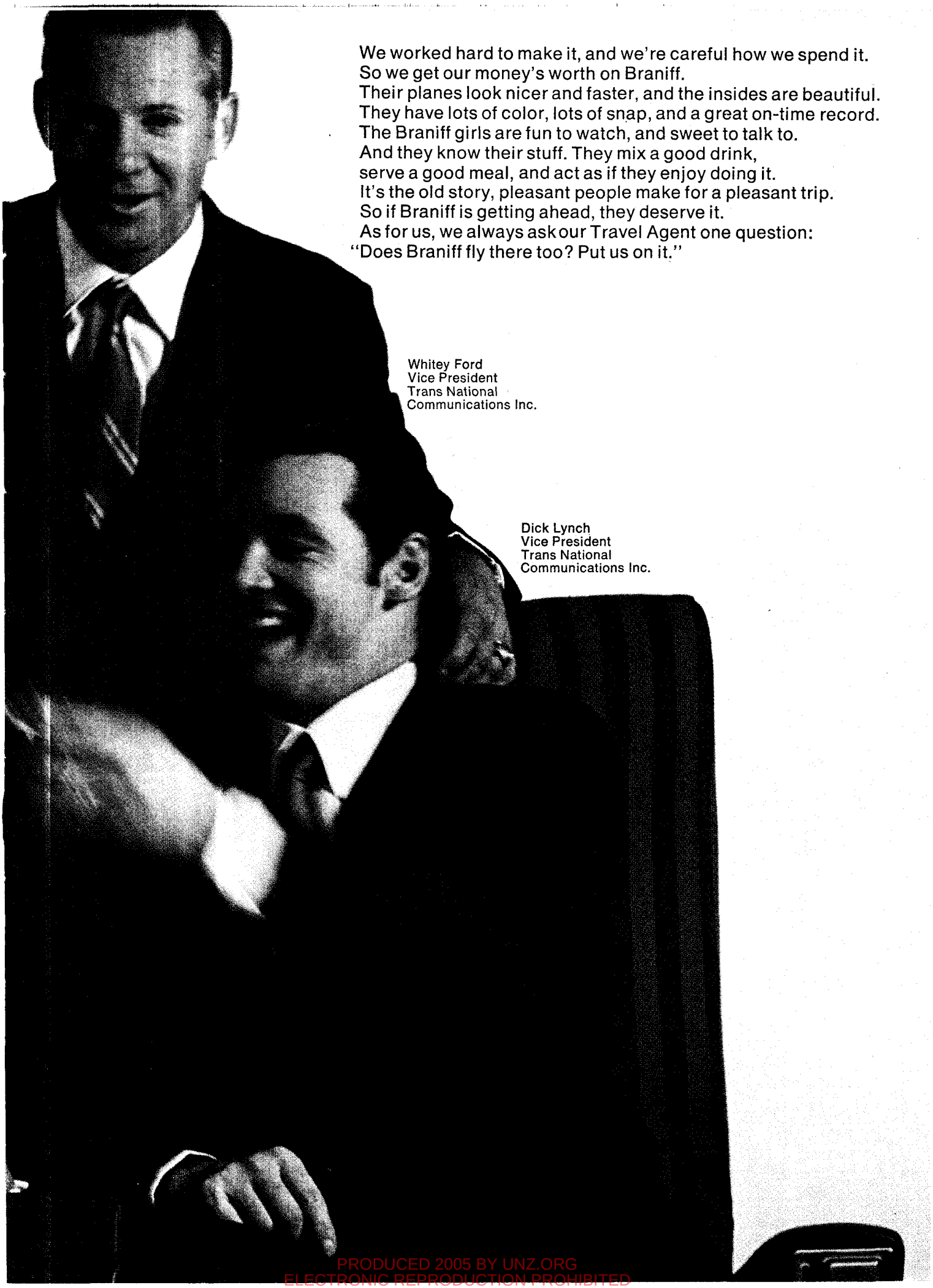

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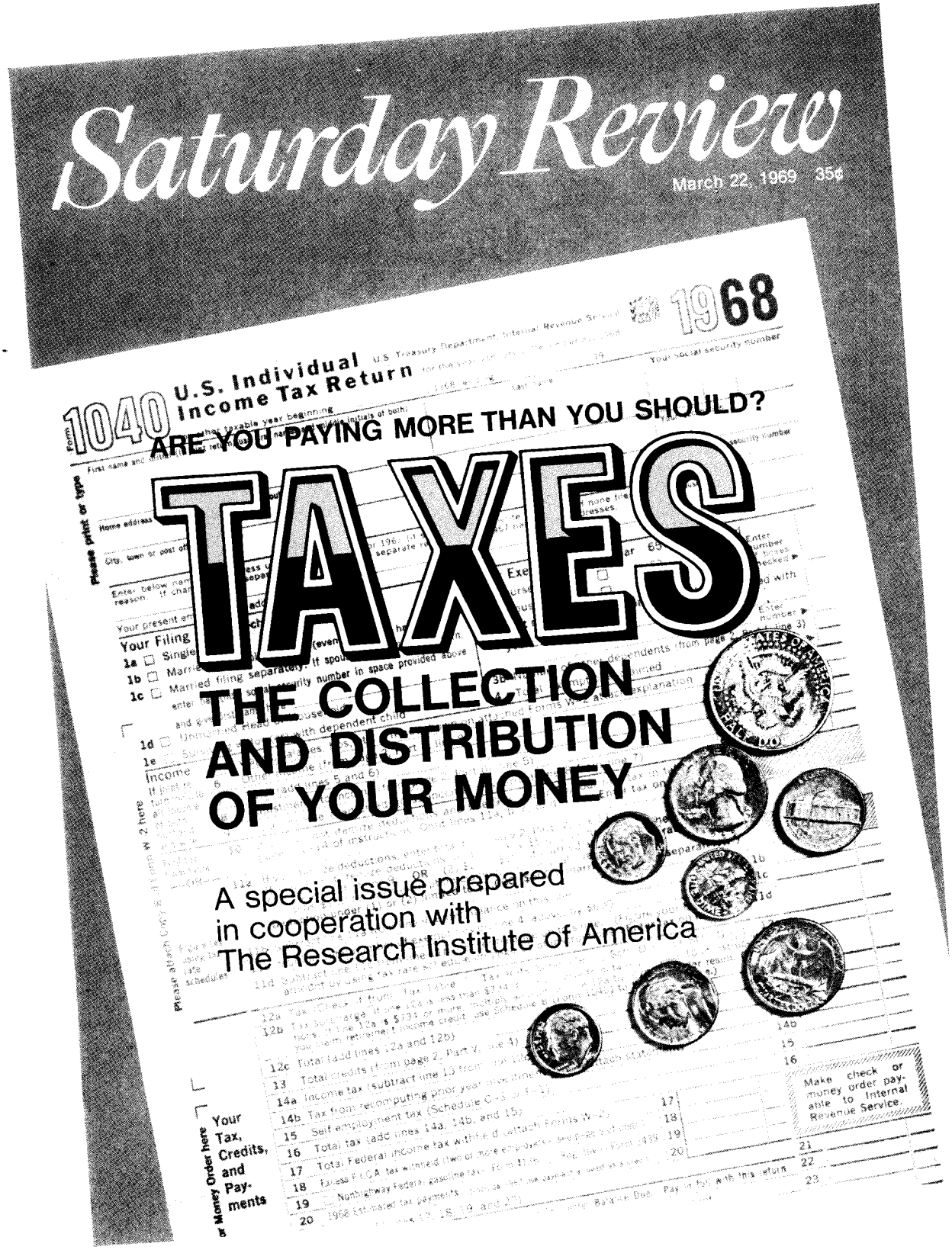
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COMING NEXT WEEK

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Some of the most pathetic letters I receive are from men and women whose first novels have fallen almost soundlessly into the literary sea and, after making scarcely a ripple, have vanished. Take XYZ. This earnest fellow, young as he is, has already had two novels rejected by a score of publishers. But he knows that this is the way literary careers often begin, and he refuses to be discouraged. Then, when he sends out his third, an editor expresses interest, and his heart leaps up as Wordsworth's did when he beheld a rainbow. There is correspondence, with the editor suggesting changes, and finally XYZ is given a contract, whereby the publisher agrees to publish the book if it is revised to his satisfaction. XYZ works like a dog on the revision, and, after more correspondence and more changes, there is the unbelievable letter that sets the day of publication. That day at last comes—and goes. In the following weeks there are no advertisements and no reviews in anything but XYZ's hometown paper. The poor young man's letter to the world has not been delivered.

XYZ and all the other unhappy young men and young women damn the publishers, and often with reason. But why, one asks, would a publisher take a book and then not try to sell it? There are many possible explanations: the editor who accepted the book may have lost his enthusiasm for it; or he may have been unable to convince the sales department; or perhaps the advertising budget for that season had to be cut. So the unfortunate novel is shoved off the dock, to sink or swim. Ninety-nine out of every hundred novels so treated sink. First novels fall on the reviewer's desk as snow has recently fallen on the streets of New York, and cause the same sort of problem.

But editors and publishers sometimes refuse to expose these poor orphans to the elements with the callousness of ancient Greeks. They try, by advertising or other means of promotion, to make reviewers—and, they hope, the general public—aware of the book's existence. I have at hand three first novels that have been blessed in this fashion. *It Happened in Boston?*, by Russell H. Greenan (Random House, $5.95), was started on its way by a full-page ad in *The New York Times Book Review*. Such an expenditure, rare in the case of first novels, convinces reviewers that the publishers, as they say in the trade, "believe" in the book, and they are likely to look it over. Thomas McGuane's *The Sporting Club* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) carries on the jacket high praise from Vance Bourjaily, Robert Crichton, Jerome Charyn, and Robert Coover. Such endorsements may not influence buyers much, but they may lead the average reviewer to think twice before tossing the volume on the discard pile. Hiram Haydn sent to reviewers advance copies of Bertha Harris's *Catching Saradove* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95) with a signed message on the cover: "It is an honor to publish *Catching Saradove*. I do not believe that I have ever published a new talent superior to that of Bertha Harris." What effect fanfares of these various sorts have is hard to say, but I am sure that they help to explain why I am reviewing these three first novels rather than others.

The only generalizations I can make about the three is that they are all well written and all out of the ordinary. (If someone asks, "What isn't these days?"

I can only reply that these are more than ordinarily out of the ordinary.) *It Happened in Boston?* deals with the career of an artist, an ingenious plot for the forging of a Leonardo da Vinci, and a series of murders. The question mark in the title, it seems to me, really belongs after "happened," for the narrator-hero, by his own account, suffers from hallucinations. The story is told on two levels: in the present the narrator is sitting on a bench in the Boston Public Garden, enjoying what he calls "reveries" and carrying on amusing conversations with a small boy; meanwhile he reconstructs his life as artist and as criminal.

Greenan builds the complicated structure skillfully, never sharply drawing the line between truth and psychosis, and carrying the reader along no matter how puzzled he may be. The hero's plan for seeing God and telling him a thing or two is presented with an almost hypnotic plausibility. Greenan's writing is polished in what seems to be an easy, natural way, and he neatly adapts his style to the violently unstable nature of the narrator. If the novel is really only a *tour de force*, without much to hang on to after you've finished it, it is the work of a talented young man.

The Sporting Club is an extravaganza, reporting a series of episodes that are no easier to believe in than the admitted fantasies in Greenan's book. The Centennial Club, located in the Michigan woods, is the playground of millionaires. Among the members are James Quinn and Vernor Stanton, who in their college days competed in the execution of dangerous and obscene practical jokes. Reunited at the club, they resume their rivalry, with unhappy consequences for other members. A war develops between the members and the natives, with violent results, and it all winds up with what is no doubt supposed to be a Rabelaisian climax. McGuane writes well, though not so well as some of his admirers think, but much of the book is the sort of thing that, in the old days, bad boys wrote for private circulation among their classmates. It will probably succeed in paperback.

Catching Saradove is as much a fantasy as the other two, but of an entirely different kind. Saradove Racepath, a Southern girl, goes to New York City in the hope of escaping from the destructive impact of her parents. Most of the story is told as she looks back on her childhood, on her relations with Lesbians in Greenwich Village, and on her attachment to a friend of radical causes by whom she has a child. Her mind unbalanced by alcohol and emotional strain, she is not clear about what in her experience is real and what is not. It is a baffling book in many ways, perhaps more baffling than it needs to be, but Miss Harris is skillful enough to let the reader enter a good distance into Saradove's confused states of mind. We share her hallucinations, but we feel that we know the real Saradove and we find her appealing. Miss Harris can lend enchantment to the commonplace, and she finds beauty in disorder and despair.

Although I believe that all three novels deserved to be published, Miss Harris is the only one of the authors on whom I would bet heavily. Hiram Haydn may be guilty of overstatement when he says that she "writes like an angry angel," but she does write with power as well as craftsmanship. She is off on the right foot, and that is more than I can say with confidence of Greenan and McGuane. Of course they may surprise me, and I hope they will.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

No less than other commodities, books have undergone a price inflation in the past several years, reflecting higher manufacturing and selling expenses and the public's willingness to pay more for its culture. I was reminded of this recently when I pulled Evelyn Waugh's 1955 novel *Officers and Gentlemen* off my shelf and discovered that it had cost me $3.75. Do you believe that? It's the rare novel today that sells for less than $5.95, and $6.95 is not uncommon for even a modest 347-pager. Nonfiction has done even better. Catherine Drinker Bowen's brief (174 pp.) *Biography: The Craft and the Calling* retails at $5.95—and for a reason. Here is a book that has a limited market; it will sell about as many copies at that price as, let's say, $4.50. The publisher must get his investment back on an edition of possibly 5,000 copies, and the only way to do it is to go for the top dollar.

In the case of special-audience books this may not inhibit sales, but with the big ticket items—the art books, coffee table books, and nonbooks—price becomes a critical factor. The publisher is reaching for an audience that buys not so much out of necessity as whim. These are books to listen to music by, to admire for their physical beauty and avoirdupois, and to show off to one's culturally deprived guests. They are also very expensive books to manufacture, they fetch a fancy penny in the stores, and—partly because of their high prices—make nice Christmas presents.

In recent years publishers have correlated this incentive to give with a before-and-after price system that bears some comparison to the low-price previews now common on Broadway. Under this system books carry two prices: one that obtains up until Christmas or December 31, and a higher figure thereafter. The American Booksellers Association listed 105 recent titles that were subject to an automatic price boost; the differential varied from $2.50 on the cheaper items (below $15) to as much as $20 for Andrew Wyeth's book of paintings, which jumped from $55 to $75. The question is: Does the public save by buying early, or is it penalized for buying late?

In a mood of consumer skepticism recently, we shopped a dozen big ticket items in Brentano's, New York, a store that does not discount books and which, therefore, is probably representative of most bookshops around the country. We knew we'd find most of the big, splashy gift packages here; what we wanted to learn was how well the two-price system worked out in practice.

Ordinarily, a customer ascertains the price of a book by glancing at the inside flap of the dust jacket. Sometimes the bad news is at the top, sometimes at the bottom; with the dual-choice volumes the clerk is supposed to snip off the pre-Christmas figure (top) leaving the post-holiday mark-up (bottom). This may be too much to expect of a busy clerk: Our poll, made in February, showed that five of the twelve books were still selling at the old price, four had been raised to the new, two had not been snipped, and one book, *The Shadow of Blooming Grove,* could be purchased at the old *or* new price, depending upon what part of the store you bought it in.

A good example of how confusing this can get is *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell,* now advertised at $40 for a set of four volumes. In many stores, if you buy the volumes singly, the price works out to $35.85. And if you really want to save money on Orwell, buy him through The Readers Subscription book club for $21.95, which is a bit more than half the list price. Obviously, there is a lot of slack somewhere along the line.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1336

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1336 will be found in the next issue.

SHJCDDBHAOO BO BH HUE IHU-

FBHX FJCE FA FCHE CHK IBQQ-

BHX USGOAQNAO EU XAE BE.

—KUH JAGUQK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1335
It is with noble sentiments that bad literature gets written.
—ANDRE GIDE.

Or take *The Rich and the Super-Rich.* Publisher Lyle Stuart has been threatening, in his ads, to raise the price from $12.50 to $15 "soon." How soon is soon? And why boost the ante for a best-seller that has been on the market for almost a year, unless you want to play hard to get, like the Broadway show that converts a $9.90 ticket to $12 once it's a hit? Is this price-gouging or the threat thereof? Does it sell more books? Maybe the Stuart book should be called *The Price and the Higher Price.*

The whole idea of prepricing anything is to make it easier for the publisher to recoup his nonrecurring costs—to get off the nut, as they say in the theater. A book that's already done this has no business selling for more than its original list price. By the same token—and it's a big token these days—a dual-price book with a specific cut-off date can be a legitimate bargain. The Andrew Wyeth volume was such a bargain at $55 (pre-Christmas) that it is virtually unobtainable today at $75.

These are the solid items that will hold up at any time of the year. But the seasonal stuff is tricky. If the books won't sell at the old price, there's a good chance they won't sell at the new, and many end up priced at less than their original discount. Said one bookseller: "If you don't peddle these to the holiday trade, you might as well quit." Actually, if a retailer doesn't want to mark them down, he can return them to the publisher and get his money back. Many do, and this is how *Little Treasures in Big Houses* comes on the remainder market six months after publication at half its cover price.

A final complication: some publishers operate a three-way system—four if you count the de luxe editions. An example is *American Heritage,* whose *Making of the Nation* sells for $14.95 pre-Christmas, $17.50 after, and $12.95 by mail to subscribers to the magazine. And if you want to play the discount game, you'll find some of these big, bouncy books drastically reduced at certain department stores that are willing to take a loss in order to give themselves a cultural image. Since fair trade prices were outlawed there's really no such thing as a list price. Eventually, as we noted, the unsalable turkeys filter down to the remainder bins, but this takes months, and who wants to buy a Christmas gift item in July? Even so, it's not the bargain hunters but the status seekers who make these books possible.

A book buyer must be nimble these days. We don't envy him. The object is to find the volume of one's choice before the clerk gets there first with his scissors. In this business "slashing the price" doesn't mean what it says.

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Lyrics, Heroic and Otherwise

By ROBERT D. SPECTOR

SHORTLY before his death, a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet chided me for the high critical standards I expressed in my quarterly roundups and warned that my great expectations, my desire to find "fire" in poetry, would one day leave me with nothing to read. He objected that I undervalued craftsmanship and technical proficiency. Without question, I go through the quarter's poetry hoping to discover another Keats or to turn the pages of another *Iliad*, but I am not dismayed to settle for poetry whose major merit comes from the knowledgeable application of craft. If I cannot become overly excited by this lesser accomplishment, it may be because so many contemporary poets display an ability to write good, sound, if not truly inspired verse. Given the material to be judged, the reviewer's task proves to be a discrimination among talented poets, an observation of the particulars on which the individual talent depends, and an account of the direction that poetry appears to be taking.

Nevertheless, I confess to a certain excitement and hopefulness when first picking up a work like Louis Mertins's *The Blue God: An Epic of Mesa Verde* (Ward Ritchie Press, $7.50). In an age when the epic seems hopelessly impossible, even an attempt is admirable; and the American Indians offer an intriguing subject for the heroic: a mythology that sums up a culture and its values. But the epic obviously lies beyond a poet who can write, "Their brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts,/ All lived together in one family."

For me, Kenneth Rexroth has long appeared the American most capable of epic achievement. He possesses the necessary general knowledge, range of poetic comprehension, the varied skills requisite to the heroic poem. In his introduction to *The Collected Longer Poems of Kenneth Rexroth* (New Directions, $7.50) he compares the work to Pound's *Cantos* and Williams's *Paterson*, seeing the individual pieces as "one long poem." The comparison, while fair, suggests again that the modern age settles for something less than the epic conception, and that the fragmentation—social, political, and cultural—in contemporary life reflects itself in a less ambitious approach to poetry than the epic demands. Despite their philosophical cohesiveness and no matter how pleasing, Rexroth's narrative poems, even in their totality, do not result in the grand design characteristic of the epic.

Years ago, when I read Robert Penn Warren's *Brother to Dragons*, I hoped he would one day attempt an epic. Like Rexroth, Penn Warren has the necessary erudition, the poetic capacity. As a novelist he has certainly displayed the required narrative sense. And yet his poetic vision remains limited to the lyric horizon. I do not mean to denigrate his abundant talent, which I lauded in a review of his *Selected Poems*—a talent repeatedly displayed in *Incarnations: Poems, 1966-1968* (Random House, $4). I know myself to be unfair in expecting poets to conform to my desires; but when I read Penn Warren's long dramatic poem, flawed though it was, I had thought that here was a poet daring enough to go beyond it.

Superior though he is to the vast majority, Penn Warren epitomizes the poets at work today. They generally know their craft, know how the English language sounds, and they render it effectively in a variety of lyric forms, ranging from the outrageously experimental to the well-groomed traditional. Reviewing the new poetry, I attempt no more than to indicate what a reader can expect to find and what I believe to be strengths and weaknesses. While the recent months yield no Homer, no Keats, they offer much that will appeal to modern tastes.

Characteristically the modern lyric eschews the sweetly sentimental tradition, a point immediately apparent in a comparison of three women poets—Louise Glück, Diane Wakoski, and Ruth Whitman—with the romantic Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The difference is that of idealized Victorian womanhood and the emancipated, unblushing, twentieth-century female. No softness enters the work of Miss Glück. None of the *personae* she adopts in *Firstborn* (New American Library, $4) speaks gently or regards the world kindly. Her vision is harsh, her verse forms terse and stripped to essentials. In point of view and accomplishment these poems give no evidence of being the work of a young writer, and while it would be difficult to talk about liking these descriptions of a crippled, pathetic, and brutal world, it would be impossible to deny their effective and honest confrontation with reality. From her opening image of "lice rooted in that baby's hair," through her "Pictures of the People in the War," to her very brief narrative about the boarding of a slave ship to steal its gold and slaughter its "living cargo," Miss Glück demands a reader's attention and commands his respect.

Even harsher in its confrontation with reality is the superior poetry of Diane Wakoski's *Inside the Blood Factory* (Doubleday, $4.50). From its title

"Let me get this straight. According to the stars, I should abdicate and crown you king?"

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through its dark metaphors of black bugs, bleached bones, and blackened flesh, the work refuses to yield even on the sentimental commonplaces of society. No ode to childhood, but rather "what does it mean . . ./if [a child] shits in the toilet one day; in his pants the next?" No solace in a lover's arms; instead, "I sleep because the love flower has rotted in my mouth/and trickles its black liquid, like a poison mushroom/down my throat." Miss Wakoski's social comment is ruthless: "All fathers in Western civilization must have/a military origin." Her view of nature is not kinder than her view of man; she is alert to the decaying processes of one, "the ugly processes that make a living body" in the other. As with Miss Glück, to speak of liking Miss Wakoski's poetry would seem inappropriate; to deny it full admiration would be dishonest.

Less abrasive, but no model of sweetness and light, is Ruth Whitman's lyric collection. Her feminine sensitivity responds warmly and wittily to the demands made upon womanhood. According to the old Jewish tradition, brides must cut their hair and wear a wig to display "modesty, or submission, or to make [their] beauty less distracting to [their] husbands." Poor man, the poet asks the Jewish scholar, "does the calligraphy of your bride's hair/ interrupt your page?" "To any man not blind," she says, "a wig is false." If she wears "nakedness for a disguise," within she is "threaded on a passion/taut as a tightrope." It is that passion—rich emotion yielding the most meaningful love—which she celebrates in *The Marriage Wig and Other Poems* (Harcourt, Brace, & World, $4.50). The verse itself has a deceptive simplicity, hiding allusiveness behind a straightforward style and unaffectedly uniting rhythm and subject matter.

The unheroic lyric, which in itself explains the absence of the epic in our age, marks the greater part of today's poetry. In such clipped tones as D.J. Enright's in *Unlawful Assembly* (Wesleyan, $3) our pretensions take a verbal lashing. Like starlings, chirping, screeching, and whistling, we must baffle any observer trying to determine whether we are "making love or making war." Enright's ironic comments on this unheroic age, when "The gods are failing,/Faster every day," lump together the "Tool of Moscow,/Valets des valets/Des impérialistes américains,/Or agents of Peking." "No matter where power passes/The gaols contain the same old faces." Yet Enright refuses to yield hope for humanity, remembering that, like the starlings, men are "lively, living, full of life." He does not opt for withdrawal, and the question in his title poem ("In this vale of teargas/Should one enter a caveat,/Or a monastery?") is rhetorical.

Like Enright, Paul Blackburn sustains a lyrical assault on the way we live now. Blackburn must be tired of being labeled a Black Mountain poet, a disciple of William Carlos Williams, and, in fact, he is quite unlike any other modern poet. In "The Ale House Poems" of *In, On, or About the Premises* (Grossman/Cape Goliard, $4.50; paperback, $2.95), he recalls the Goliardic poetry of the Middle Ages, an odd combination of irreverence, earthiness, and erudition. Blackburn masks his learning in a seeming casualness and his difficult craftsmanship in his unaffectedness. Affairs of pomp and ceremony become more pretentious when juxtaposed with vignettes of sex. With quiet humor, precise rendering of American speech, and sharp detail, his voice cuts to the marrow.

Even in poets who, on balance, are awed by life—Kenneth White and Robert Wallace—the lyric note emerges hard and cold. Kenneth White's *The Most*

Difficult Area (Grossman/Cape Goliard, $4; paperback, $2.50), like Chinese art, paints "with the fewest of strokes/ the hardness of rocks/ the twistedness of roots." White transforms a "gull['s] scream/ in her nightmare of loneliness" into the poet's "fear of death." However much absorbed in the great mysteries of life, White's poetry conveys a bleak universe of "cold sun" and "white rough rockiness." Although in *Ungainly Things* (Dutton, $3.95) Robert Wallace believes in the power of art to make them beautiful, he, too, keeps an eye on the harshness of existence, mindful that the "roaches are sleeping" even as "the sun/ by the fire escape comes peeping/ rose on our sheets." His hopefulness about mankind's future confronts the realities of "insane fist, or bombs" before it concludes with a picture of "a creature with hands like ours,/ and eyes,/ dreaming, dreaming:/ . . . of beginning again."

A far better poet, Theodore Weiss, shares with Wallace and White a realistic assessment of life and at the same time holds a strong conviction of man's capacity to endure. Like his earlier collections, *The Last Day and the First* (Macmillan, $4.95) combines his peculiar vision of reality and a concern for ordinary experiences. More important, however, than fitting Weiss into any mold or emphasizing the unheroic qualities of his lyrics is to note how he continues to grow with each new volume of poetry. In his new book "Caliban Remembers," a dramatic monologue, and the section called "Suite for Boris Pasternak" suggest a development and range that promise to place him in the forefront of American poetry.

Looking askance at the world, Keith Waldrop in *A Windmill Near Calvary* (Michigan, $4.95) responds with less philosophy than wit. Nothing is sacred: "Brother Allen preaches the world will end in ash/ And sends twelve ushers into the aisles for cash." Waldrop delights in disorder, and the world that makes no sense becomes a playroom for the artist. After all, "thinking like this made Brueghel paint/ a windmill near Calvary." If reality does not accord with his desires, Waldrop is prepared to reshape it.

It has always been so for Karl Shapiro, who at no time has been prepared to accept the world's platitudes. The antiheroic lyric comes naturally to him, and he defies the conventional attitudes in *White-Haired Lover* (Random House, $4). With a defiance to be cheered by middle-aged men, Shapiro refuses to yield romantic passion to the young. He concedes the gray eyebrows and white head and acknowledges, "I have a fat belly from my own poetry." Still, in a poetry that combines earthy language with traditional forms and parodies artistic conventions even as it uses them, he insists: "My glass shall not persuade me I am old." The poem "Now Christ Is Risen" is a fine blend of frank eroticism, irreverence, and metaphysical wit.

EQUAL irreverence comes naturally to the Scotsman Norman MacCaig and the grand man of Irish poetry, Austin Clarke. Neither writes the lyric that celebrates beauty or idealizes life, although both are more traditional than young American poets. With his countrymen's proverbial parsimony, MacCaig wastes no words in *Rings on a Tree* (Wesleyan, $3). His poem on Long Island University's Writers' Conference, which I helped to organize, makes me wince at its accuracy: the too impressive moderator whose "brain twinkles in five languages"; the speakers sitting "desperately/ at ease"; the setting of the old Brooklyn Paramount Theater, "a poor man's Sistine Chapel"; and the elusive truths, "the quarry [that] always escapes." MacCaig is exactly right, never sacrificing truth for wit. In poems about Scotland, New York, and New England he often displays a generosity as expansive as his language is economical, and a kindness tender but not soft.

In *The Echo at Coole and Other Poems* (Dufour, $3.95) Austin Clarke

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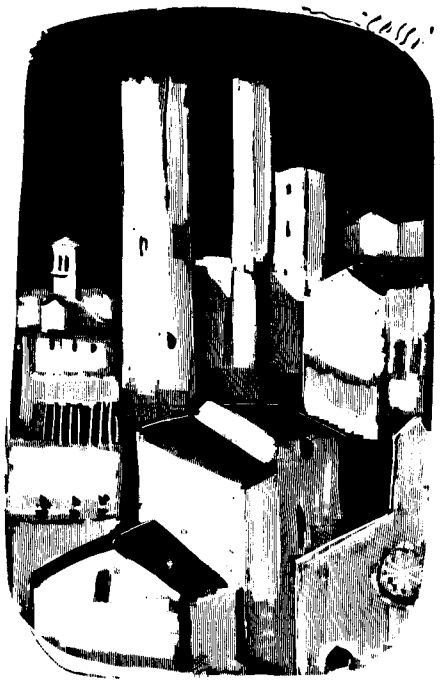
expresses his feeling for his country's literary heritage by his modernizations of ancient Gaelic myths and fairy tales. However, his ingenuousness and wit prevent him from romanticizing the great literary figures of his country: Yeats, "A. E.," James Stephens. He is as aware of Yeats's vanity as of his own personal inadequacies. With equal honesty he can describe the Victorian qualities of Yeats and his own poetic failures. In this unheroic vision of life Clarke resembles his younger contemporaries at home and abroad; where he differs is in his high regard for a tradition.

IN fact, reading this last quarter's poetry I am constantly reminded that the revolution against traditional verse has now become a commonplace. Those who follow the old line are few—Edward Lowbury, Howard Moss, and Daryl Hine—but worthy of serious consideration. New to me, Lowbury's poetry comes as a pleasant discovery. The slim volume *Daylight Astronomy* (Wesleyan, $3) suggests that the old order yet has its honor and its toil. Rhyme and its infinite varieties of half and slant and sight, meter employed to unify and emphasize, stanzas providing organization and effectiveness are used frequently and pointedly by Lowbury. In Moss's *Second Nature* (Atheneum, $4.50; paperback, $1.95), too, the "cadence and meter" that he praises and "the persistence of song" make him a most agreeable poet.

I was not surprised by the traditionalism, or at least the use of it, in Hine's *Minutes* (Atheneum, $4.50; paperback, $1.95). Having reviewed two of his earlier volumes, I was fully aware of his expert experimentation with a variety of forms. I continue to be impressed and to marvel that a poetry coming out of responses to history, art, and literature manages to escape the perils of pedantry. For Hine a painting by Reynolds becomes the means for examining a very real woman's personality. Tolstov's characters step down from literature and move easily in the modern world. For Hine a museum serves—as it should but rarely does—to make the past a part of the living present. A single phrase may accomplish the feat, *e.g.*, the "rear-view mirror" juxtaposed with the legend of Theseus. Well-disciplined, direct even in their allusiveness, Hine's poems wear their learning lightly, generating their excitement from the natural wit of his metaphysical perception.

What does surprise me is the falling off of protest poetry in this period. For my last roundup it provided the unifying theme, but now the volumes are few: Jane Stembridge's *I Play Flute and Other Poems* (Seabury, $2.50), a warmhearted outpouring from the civil rights struggle, but lacking as poetry; John Beecher's *Hear the Wind Blow* (Inter-



national, $5.95), protest and prophecy, but rather weak latter-day Whitman. There are protest poems in David Ray's *Dragging the Main* (Cornell, $3.95), an attack on the war in Vietnam or the man waging it and an assault on inhumanity at home. But Ray's collection is more; it contains sad, tender, and angry poems in which the emotion is never forced, the language always appropriate to the feeling. Ray can capture with equal ease a father's response to the birth of his son, or that peculiar blend of melancholy and delight when one observes a child's innocence. His range is great, and his quiet humor, including self-mockery, is not the least appealing of his virtues.

Not exactly protest poetry, *One Eye and a Measuring Rod* (Macmillan, $4.95), by Father John L'Heureux, borders on that category. His humanitarianism makes even his religious poetry a universal experience. Like the Reverend Daniel Berrigan, Father L'Heureux bases his religion on a strong feeling and concern for people. The stoning of a whore draws his sympathy no less than the crucifixion of Jesus. With equal warmth he finds pleasure in a child's innocence, a dog's antics, and serious devotion. Dedicated to men as well as to God, he is able to capture the accents of everyday speech. Mourning the death of John F. Kennedy, he can draw the Christian parallel in today's idiom: "There was this Jew, see, hung up/on love. I mean like love is/ the whole action. Man, he swung— a little too far out. We screwed him to a cross. Faked out, Dad."

FINALLY, let me note some new editions and translations. Offering reliable texts, *The Major Metaphysical Poets* (Washington Square Press, $8.95) sadly lacks necessary annotation. *Andrew Marvell: Complete Poetry* (Random House, $6.95) has a good introduction and notes by George deF. Lord, but stands as one of the poorest book designs in recent times. Kevin Crossley-Holland's translation of *Beowulf* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95) is adequate, and the introduction by Bruce Mitchell is first-rate. W. S. Merwin's *Selected Translations: 1948-1968* (Atheneum, $5.95) reminds us of how much he has done so well.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Clixon

A CHILDREN'S BESTIARY

Can you remember to which family each of these members of the animal kingdom belongs? Cecily S. Nabors of Potomac, Md., would also like you to leash them to their creators. And if your own Literary I. Q. is slipping, either ask an available child or crawl over to page 37.

A. *Aslan* ( )
B. *Babar* ( )
C. *Bambi* ( )
D. *Charlotte* ( )
E. *Curious George* ( )
F. *Eeyore* ( )
G. *Ferdinand* ( )
H. *Lad* ( )
I. *Polynesia* ( )
J. *Rascal* ( )
K. *Rikki-tikki-tavi* ( )
L. *Thidwick* ( )
M. *Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle* ( )
N. *Uncle Wiggily* ( )

1. bull
2. deer
3. dog
4. donkey
5. elephant
6. hedgehog
7. lion
8. mongoose
9. monkey
10. moose
11. parrot
12. rabbit
13. raccoon
14. spider

a. Jean de Brunhoff
b. Howard R. Garis
c. Rudyard Kipling
d. Munro Leaf
e. C. S. Lewis
f. Hugh Lofting
g. A. A. Milne
h. Sterling North
i. Beatrix Potter
j. H. A. Rey
k. Felix Salten
l. Dr. Seuss
m. A. P. Terhune
n. E. B. White

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Gallery of Comrades Revisited

Cancer Ward, *by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 560 pp. $10), offers American readers a second English version of a novel suppressed in the USSR, together with its author's open letter to the Soviet Writers' Congress and other pertinent documents. Maurice Friedberg, director of the Russian and East European Institute at Indiana University, reviewed the earlier English translation in SR, November 9, 1968.*

By MAURICE FRIEDBERG

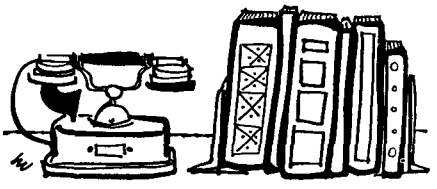
SOVIET CENSORSHIP AND FAILURE to participate in the International Copyright Convention have led to a strange fate for Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward*. Unpublished and unavailable in the USSR, it may now be readily obtained in this country in two competing English translations, while the original Russian version has been brought out by the YMCA Press in Paris. Mikhail Bulgakov's *Master and Margarita* was also recently published in two English versions, but there were some mitigating circumstances: the translations were based on different Russian texts, one of which, the censored version, had been printed in a Soviet journal. To have two translations of *Cancer Ward* within months of each other is the kind of waste we can ill afford.

Of the two, Rebecca Frank's version, published by Dial, is much the better. Nicholas Bethell and David Burg strove to be literal, almost scholarly, occasionally even resorting to footnotes. Their quest for precision was carried out with considerable diligence even though it should have been clear that this would entail sacrificing the flavor of Solzhenitsyn's style. Miss Frank's more relaxed approach paid off handsomely. Much of her English rendition reads like an original novel; the presence of a translator is inconspicuous, and the author appears to be addressing his readers directly without any interference from linguistic intermediaries.

But then, perhaps the primary purpose of Messrs. Bethell and Burg was not merely to provide another translation of the novel itself. Their book should attract those interested in the controversy surrounding the Soviet authorities' refusal to publish Solzhenitsyn's two major novels (the other, *The First Circle*, is currently an American best-seller) and to reprint the few of his works that had previously appeared in Soviet literary periodicals. The Bethell-Burg volume features Solzhenitsyn's open letter of May 16, 1967, to the Soviet Writers' Congress—one of the landmarks in the long struggle of Russia's authors with arbitrary and oppressive censorship—as well as a number of other pertinent documents. It also reproduces, in abbreviated form, the transcript of the September 22, 1967, session of the Writers' Union board, which discussed the political pros and cons of *Cancer Ward*. That these were considered crucial or even relevant to the decision whether or not the novel ought to be published is depressing enough (nobody among those present had seriously questioned its artistic merit). More ominously, Solzhenitsyn's self-righteous judges included some prominent men in the Soviet literary establishment who owe their positions to their disgraceful activities during the Stalin era. Their pasts are conveniently forgotten, while Solzhenitsyn is reproached for having been an inmate of a Stalinist jail—even though he has now retroactively been cleared of the charges against him. It is regrettable that Bethell and Burg did not provide a brief essay giving some of the pertinent facts, nor even capsule biographical data on all of the participants in the debate. Without such background the non-specialist reader cannot appreciate the sophistry and cynicism of some of the speeches and the honesty and courage of others. Specialists, on the other hand, will probably wish to consult the complete transcript of the debate in the original Russian, which was printed last December in *Novy Zhurnal* the distinguished *émigré* quarterly published in New York.

Soviet literary bureaucrats may have consigned their country's foremost living writer to the status of a hunted pariah. But, though maligned by the same party functionaries who poisoned Pasternak's last years, Solzhenitsyn refuses to recant his "crimes." In spite of frail health he continues to work in the sleepy backwater town of Ryazan, far from the political and literary intrigues of Moscow. Yet Solzhenitsyn is loved by millions of his countrymen and admired by many readers abroad. As was admitted some years ago by a Soviet periodical, a Russian reader's attitude toward *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, the now-famous novel about Soviet labor camps, became a litmus test separating "progressives" from "reactionaries."

Last December 11 was Solzhenitsyn's fiftieth birthday. The event was ostentatiously ignored by the Soviet literary journals, which normally note such occasions even in the lives of third-rate writers. Needless to say, it was also ignored by the authorities, though customarily on their fiftieth birthdays writers are awarded decorations "in recognition of their services to Soviet literature." But Solzhenitsyn was not completely forgotten. There are persistent rumors in Moscow that on December 11 the post office of Ryazan received 2,000 telegrams of congratulations from abroad. The local postmaster, the story goes, was so overwhelmed by the discovery of a celebrity in his town that he sent Solzhenitsyn a wire of his own.



Tel Aviv Occupied, Arabs Victorious

If Israel Lost the War, *by Richard Z. Chesnoff, Edward Klein and Robert Littell (Coward-McCann. 253 pp. $5.95), speculates on what might have ensued had the UAR struck first on June 5, 1967, and caught the Israelis off guard. Joel Lieber, who has traveled extensively in Israel, is the author of "Move!," "How the Fishes Live," and "The Chair," published March 3.*

By JOEL LIEBER

THREE REPORTERS collaborated on this documentary novel, which purports to show what could have happened in Israel and around the world had the Jewish State gone under. Their speculations might have made an interesting article in *True* (although not in *Newsweek*, the magazine that employs the trio who wrote this "novel"), but given book-length treatment the fantasy takes on a peculiar aura quite the opposite of what must have been the authors' intentions.

They provide magnificent authenticity: beautifully conceived empty speeches that LBJ and Rusk would have made; chilling dire warnings. But instead of terrifying us into believing it could have happened, *If Israel Lost the War* steers an uneven course through a wilderness of uninformed improbabilities.

In this version, on that memorable Monday morning of June 5, 1967, the UAR air force strikes first, catching the Israelis off guard, and virtually destroying their entire air force. Nearly 3,000 Israeli civilians are killed the first day; the combined Arab armies roll through the country, turning kibbutzim to dust and dropping poison gas here and there. West Jerusalem falls. Tel Aviv is occupied. Women *sabras* are raped in the streets.

Ghoulishly, the authors write on. Ghoulishly, we read on. The prose slips in and out of *True Adventure* style, in and out of the idiom of instant-history fiction.

Israel is in danger of extinction. Every

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country in Europe has a different reason for not helping the Jews (again!). LBJ? Well, he and Lady Bird chomp roast beef sandwiches in bed and discuss his slipping consensus. Our guys meet the Ruskies at the Glassboro summit. Although the Reds hold the cards, they propose a deal: we get out of Vietnam and they'll get the Arabs out of Israel. No dice, says LBJ, and to show he's no paper tiger he soon bombs North Vietnam's Red River dikes.

Americans demonstrate in the streets. Frank Sinatra and Johnny Carson express their concern. Joachim Prinz and Philip Klutznik plead with LBJ to *do something*. Russian hawks take over the Kremlin, and Johnson fears a nuclear war. Abe Fortas and Arthur Goldberg resign. LBJ resigns.

Meanwhile, Teddy Kollek has been blown up and Moshe Dayan executed in Dizengoff Circus as a war criminal. The Arabs carve the Palestine cake. Sinister Nazi war criminals hiding in Egypt emerge to administer the occupation of Israel—with torture, concentration camps, the works. (I was actually beginning to look forward to the rape of Yael Dayan by the entire Syrian army, but apparently none of the three authors thought of it.)

If the story sounds intriguing, well, it is. Ingenious and clever, too. But this is also a galling, gimmicky book. The hitch is that you can't suddenly change roles, showing the Israelis as inept as the Arabs, and the Arabs as sophisticated as the Israelis—and expect any credibility. Israeli aircraft aren't just sitting on those runways waiting to be decimated. And Israeli intelligence has proven itself unbelievably resourceful. Furthermore, the Israelis know they are alone: 1948, 1956 and 1967 proved it to them; they do not plan policy based on a Johnson or a Nixon or a de Gaulle bailing them out of trouble.

But should the Russians themselves man the Arab planes and missiles and tanks—what then? That's the real worry, one which this writing trio, in their haste to exploit a sensational subject, overlooked.

You'll find no fictional heroes or heroines in this novel, just the real-life who's who of political big-wigs. And the grotesque liberties taken with their contrived words and deeds—the colossal impropriety on the authors' part—way overshadows any message here. In penance, the trio ought to give their royalties to the UJA.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A7e (*Chronicles of Narnia*), B5a, C2k, d 14n (*Charlotte's Web*), E9j, F4g (*Winnie-the-Pooh*), G 1 d, H3m, I 11 f (*Adventures of Dr. Dolittle*), J 13h, K8c, L 10 l, M6i, N 12b.

Tapestry of Evil

The Godfather, *by Mario Puzo (Putnam. 446 pp. $6.95), tells the story of a Sicilian-American patriarch who is a leading power in the Mafia. Hal Burton is book editor of the Long Island newspaper Newsday.*

By HAL BURTON

MARIO PUZO'S NEW NOVEL IS a big, blunt, battering ram of a book, one intended to shock and to stun. It is most certainly the *Little Caesar* of this generation, though by comparison W. R. Burnett's classic of the bootleg era seems an understatement. *The Godfather* is a supercharged account of a family that uses guns, axes, garrotes, and the psychology of fear to achieve dominance over the whole Mafia network in the United States.

The test of a story of action is whether it convinces the reader while carrying him along. Puzo has wrought his prose so skillfully that the most outrageous episodes seem totally natural. All the blood, all the slaughter, all the raw sex are in consonance with the people about whom he is writing. Yet at the same time he makes his frightening cast of characters seem human and possible.

The "Godfather" is Don Vito Corleone, a Sicilian-American patriarch, already one of the top men in the Mafia. He dominates gambling but eschews the drug racket as beneath his dignity. His tentacles reach out to policemen, judges, state legislators, U.S. Senators, and labor leaders. Whatever he wants he gets.

Corleone wants his godson, the singer Johnny Fontane, to star in a Hollywood hit film, but the producer, Jack Woltz, adamantly refuses, and he is a friend of J. Edgar Hoover and close to the President. Don Vito brings him to heel in gruesome fashion. Woltz wakes in his bedroom one morning to find the severed head of his favorite race horse staring blindly at him from the floor. It is enough. Johnny gets the starring role, and then Don Vito gets him the Academy Award.

But this subplot is merely incidental to the whole tapestry of the book, as the Corleone Family exterminates its enemies, avenges itself when one of the Don's own sons is murdered, and moves upward to kingship of the shadowy

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world of crime. Skeins of loyalty for favors performed unite the Family with the rebellious at all levels of society. These are people who scorn the law as impotent; they make and administer their own laws. These are people who live outside "the system" and sneer at a white-collar, three-button-suit civilization.

The book pulses with movement, giving the reader scarcely a pause for reflection. Within its genre, which is action rather than philosophy, it is a staggering triumph. Mario Puzo has achieved the definitive novel about a sinister fraternity of crime.

From Laughter to Love: Kate Christie has written a charming, chilling, believable little gem of a novel. *Child's Play* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95) is also very funny. Laughter, in fact, is the basis for the crucial relationship between Jessica, the narrator, and her roguish brother Dave. Overflowing with life and vigor —too strong, she knows, for her own good—Jessica is compulsively driven to perfection in everything she finds to do: keeping house for her brother and father, organizing and running the Girl Guides, the Brownies, the Old Age Club, the Youth Club and other church activities, holding down a full-time job and managing her amiable fiancé, the parson. "The pink parson" is an object of ridicule to Dave, and to Jessica, too, in those hilarious and precious moments when she and Dave are alone together. Laughing at the whole world outside, the brother and sister have created an alliance that is a world unto itself. Slowly the true nature of this relationship is revealed to the reader and to Jessica, who ignores it, fights it, submits to it. No cymbals clash to tell you when you're supposed to get the message; it is to the author's everlasting credit that she respects her reader as much as she does her characters.

Miss Christie's light-hearted, often bawdy, low-key style imperceptibly gathers momentum through the easy flow of details revealed—at first generally about life in a little English seacoast town, then with matter-of-fact (but never obvious) insights into the people —until the plot takes over with the swift rush of classic drama. It is controlled handling of a fictional situation that in less skilled hands might easily have devolved into a simple shocker, or one of those "what sinister evil lurks beneath this calm surface" stories. The author's theme is incest, her form is tragedy, and yet she has given us a humorous, humane, delightful book.

—EILEEN LOTTMAN.

Check List of New Books

Crime, Suspense

COP OUT. By Ellery Queen. NAL/World. $4.95.

DIE QUICKLY, DEAR MOTHER. By Tobias Wells. Doubleday. $3.95.

ONE MINUTE TO ETERNITY. By Robert Weverka. Morrow. $5.95.

WHO STOLE SASSI MANOON? By Donald E. Westlake. Random House. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE CONFLICT OF GENERATIONS: The Character and Significance of Student Movements. By Lewis S. Feuer. Basic Books. $12.50.

CONTROVERSY: The Birth Control Debate, 1958-1968. By Ambrogio Valsecchi. Corpus Books. $5.95.

THE CZECH BLACK BOOK. Edited by Robert Littell. Praeger. $6.95.

THE LONG WAR: Israel and the Arabs Since 1946. By J. Bowyer Bell. Prentice-Hall. $10.

Fiction

BLACK JACOB. By William Mahoney. Macmillan. $5.95.

CHARLIE EAGLETOOTH'S WAR. By John Templeton. Morrow. $5.95.

CHARLOTTE MOREL. By Maria Lodi. Putnam. $5.95.

CONSIDER SAPPHO BURNING. By Nicholas Delbanco. Morrow. $5.95.

CUSTOMER'S MAN. By Rory Harrity. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

DOSSIER IX. By Barry Weil. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

GO ASK THE RIVER. By Evelyn Eaton. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

ILLINOIS RIVER HOKEYPOKEY. By Charel Gerard. Doubleday. $4.50.

I WANT IT NOW. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

THE LUCK OF THE VAN MEERS. By Aroma McHugh. Doubleday. $5.95.

MENDEL. By William Hoffman. Yoseloff. $4.95.

THE PRISON. By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

SANCTITY: or There's No Such Thing as a Naked Sailor. By Dennis Selby. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

TRY ANOTHER COUNTRY. By Barbara Rees. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE VELVET HAMMER. By Faith Baldwin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

WHEN RAIN CLOUDS GATHER. By Bessie Head. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

WORLD CHAMPION. By Joseph Morgenstern. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Government, Politics

ALL BUT THE PEOPLE: Franklin D. Roosevelt and His Critics, 1933-39. By G. Wolfskill and J. A. Hudson. Macmillan. $7.95.

AMERICAN APPEASEMENT: United States Foreign Policy and Germany, 1933-1938. By Arnold A. Offner. Harvard. $10.

THE CONSERVATIVE MAINSTREAM. By Frank S. Meyer. Arlington House. $8.

LINCOLN TODAY: An Introduction to Modern Lincolniana. By Victor Searcher. Yoseloff. $7.50.

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THE TRANSATLANTIC PERSUASION: The Liberal-Democratic Mind in the Age of Gladstone. By Robert Kelley. Knopf. $8.95.

TWO STUDIES IN CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION. By Telford Taylor. Ohio State. $7.

History

THE FATAL INHERITANCE: Philip II and the Spanish Netherlands. By Edward Grierson. Doubleday. $6.95.

FRANCE. By Albert Guérard. Michigan. $8.75. (Revised edition.)

FRANCE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Donald Stone, Jr. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.45.

ITALY: A Modern History. By Denis Mack Smith. Michigan. $8.50. (Revised edition.)

PRINCES OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Orville Prescott. Random House. $8.95.

THE UNITED STATES TO 1865. By Michael Kraus. Michigan. $8.50. (Revised edition.)

THE WAR OF 1812. By Reginald Horsman. Knopf. $6.95.

Miscellany

THE CENTERING MOMENT. By Howard Thurman. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE HERO, AMERICAN STYLE. By Marshall Fishwick. McKay. $5.95.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY SYSTEM. Edited by Lawrence Officer and Thomas Roueché. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

MONARCH OF DEADMAN BAY: The Life and Death of a Kodiak Bear. By Roger A. Caras. Little, Brown. $4.95.

VOYAGE TO ATLANTIS. By James W. Mavor, Jr. Putnam. $6.95.

WILD COW TALES. By Ben K. Green. Knopf. $5.95.

Personal History

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH DIARIES, 1915-1918. Knopf. $10.

THE MEMOIRS OF PHILLIPPE DE COMMYNES: Vol. II. Edited by Samuel Kinser. South Carolina. $10.

THE PRISON OF MY MIND. By Barbara Field Benziger. Walker. $4.95.

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE BARS. By Donald Swann. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

WHY ME?: An Autobiography by William Cargan. Doubleday. $5.95.

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THE CHURCH AS ENEMY: Anticlericalism in Nineteenth Century French Literature. By Joseph N. Moody. Corpus Books. $10.

HUMANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By Martin C. D'Arcy. World. $6.50.

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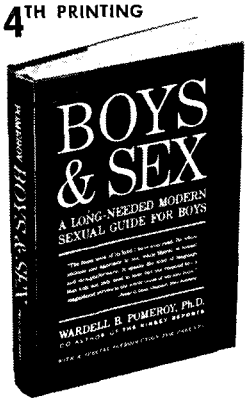

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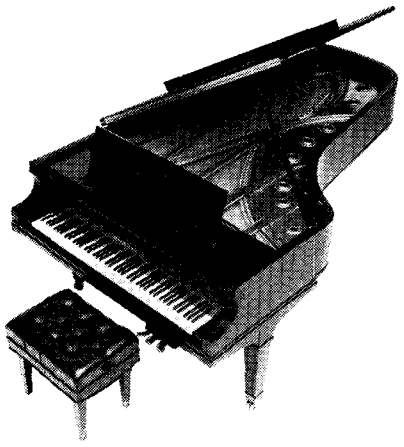

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Rudel on Borodin; Bernstein on Wagner

IF A THIRD of the people who paid their way into the State Theater to see the Borodin-derived *Kismet* a few years ago were to buy tickets for the New York City Opera's production, on the same stage, of *Prince Igor* (also with music derived from Borodin), director Julius Rudel's budgetary worries would be over for a little while, at least. However, though *Kismet* fans would recognize more than a little of their favorite score in *Prince Igor*, the former has the advantage of a skillful book derived by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis from Edward Knoblock's play, whereas the latter is seriously incommoded by Borodin's own libretto based on a play by the celebrated V. Stassoff.

The reference to *Prince Igor* as "derived from Borodin" may strike a discordant note among those who admire the chemist-composer's powers of invention. However, the score remained incomplete at his death, and would hardly have become a performable property without the intervention of Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakov, who completed the orchestration of Acts I, II, and IV, and Alexander Glazounov, who re-created the Overture from memory and scored Act III. In taking advantage of Will Steven Armstrong's production for Cincinnati University's College-Conservatory of Music to give New York its first viewing of the work since the mid-Thirties (when a traveling Russian troupe gave it in the City Opera's old home, Mecca Temple), Rudel has made the most of *Prince Igor*'s virtues without doing much to offset its shortcomings.

These virtues are, of course, concentrated in the camp (classical military camp, not contemporary) scene which includes the great and perennially popular "Polovtsy Dances." By massing his choral forces to give the music a lift it cannot possess in the more commonly heard version for orchestra only, and marshaling a dancing ensemble headed by the formidable Edward Villella and the insinuating Kathryn Horne to execute the choreography of Ron Sequoio, Rudel and his dramatic director, Frank Corsaro, have produced a sequence that might even lure a few *Kismet* customers. (Walter Terry will have his say on this subject in a forthcoming issue.)

But the opera-minded will arise in alarm at the shock-climax that has been invented to give this act a grisly curtain. That is the appearance on stage of the arrow-riddled "body" of Prince Igor's son Vladimir, supposedly killed while trying to escape the captivity of Khan Kontchak, whose armies they have unsuccessfully challenged. Not only does this contravene the standard documents on the subject (including the libretto for sale in the lobby), in which the Khan forgives Vladimir's attempted escape and actually endorses his daughter's marriage to the erstwhile enemy (in the universally omitted Act III), but it totally falsifies the Khan's character. Rather than preserving the magnanimity repeatedly stressed in the script, the final glimpse of him grinning over the corpse qualifies Kontchak as a B-picture "savage," unreliable to the end.

Obviously, those who created this disgraceful distortion know better, but they plainly rated such false drama better than the lack of true drama in the original. Reduced to essentials, it may be stated as Boyar (Igor) wages war, Boyar loses war (to Khan Kontchak), Boyar wins war, by escaping, finally, and returning to his beloved Jaroslavna with the avowed intent of facing Khan Kontchak's armies again, at some future time. Such simplicity of formulation has, unfortunately, been cluttered by Borodin with too many digressions, including one long scene wholly devoted to the orgies of Prince Galitzky (whom Igor has left at home to look after his [Galitzky's] sister, Jaroslavna). The opera's music is typically, fresh and individual, but contributes nothing at all to the basic story.

Rudel threw himself, with characteristic vigor and commitment, into the animation of a project weighted down further by lack of performers with voices of appropriate size or color. Julian Patrick offered a visually believable Igor, but his voice is neither dark enough nor big enough. As his son Vladimir (who carries a balalaika into battle, which is maybe why his side lost), John Stewart is good looking, with a promising tenor sound not yet under total control. Galitzky was in the hands of Roy Samuelson, who is likewise in the promising category. The most striking impersonation of the evening was William Chapman's vividly barbaric Khan, though his voice lacks depth for this character's music. As Jaroslavna, Maralin Niska looked well but was confronted by music heavier than her voice could manage with quality. Joy Davidson, as the Khan's daugh-

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ter, and Patricia Wise, as a Polovetsian Maiden, did their work well.

Wagnerians too long parched for a draught of their favorite brew found their cup filled to overflowing in a week which not only provided *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* under the direction of Herbert von Karajan at the Metropolitan, but also a concert version (for the Philharmonic Pension Fund) of *Tristan und Isolde*. Leonard Bernstein conducted with Eileen Farrell and Jess Thomas in the title roles, and Joanna Simon providing the off-stage voice of Brangäne in Act II.

In a project in which everything was new to New York, save the gloriously durable music, the overriding fact was that Bernstein's affinity for Wagner has achieved a degree of urgency which calls for its release in circumstances properly theatrical—preferably at the Metropolitan. It showed itself not only in the supercharged but never overheated playing of the orchestra and the selection of the soloists to bear their share of the burden, but also in the skill with which the bloodless surgery to join the excerpts from each act into a sequential whole was achieved.

For one who has been listening, man and boy, to Eileen Farrell as long as there has been an Eileen Farrell (early Forties), this was unquestionably the best effort in so demanding an assignment that she has ever delivered. Not only magnificently at ease in articulation and support of the musical text, Miss Farrell also had an emotionally purposeful coloration for every meaningful word of the verbal text. Such a sound for Isolde's music in the middle register has not been heard since Flagstad. For Thomas, who has sung Tristan in San Francisco but not in New York, this was an occasion to be part of a tumult and shouting which should do much for his self-esteem. He has added to his command of the lyric Wagner a vocal positioning to point his sound in a way essential for the Tristan who wants to be heard through, as well as over, the orchestral web. It left more than a few questions unanswered—such as dramatic illusion and the endurance to go the full three-act course—but not of his commitment to the purpose in hand, or his suitability to this assignment, especially in the love duet, which was fervently, truly sung. Here, too, young Miss Simon showed the stuff of which Brangänes are made, with a lovely, floating delivery of the "Watch" (from an improvised "tower" in a control booth high up on stage left). The audience, which paid benefit prices, gave every indication of satisfaction with its investment.

In the latest wedding of Christa Ludwig's talents to the music of Richard

(*Continued on page* 53)

Steve Allen's "daughter" almost died.

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Edited by David Butwin

The Cognoscenti Abroad—III
Amalia Rodrigues's Lisbon

If you want to be my master and
have me for yourself
Don't talk to me only of love, talk
to me also of the *fado*.
Never forget that the *fado* is every-
thing I will tell you
And at the same time everything I
cannot tell. . . .
The *fado* is love and jealousy, ashes
and fire, grief and sin,
The *fado* is all that exists, all that is
sad. That is the *fado*.

FADO MEANS FATE, and it is a style of Portuguese blues best rendered by a soulful brunette named Amalia Rodrigues, who holds the heart of her native Lisbon in her hand. In 1966 at Lincoln Center with Andre Kostelanetz she first wrung the heartstrings of blasé New Yorkers with "*Saudade vai-tea embora*" ("Blues go away"), and this year she returned to do the same in a six-week engagement at the Château Madrid. Audiences from Rome to Rio have been enraptured by her rendition of "A Portuguese House":

Four whitewashed walls with a
statue of St. Joseph over the door,
A few grapes, two roses in the gar-
den, the sun of eternal spring,
Two arms which are waiting with
the promise of kisses,
Ah! this is truly a Portuguese house!

"I was born in such a house," said Amalia, who looks like a Latin Greta Garbo. "It was the poorest in the Bairro Baixa, the waterfront district where we lived. My father played the saxophone, my mother and sister sang. We were hungry, wore rags, and had no shoes, but we were happy. In Lisbon if you are hungry you knock on a neighbor's door and you get soup, a sardine, a slice of *broa* maize bread. If you hold your side on the street, someone asks what's wrong and takes you to a hospital. Today I have money but I am no longer happy. I have become complex. I think. And the more you know about everything the more you worry. Not to be poor but to be simple is the secret of life."

Amalia's life has followed almost exactly in the footsteps of the great nineteenth-century *fadista* Severa, who was discovered by a *cavaleiro* called Maravila, and lifted, along with *fado*, into Lisbon's high society. Amalia sold oranges in the Alfama, the Moorish section of the city overlooking the Tagus River, crowned by the Castelo de San Jorge. She sang in a beer hall, acquired English talking to sailors, married a policeman, and met her Pygmalion in the person of Ricard Espírito Santo, a wealthy banker. Ricardo transformed the Lisbonese Eliza Doolittle into the fairest of ladies, fastidious, poised, and impeccably dressed. He lived to see her surpass Severa as a *fadista*, captivate her countrymen, and become the queen of the Portuguese-speaking world. His death is mourned by Amalia when she sings:

One day someone called me Amalia
in a specially tender way.
I thought I was hearing my name
for the first time, so beautifully
did he say it . . .
To love is to suffer and I knew it
was my fate as a *fadista* to weep.
Now he is gone and you are looking
for him everywhere, Amalia, but
without much hope.

Lisbonese are called *Alfacinhas*, or "little lettuce eaters," because of their addiction to the succulent greens that grow in every garden patch around the city. "The quality of my people is good," said Amalia, "but we are introspective and pessimistic. I don't know why, but when we think of *fado* we mean fate which is bad, destiny which is dire. Our soul word is *saudade*. It means many things—loneliness, jealousy, the yearning to be close to someone who is far away. Instead of trying to forget, we feed on our troubles, we encourage ourselves to suffer, we lament. It is our Moorish blood, or something we have gotten from the Greeks. Even our happy songs have sadness. The samba, which is African and Brazilian and gay, becomes melancholy when we sing it in a minor key.

"And yet, Lisbon is more lyric than sad. Our people are poets. We have no painting, no serious music, nothing but *poesia*. Without *poesia* I couldn't live. Without Lisbon I would die. Lisbon is like my skin. I need Lisbon like fish need the sea. To me Lisbon is the River Tagus glimpsed from the Mouraria where nightingales nest in the roofs. It is *tendinhas*, little bars where *ginginha* —cherry liqueur—is served in tiny cups. It is the flower market in the Rossio, dazzling bright with moon daisies, scarlet poppies, pink asphodel and iris, wild narcissus, and golden jonquils called 'Angel's ears.' It is the smell of wet wash, old wine, and sardines in the streets. Lisbon *is* sardines. They are like melons, some are good and some are not. They must be eaten within two hours after being caught, with a pinch of salt and cooked outdoors over charcoal because though we love sardines we don't like the smell inside the house."

Amalia's house is one of the few seventeenth-century structures in the Estrêla section of Lisbon that survived the

"Do they always come without any hair?"

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earthquake of 1755. The tiled living room aflame with flowers is furnished with French Provincial pieces and Portuguese antiques picked up in the Feira da Ladra, the Caledonian Market in the Campo de Santa Clara. Estrêla, meaning star, is also the home of ex-President Salazar, giving rise to the music hall quip that, having lived for forty years on a star, Salazar is the world's first astronaut. Nearby on the Largo de Estrêla is the basilica of the Sacred Heart built in the eighteenth century by Queen Maria in gratitude to God for giving her a son.

Amalia's Lisbon begins beside the Tagus in Black Horse Square, as handsome a harbor threshold as any city can boast. "It was here that Portuguese ships set out in the fifteenth century to navigate the world, and it was in the heart of a sailor that *fado* was born."

A lonely sailor standing on the deck
of a sloop and singing sadly
On a day when the breeze was light
And the sea blended into the sky.

Amalia paused before the pedestal of the equestrian statue of King José I and pointed to a medallion honoring his minister, the Marquês de Pombal. "Pombal rebuilt Lisbon after the earthquake and gave it its eighteenth-century Pombaline style, a blend of the European architecture of the day. But he fell into disfavor at the time this statue was made and the sculptor was ordered to destroy the medallion. He disobeyed and for sixty years it was hidden until another king restored Pombal's honor and this plaque was placed in the pedestal." Amalia sang:

Sabe-se la—does one ever know
what tomorrow will bring?
Unless one is careful a great career
can be wrecked in an instant. . . .

Strolling up the Rua Augusta to the Rossío, Amalia said, "Lisbon's loveliest sight is the mosaic pavement that signifies a Portuguese city. Each tile is laid by loving hands. One day the Government ordered the tiles torn up to build a subway. The Portuguese are a patient people but their indignation was great. They wrote letters to the papers, protested, held mass meetings in the streets. They succeeded and the pavements were saved. That is the kind of people we are, like the Apaches of Paris, but different. Simple, devout, poetic, but passionate when the Lisbon we love is threatened." Lisbon . . .

Gold and silver
Old and young at the same time
In her swirling skirt wooed by
many lovers,
The woman every district would
make its wife.

Amalia entered the Alfama, a ganglion of narrow, twisting sixteenth-century streets interspersed with tiny plazas, fountains, and vistas of the sunbathed city. In the garden of the church of Santo Antonió da Sé she stopped for breath. "This church stands over the room in which St. Anthony of Padua was born. The children of Lisbon placed little altars to St. Anthony on the doorsteps of their homes and begged for money to build the church."

There was a bookstall on the terrace. Students lolled on benches, chatting and reading. "For students," Amalia said, "there is a special *fado* called *Coimbra*, after the old university town, in which the campus is the moon, the professors are *fadistas*, and books are beautiful women which the students must study to pass their exams. Coimbra is also the capital of love where King Pedro I crowned the corpse of his mistress Ines de Castro and drowned his sorrow dancing in the streets."

Below, Lisbon lazed in the sunshine. "Lisbon needs sunshine. To sing *fado* or to fight bulls depends on the warmth of the sun, the smell of certain flowers, the special something a Frenchman and a German do not have. Without these things you can't sing *fado* any more than you can sing flamenco without being a gypsy."

Refusing an invitation to lunch, Amalia chose instead the Imperium, a tea room beside the elevator built by Eiffel which lifts footsore citizens to the summit of one of Lisbon's seven hills. Here and at Benards she habitually meets with friends to talk, to drink coffee—"plain coffee called a *carioca*, or a small coffee with milk called a *garoto* ("kid"), or a king-sized coffee with cream called a *galo* ("gallon")—and to toy with a *pastel de nata*, a uniquely Portuguese cream puff flavored with cinnamon and beer and baked only in a shop near the tower of Belem.

On her way to an appointment Amalia left the cab to pay her respects to the statue of Luiz de Camões. "He is our Shakespeare, a man of the people, the greatest of Portuguese poets. I was criticized when I used his verse in *fado*, but those who really love Luiz wept when I sang:

My memories are flowers
Cut by cruel destiny
Let me rest with my cares
In a quiet haunted by the ghosts of
lost loves.
Let me end my life in these lonely
places.
In some lonely place let my troubles
end.

To Amalia there is only one restaurant in Lisbon, Tavares, at 35 Rua

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Dos Passos

Continued from page 19

when she came to a little and they brought the baby to her she asked the nurse in a trembling, husky whisper if she thought it could have a bad effect on the baby all that noise, prenatal influence you know.

Moorehouse will always be a parody of the American big shot—all "front"; so this representative figure is born on the Fourth of July. Later in the book, when Eleanor Stoddard's "beautiful friendship" with Moorehouse helps to send Mrs. Moorehouse into a decline, we see all that is chic, proud, and angry in Eleanor concentrated into this description:

She got into a taxi and went up to the Pennsylvania Station. It was a premature Spring day. People were walking along the street with their overcoats unbuttoned. The sky was a soft mauve with frail clouds like milkweed floss. In the smell of furs and overcoats and exhausts and bundledup bodies came an unexpected scent of birchbark. Eleanor sat bolt upright in the back of the taxi driving her sharp nails into the palms of her graygloved hands. She hated these treacherous days when winter felt like spring. They made the lines come out on her face, made everything seem to crumble about her, there seemed to be no firm footing any more.

1919, the second volume of the trilogy, is sharper than *The 42nd Parallel.* The obscenity of *the* war, "Mr. Wilson's War," is Dos Passos's theme, and since this war is the most important political event of the century, he rises to his theme with a brilliance that does not conceal the fury behind it. But it is also clear from the greater assurance of the text that Dos Passos has mastered the special stylistic demands of his experiment, that his contraption is running better with practice. So, apart from the book's unforgettably ironic vibrations as a picture of waste, hypocrisy, debauchery, *1919* shows, as a good poem does, how much more a writer can accomplish by growing into his style. History now is not merely a happening but a bloody farce, is unspeakably wrong, is a complete abandoning of all the hopes associated with the beginning of the century.

This is equally true for fictional characters like Joe Williams, Janey's brother, who will be dropped from one ship to another like a piece of cargo, and will eventually be killed in a barroom brawl on Armistice Day; historic personages such as the writer and antiwar rebel Randolph Bourne, who died a pariah in 1918, and Paxton Hibben, "A Hoosier Quixote," who sided with the Russian Revolution when he represented the United States abroad. Wesley Everest, whose life is told as a biography under the title *Paul Bunyan,* was a Wobbly leader who was castrated and lynched by a mob of businessmen in Centralia, Washington, in 1919. The fictional characters and the historic figures are equally the casualties of war. Just as Dos Passos's own creations are representative Americans, so the historic figures whom he has selected for his biographies become myths in the collective imagination of American history. One of the most brilliant things about Dos Passos's trilogy is the way in which the fictional and the historic characters come together on the same plane.

ONE character in the book is both "fictional" and "historic": The Unknown Soldier. He is fictional because no one knows who *he* is; yet he was an actual soldier—picked at random from so many other dead soldiers. The symbolic corpse has become for Dos Passos the representative American, and his internment in Arlington Cemetery Dos Passos blazingly records in "The Body of an American," the prose poem that ends *1919* and is the most brilliant single piece of writing in the trilogy:

they took to Chalons-sur-Marne
and laid it out neat in a pine coffin
and took it home to God's country on a battleship
and buried it in a sarcophagus in the Memorial
Amphitheater in the Arlington National Cemetery
and draped the Old Glory over it
and the bugler played taps

Woodrow Wilson brought a bouquet of poppies.

But on the other side of the representative American picture are those who made a good thing of war, such as Theodore Roosevelt, "the happy warrior" who loved war and became governor of New York by riding up San Juan Hill; J. P. Morgan—

Wars and panics on the stock exchange,
machinegun fire and arson,
bankruptcies, warloans,
starvation, lice, cholera and typhus:
good growing weather for the House of Morgan;

"Meester Veelson," who despite his premonitions took the country into war; Richard Ellsworth Savage, who went back on his early idealism and profited from the corruption that war had encouraged.

What invests *1919* beyond all else is the contrast of the official and popular idealism with the hysterical hedonism of young gentlemen in the ambulance service. Ed Schuyler keeps saying, "Fellers, this ain't a war. . . . It's a goddamn whorehouse." The echoes of speech are now our last ties with the doomed. This

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monument to a whole generation sacrificed is built up out of those mythic quotations and slogans that make up the book in its shattering mimicry. "In Paris they were still haggling over the price of blood, squabbling over toy flags, the river-frontiers on relief maps"; "tarpaper barracks that stank of carbolic"; "the juggling mudspattered faces of the young French soldiers going up for the attack, drunk and desperate, and yelling *a bas la guerre, mort au vaches, a bas la guerre*"; "an establishment where they could *faire rigazig, une maison propre, convenable, et de haut moralité*"; "Did Meester Veelson know that in the peasants' wargrimed houses along the Brenta and the Piave they were burning candles in front of his picture cut out of the illustrated papers?" The Versailles Peace Conference is cut to the style of Dos Passos's generation – "Three old men shuffling the pack, dealing out the cards."

Woodrow Wilson is caught forever when he says in Rome ". . . it is the greatest pride of Americans to have demonstrated the immense love of humanity which they bear in their hearts." But this mimicry is brought to a final pitch of brilliant indignation in the person of the Unknown Soldier, who *is* anybody and everybody. In "The Body of an American" we see that Dos Passos's book is not so much a novel of a few lives as an epic of democracy. Like other famous American books about democracy—*Representative Men, Leaves of Grass, Moby Dick*—its subject is that dearest of all American myths, the average man. But unlike these great romantic texts of what Whitehead called "the century of hope," *U.S.A.* does not raise the average man to hero. Dos Passos's subject is indeed democracy, but his belief—especially as he goes into the final volume of his trilogy, *The Big Money*—is that the force of circumstances that is twentieth-century life is too strong for the average man, who will probably never rise above mass culture, mass superstition, mass slogans.

The only heroes of *The Big Money* are in the "biographies"—Thorstein Veblen, who drank the "bitter drink" for analyzing predatory American society to its roots; the Wright Brothers, because

> the fact remains
> that a couple of young bicycle mechanics from Dayton, Ohio
> had designed constructed and flown
> for the first time ever a practical airplane;

and the super-individualist architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, whom Dos Passos thoroughly admires, though Wright never understood that architecture could serve the people and not the architect alone. The other biographies are of celebrities – Henry Ford, Rudolph Valentino, Isadora Duncan, William Randolph Hearst—whose lives ultimately fell victim to the power of the crowd. The mass, the popular idolatries of the time, have become the enemies of "our storybook democracy." (In the Forties, John Dos Passos will go back to "storybook democracy" in writing about Thomas Jefferson.) Charley Anderson, the garage mechanic who comes back from war a famous ace, gets so caught up in the dizzying profusion of drink, money, and girls that his self-destructive ride through New York, Detroit, and Miami resembles the mad gyrations of an airplane out of control. Margo Dowling, the movie actress, is a cold, utterly scheming trollop who in Hollywood turns her Cuban ex-husband into her chauffeur. But even she, like the Richard Ellsworth Savage who is now cynically writing advertising copy for "health foods," is just another victim rather than a villain. Society has gone mad with greed. The only fictional character in *The Big Money* who gets our respect is Mary French, the doctor's daughter and earnest social reformer who becomes a fanatical Communist in her rage over Sacco and Vanzetti. The emotions of the Sacco-Vanzetti case provide Dos Passos with his clearest and most powerful "camera eye" sections, but Mary French is futilely giving her life to the Communist party. The chips are down; the only defense against the ravages of our century is personal integrity.

THE particular artistic virtue of Dos Passos's book is its clarity, its strong-mindedness, the bold and sharp relief into which it puts all moral issues, all characterizations—indeed, all human destiny. There are no shadows in *U.S.A.*, no approximations, no fuzzy outlines. Everything is focused, set off from what is not itself, with that special clarity of presentation which Americans value above all else in the arts of communication. Yet in these last sections of *The Big Money*, Dos Passos makes it clear that though the subject of his book all along has been democracy itself, democracy can survive only through the superior man, the intellectual aristocrat, the poet who may not value what the crowd does. This is the political lesson of *U.S.A.* and may explain, for young people who come to the trilogy for the first time, why the book did not fertilize other books by Dos Passos equal to it. The philosophy behind *U.S.A.* is finally at variance with its natural interest, its subject matter, its greatest strength—the people and the people's speech. Like so many primary books in the American literary tradition, *U.S.A.* is a book at war with itself. It breathes American confidence and is always so distinct in its effects as to seem simple. But its sense of America is complex, dark, and troubled. Perhaps this gives it the energy of disenchantment.

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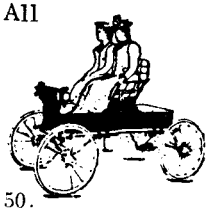

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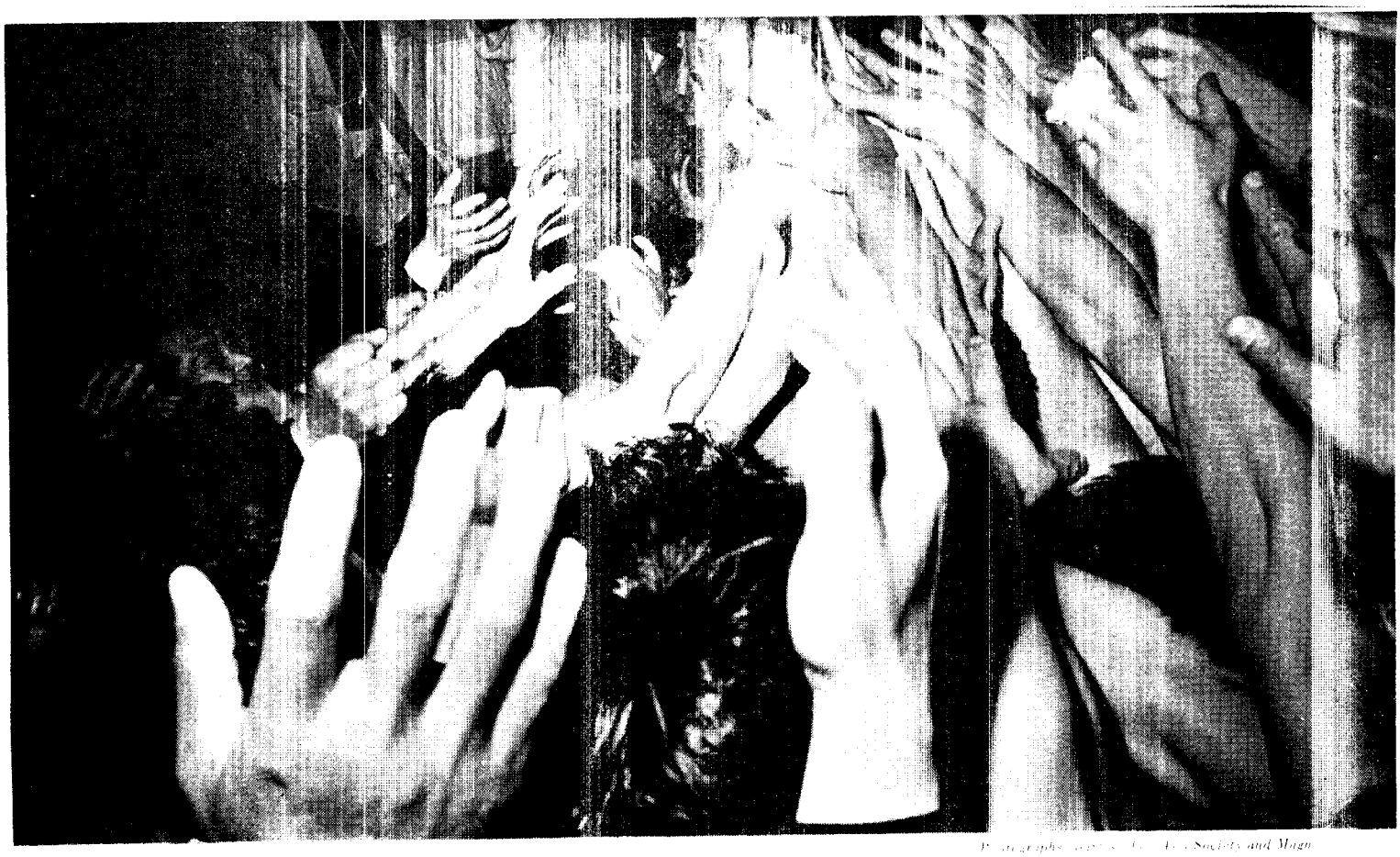

Photographs courtesy Japan Society and Magn

Praying for good crops, festival time at the shrine, Niigata, 1961.

Women in "Snow Land," 1957.

HAMAYA'S JAPAN

By MARGARET R. WEISS

ANYONE who has ever wondered about Japan's improbable blend of transistorized technology and traditional folkways may welcome a few guidelines from photographer Hiroshi Hamaya's current show at New York's Asia House. (Later it will travel cross-country on an International Exhibitions Foundation schedule.)

Despite some shortcomings in pace and editing, *Hamaya's Japan* merits attention whether it is viewed as a travel record, a social document, or an essay on ecology. In effect, it is all these, as well as the graphic statement of a personal credo based on intensive visual exploration of the country's lore, land, and way of life.

Fukei, landscape in itself and for itself, is of little interest to Hamaya; *Fudo*, the living land with its inevitable interaction of man and environment, is his primary focus. A free-lancer by choice for more than thirty years, he has elected to roam every sector of native soil, to visit other countries in Asia and Western Europe, and finally—as the Japan Society's first cultural interchange fellow in photography—to cover almost 20,000 miles of the United States, Canada, and Mexico. From these camera travels, nine books and portfolios have emerged, and it is from these works that Hamaya made his selection of eighty exhibition prints.

Almost evenly divided between color enlargements of Japan's temperamental terrain and black-and-white studies of the life within its cities and villages, the show ostensibly set out to star the natural site—volcanoes and crater lakes, hoarfrost and ice floe, the moor and the paddy field, primeval forests and cloud-rimmed peaks, the black rock cliffs of the peninsula coast and the coral-reef beaches on the southern shore. For Hamaya, "To understand Nature was a far more difficult thing than to understand people. Yet in each of these pictures I sense and feel Man, and I have gained new insights into Man through having looked deeply at Nature." For the viewer, however, these landscape images—dramatic as many of them may be—are less rewarding than the scenes depicting the diverse life patterns that Japan's regional differences in climate and geography have effected.

A record of the six-day New Year celebrations in an isolated village of the

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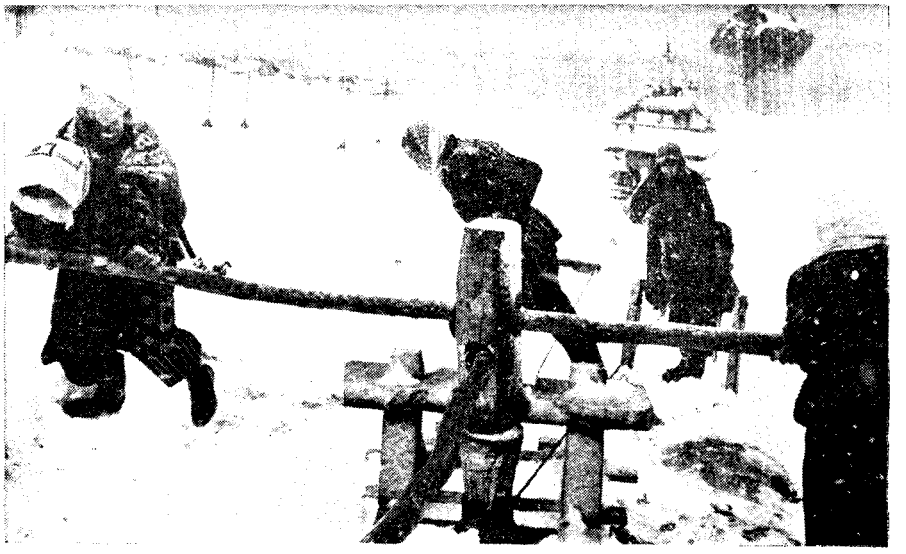
"Snow Land" reveals more than merely the burning of sacred young trees and dried grass at the Fire Festival, the prayers at altar and shrine for good crops, the *mochi* rice cakes the families share. It exemplifies the integral role of traditional observances in this typical snowbound community of only twenty-five households. Farmers who have turned a narrow infertile island into a leading rice-producing region require deep faith in their gods, and the recurrent festival rites are reminders of long hardships endured and overcome. Views of "the land the sun does not favor"—the "Back Coast" where 18,000,000 people live and labor under eighteenth-century conditions though only a night-train ride away from downtown Tokyo and student demonstrations—document the plight of farmers deprived of the earth by heavy snowfalls for six months of the year, and the rugged survival of fisherfolk whose boats have to be nailed to the shore to outwit the gale winds born in eastern Siberia.

Perhaps it is symbolic that in *Hamaya's Japan* the unpeopled landscape is pictured in color, while life is exposed in black-and-white. Viewers seeking clues to the Japanese national character and customs might do well to take a second look at the black-and-white exposures.

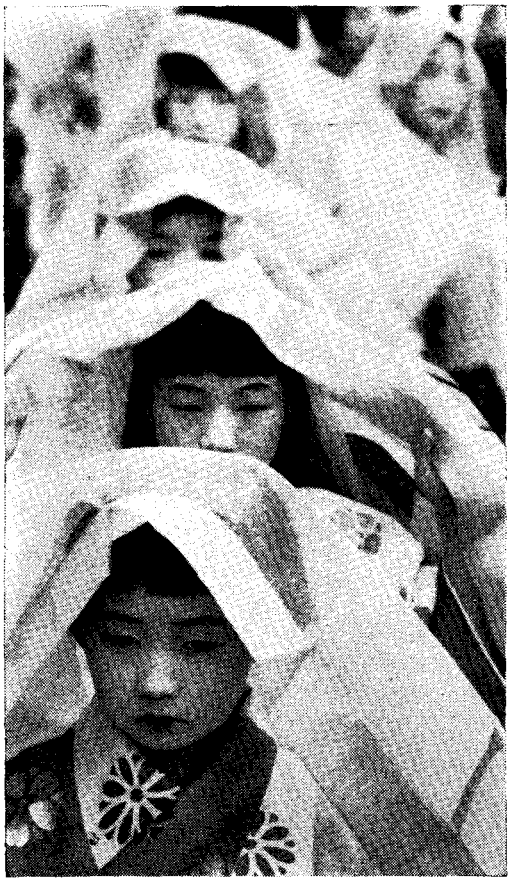


Landing of a fishing boat, "Back Coast," 1956.

New Year Fire Festival celebrants, Niigata, 1957.

Demonstration against political policy, Tokyo, 1960.

Traditional spring festival in a castle town, Ishikawa, 1959.



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B.G. at His Best

—*Photo Popsie.*

Benny Goodman (right) with "such influential musicians as . . . Charlie Christian" (left).

FOR those of us precariously treading the line between youth and middle age, hearing Benny Goodman and his orchestra again is like going home. The experience is warm, familiar, and, in a way, reassuring. Musicians, memories, and feelings stored in an almost forgotten compartment of the mind mingle, then move sharply into focus. As the involvement with the past deepens, it becomes increasingly clear just how far we have come, both musically and otherwise, since the quiescent days before Pearl Harbor and the anxious nights of war.

A central force and source of energy, to which much of the big band activity between 1935 and 1942 was directly linked, the jazz-oriented Goodman orchestra characterized the pulse and posture of the country, much as key contemporary pop groups do today. Of course, there were the great individualists, such as Ellington, Basie, and Lunceford, heading bands at the same time. But it was Goodman who held the largest segment of the public in his grasp before the nationwide infatuation with Glenn Miller.

Because he did his work so well, BG's music survives as more than a dated reflection of a time long past. One has only to turn to his better recordings to understand why. *Clarinet à la King*—Benny Goodman Sextet/Orchestra, recently released in Epic's Encore series (EE 22025)—documents a particularly fruitful period in the life of the Goodman organization—from March 1941 to March the following year.

The band showcased was the best Goodman ever fronted. The men were top-drawer; the arrangements, in many cases, more adventurous than those used previously; the performances, a matter of admirable precision and jazz inflection in unusually compatible blend. A continuing cross-fertilization process made possible a high level of interest and excitement within the band. An impressive array of soloists provoked one another, while colorful, inventively structured scores proved a constant source of inspiration.

Primarily responsible for the new sense of life within the Goodman band was Eddie Sauter, an arranger of great subtlety and depth, who came over to BG in 1939 after several years with Red Norvo. Pianist-arranger Mel Powell was hired in the summer of 1941; only eighteen at the time, he, too, played a key role in shaping the overall picture.

The presence in the band between 1939 and 1942 of such influential musicians as Sid Catlett and Dave Tough (drums), Cootie Williams and Billy Butterfield (trumpets), Lou McGarity (trombone), Georgie Auld and Vido Musso (saxophones), Charlie Christian (guitar), among others, was of utmost importance. They helped redefine the band's image.

WHAT remained constant was the central role of the leader. His sound, manner of performance, and ability as an editor of scores continued to be basic to the thrust of the orchestra. Within an essentially dance band format, Goodman managed to balance jazz content with commercially appealing elements, infusing popular songs of the day—many of them surprising in their innocence—with a sense of flow and movement, so typical of the out-and-out jazz pieces in his library. He used vocalists—particularly Peggy Lee and Helen Forrest—quite well. His instinct for the "right" tempo for a score and the placement of solos within it was excellent. And he got what he wanted. In an almost dictatorial fashion, BG unremittingly rehearsed his band.

"Benny was like a demanding father," lead trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell recalls. "If he called a rehearsal, you had to be there, no matter what time it was—and dressed in a jacket and tie. We'd work on new things endlessly, trying every approach possible, with Benny adding touches or making cuts where he felt they were needed. He was a bug on phrasing. After we had memorized the arrangement, the concentration of effort was in that area. Another thing: During rehearsal, you couldn't chew gum, smoke, or cross your legs on the stand—except on breaks. His methods may have been a little difficult to take. But you could hear the results on the job."

The effect of the frequent practice sessions is readily apparent in the sixteen numbers contained in the Epic album. The success of the performances, however, is only partly a matter of mechanical concision. The band has great heart and the enthusiasm born of delight with the job at hand. The inner pulse of the fifteen men behind BG is immediately felt as the set opens with the Jimmy Mundy treatment of Don Redman's "Cherry." A score which keeps the melody prominent, it is very much in the style originally cast by Fletcher Henderson—the arranger so responsible for BG's initial success. The beat is everywhere, enforced by brass-reeds interplay, and punchy repetition of phrases. Drummer Tough's insistent, yet unobtrusive, drumming neatly ties the elements together.

With Sauter's arrangement of Irving Berlin's "How Deep Is the Ocean," featuring a Peggy Lee vocal, we are quietly made aware of the difference between 1938 Goodman and his 1941 counterpart. The band has a larger sound and more expansive feeling. Sauter's sense of texture and development, his inventive use of instruments for just the right voicing or embroidery, begging comparison with Ellington, lifts material while simultaneously framing and individualizing it.

Aided by the spacious quality of New York's Liederkranz Hall, in which much of the 1941-42 material was recorded, the band closely approximates in-person sound on records. A hint of echo brings a bit more crackle to "Clarinet à la King," the Sauter virtuoso showcase for his leader. Within a resilient and harmonically interesting backdrop, Goodman gives one of his best performances in this presentation. He glides, pulsing through the piece. Particularly toward the close, with Catlett cooking behind him, Goodman reveals what he is all about.

One who embellishes melody, he never veers too far afield, keeping the melodic outlines in view. BG combines elegant tone quality, an excellent time sense, and impressive technique to cogent effect. He also evidences great capacity to filter out the extraneous, to condense while improvising, which brings to his comments the kind of strength that

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creative editing gives good prose.

The band best illustrates itself on "Clarinet à la King," two Powell instrumentals—"The Earl" (a salute to Earl Hines) and "I'm Here"—and on "Paganini Caprice XXIV," scored by Skip Martin. All have in common an uncommon decisiveness and surging jazz quality in the section and ensemble work. The solos by Powell ("The Earl" and "Paganini"), BG, Cootie Williams, and Lou McGarity ("I'm Here") stand up particularly well.

The relevance of the improvised to the written remains one of the band's most imposing charms. The coupling of the two in the most positive way can be found on "I'm Here." All flows forward, without one's being conscious of any separation. Particularly during the trombone duet by McGarity and Cutty Cutshall, the two elements are so closely integrated as to have the best of each.

At the point in time when these recordings were cut, BG was the top instrumentalist in America. His playing, both in the big band and small group, was that of a man committed to his craft and open to the emotions implicit and explicit in material. He played with definitive surety, swing, and the relaxation so many instrumentalists yearn for. One has only to listen to the sextet tracks in this collection—e.g., "Limehouse Blues"—featuring Powell and McGarity, to validate this claim.

It was never the same after 1942. Jazz music broke the bounds of swing; change provoked change. Goodman and the young musicians coming into his bands conceptually grew further and further apart. The clarinetist's mild flirtation with modernism in the late 1940s was doomed to fail. BG had little in common with his players. He heard and played out of another bag. Moreover, he never really seemed "involved." In recent years, the combination of obviously dwindling interest in the jazz field and the increase in time spent with family and other concerns has made him—whenever he records or appears in public—but a pale reflection of his old self.

So, if you want to know what people are talking about when they speak or write about BG with great respect, investigate the original Goodman band, featuring Krupa, James, Hampton, etc.; then seek out recordings cut between 1940 and 1942. Start with *Clarinet à la King*. If you can find *Benny Goodman Presents Eddie Sauter* (Columbia, CL 523, no longer available), it would help illuminate this crucial period in the Goodman career. But there still are great Goodman sides in the Columbia vaults, which truly define BG at his best. A two or three volume package, spotting all the important records cut by BG during his two best years, is indicated.

—Burt Korall.

Stereo: The Myth of the Experts' Equipment

WHEN hi-fi fan meets hi-fi critic, the first question that the former asks the latter is: "What kind of stereo equipment do you use?"

I always hate to answer that one, because the truth is so misleading. To say that an audio professional owns some given pieces of equipment is an *endorsement* of his listening gear—but not always a *recommendation* for it.

I own a tuner, preamplifier, and 120-watt solid-state power amplifier. Yet, though this is usually the most expensive way to buy hi-fi equipment, I've just advised a man with twice my stereo equipment budget to buy himself a receiver. And I recommended a receiver from a company whose audio equipment I don't own.

I own three separate components instead of one for two reasons: First, this column requires that I occasionally try out new equipment—which in turn requires a system into which I can easily substitute any new component that I please; second, I am the type of gadget-happy audiophile who constantly desires the best and newest (would I write this column otherwise?), and with separate components I can update my system in financially bite-size chunks. (For example, I raised my system's power output from 35 to 70 to 120 watts without changing my preamplifier and tuner; had all three units been combined in one receiver, I would have had to replace all three at once each time I added power.)

But the man I just advised had money enough to buy whatever he pleased from the outset. And since he'd been content for ten years with his old sound system, there was little likelihood he'd replace anything before another decade had elapsed. For him, there could be no advantage to a system that takes three components and two pair of interconnecting cables to do what one receiver can do equally well.

I told my friend what tape recorders I had and was happy with—but recommended that he buy two others, simply because their features seemed more suited to his use. And I recommended that he buy the same $120 automatic turntable I owned, but for different reasons than the ones that made me buy it. For me, the primary benefit of an automatic is that it minimizes the breaks between sides of an opera album. For him, the benefit was that the unit would shut itself off after each play.

I told my friend what loudspeakers I used, and recommended that he listen closely to them at a dealer's. But I also recommended two or three others that he might prefer to mine, should his tastes and room acoustics differ.

ALL told, I recommended about seven different brand names to him, only two of which are now in my system. And I did so with a reasonable degree of confidence. Yet my references for these components differed only in degree from those that any devoted, non-professional audiophile could match. I based my recommendations to a large extent on published test reports (but, as a good professional, I had all those reports on file already). I relied a good deal on the reputation that each firm had earned from the people I knew who had owned the firm's equipment (but I do have entrée to a better grade of scuttlebutt, including the opinions of my colleagues in the field). And I do test out some components personally, but there are far too many for me to test them all.

After all these disclaimers, there are, doubtless, audiophiles reading this who *still* wonder what equipment I own. Next month, I'll tell them—with an explanation of the good and bad points of that equipment.

—Ivan Berger.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Nat Adderley: *The Scavenger*. Adderley, Mel Lastie, cornets; Joe Zawinul, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone (on three titles); Jeremy Steig, flute (on one title); strings arranged and conducted by Bill Fischer (on two titles). Milestone stereo, MPS-9016, $4.98.	The two most satisfying performances in this thoughtful, workmanlike album are of "Sweet Emma" and "Bittersweet," both composed by Nat Adderley, and both possessed of themes of considerable intrinsic beauty. Violas and cellos are employed with unusual distinction behind the two cornets. Adderley outlines the theme in the second chorus of the first number with a small, delicate sound that illuminates the music appealingly, and his muted solos on the second and on "But Not for Me" are refreshingly understated.
Aretha Franklin: *Soul '69*. Aretha Franklin, vocal and piano; with big band arranged and conducted by Arif Mardin. Atlantic stereo, SD-8212, $4.98.	Miss Franklin has here rather surprisingly returned to a jazz context, this time with a big band. One thoroughly successful performance is of Sam Cooke's "Bring It on Home to Me," where the singer's shouting drive contrasts happily with the band's Basie-like riffs. "So Long," a torch song at slow tempo, also comes off well, with voice and lyrics communicating effectively over rhythm-section backing before the band comes in to create a warm feeling like Basie's "Li'l Darlin'." Mardin's arrangements are tailored intelligently, and the studio band plays them well but, despite handsome solos by Kenny Burrell and Junior Mance, a certain anonymity prevails. What the set suggests is that an alliance with Basie or Ellington might prove sensational.
Woody Herman: *Concerto for Herd*. Herman, clarinet, and alto and soprano saxophones, with sixteen-piece band. Verve stereo, V6-8764, $5.98. *Light My Fire*. Herman, clarinet, and alto and soprano saxophones, with seventeen-piece band; Richard Evans, arranger. Cadet stereo, LPS-819, $4.98.	The Verve album, well recorded at the 1967 Monterey Jazz Festival, is the best by Herman in several years. The first side is devoted to an original composition by Bill Holman, "Concerto for Herd," that had obviously been rehearsed thoroughly. Attention to dynamics, not always the Herd's strong suit, is exemplary in the second movement, while color and tempo changes are brilliantly handled in the third. The second side contains a pleasing original by Don Rader, whose years with Count Basie echo in the voicings, easy tempos, and riffs. The Cadet set offers another example of compromise—or collaboration—made in the forlorn hope of bridging the generation gap. Arranger Evans is, however, intelligent and resourceful, and the results are not distressing, the *mésalliance* with rock being discarded on some of the second side's tracks, among which is a rich but Kentonish "Impressions of Strayhorn."
Illinois Jacquet: *The King!* Jacquet, tenor saxophone and bassoon; Joe Newman, trumpet; Milt Buckner, piano and organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Al Lucas, bass and tuba; Jo Jones, drums; Montego Joe, conga and bongos. Prestige stereo, 7597, $4.79.	Despite an irritating and inappropriate conga drum, this is a very enjoyable record, thanks in large part to the masterly rhythmic support of Jones and Buckner. The latter, who still plays better than anyone else the block-chord style he originated, switches convincingly to a lyrical vein on "Blue and Sentimental." Newman's trumpet is discreet but firm, and the underrated Butler contributes several guitar solos of exceptional quality. After a stiff theme statement in the opening number, Jacquet blows with commanding energy and drive, particularly on the up-tempo version of "The King." He improvises on bassoon in "Caravan" as Newman plays the melody and Buckner, Lucas, and Montego Joe respectively double on organ, tuba, and bongos. It is a performance that goes a little beyond the usual mock orientalia.
Herbie Mann: *Moody Mann*. Mann, flute and bass clarinet; Urbie Green, trombone; Jack Nimitz, bass clarinet and baritone saxophone; Joe Puma, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Charlie Smith, drums. Riverside stereo, RS-3029, $4.98.	In the view of annotator Nat Hentoff, "this is Herbie Mann's best album." Made in 1957, it has a restrained, limpid character unlike that of Mann's later work on, for example, the recent Atlantic SD-1513, where the inspiration is Ray Charles. The Riverside has more to recommend it—a good choice of material, excellent trombone by Green, pretty guitar solos by Puma, and a rhythm section in which Pettiford and Smith, both now deceased, work smoothly together. The great bassist is heard to particular advantage on his own "Swing Till the Girls Come Home."
Fats Waller: *African Ripples*. Waller, piano and vocal, in solo, with quintet and thirteen-piece band. RCA Victor mono, LPV-562, $4.98.	The fifth Waller album in the Vintage series, this is compiled to the same pattern as its predecessors. There are three sides by the big band of 1938, ten by the Rhythm of 1937-38, two piano solos from 1929, and one—"African Ripples"—from 1934. This last is an unusual potpourri of early Harlem piano styles. The small unit excels in an instrumental version of its signing-off theme, but it is interesting to note how successfully Waller maintains the group's character with a sextet temporarily assembled in Hollywood during 1937. His piano-playing obviously had the power to invigorate and inspire any competent jazz musician.
The World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart. Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Lou McGarity, Carl Fontana, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Clancey Hayes, banjo; Bob Haggart, bass and whistling; Morey Feld, drums. Project 3 stereo, PR-5033-SD, $5.98. Gene Mayl: *On Parade*. Mayl, tuba and vocal; Bob Hodes, trumpet; Charles Sonnanstine, trombone and vocal; Ted Bielefeld, clarinet; Robin Wetterau, piano; Jack Vastine, banjo. Red Onion mono, 1, $5.00. (Postpaid from Red Onion Records, Box 6, Walnut Street Station, Dayton, Ohio 45412.)	The first band scarcely lives up to its vaunting title, although there are several agreeable passages. Those familiar with previous groups led by Lawson and Haggart—and their part in the Bob Crosby band's fortunes—will not be disappointed, for Dixieland is always just around the corner. Among the errors of judgment are yet another version of the tiresome "Big Noise from Winnetka" and the application of the brilliant Ralph Sutton to "Honky Tonk Train." (Maybe the latter was inspired by memories of Bob Zurke?) On the whole, there seems to be too much trumpet by Lawson and not enough by the talented Butterfield, while Wilber and Freeman play with more taste than inspiration. Haggart's scores and the unusual instrumentation result in some exciting ensembles. The Mayl band has persevered in the presentation of the traditional Dixieland idiom for over twenty years, and its program includes old favorites by Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, and Richard M. Jones. The performances, with Dodds-inspired clarinet, often recapture the sound and spirit of jazz in the early 1920s with creditable fidelity.
Gerald Wilson: *California Soul*. Wilson, arranger and conductor; with big band. World Pacific stereo, ST-20135, $5.79.	Crushing brass and shrilling piccolos give an undeserved dignity to several items popularized by rock merchants. That the numbers were essentially demeaning is suggested by the superiority of the interpretations of Lalo Schifrin's "Down Here on the Ground" and Wilson's own "El Presidente." There are voluminous notes describing the leader as "an unencapsulated man," quoting "noted psychologist Carl Rogers," and identifying most of the soloists, but nowhere is there a full band personnel. Since the emphasis is decidedly on the ensemble, this is an inexcusable omission, especially for a record in a double-fold cover. Producer Richard Bock, please note. —Stanley Dance.

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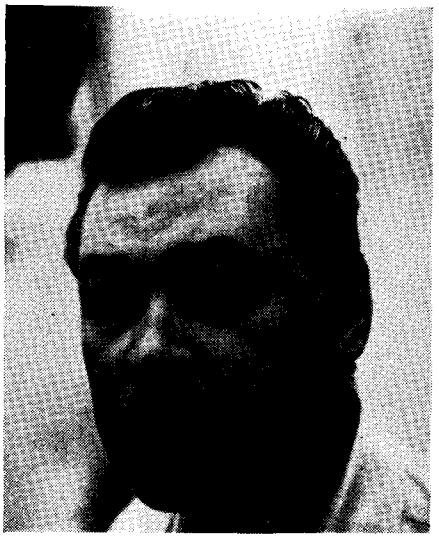
Getting Along with Lunceford

THE first billing was the "Chickasaw Syncopaters," and the band came out of Memphis in the late 1920s. By 1930, the group had made its first recordings, and five years later it had become one of the most successful swing bands in the country. Along the way, it had been decided that "Jimmy Lunceford and his Orchestra" would be the name, and it was a much more appropriate billing than the former, for the group was not a cooperative of instrumentalists but very much a leader's band.

Lunceford's recording career began at Victor, with two titles in 1930 and six more in early 1934. (These six would make half a good Vintage album.) Then, beginning in late 1934, there were five years at Decca. Following came a couple of years at Vocalion and Columbia. These latter are well, but not ideally, represented on Columbia's *Lunceford Special* (stereo, CS 9515).

There are two new Decca releases, *Jimmy Lunceford Vol. 1 "Rhythm Is Our Business" (1934-1935)* (enhanced for stereo, DL 79237) and *Jimmy Lunceford Vol. 2 "Harlem Shout" (1935-1936)*, (DL 79238), and these present the first two years with the company very well or rather badly. Very well, if the plan were to offer an average of what Lunceford actually recorded and played for the crowds. Rather badly, if the idea were to offer the best of Lunceford recordings from those years that are apt to be the most interesting thirty-plus years later.



—*Phil Stern.*

Willie Smith—"one of the five or six best men on his instrument."

The first set begins with some versions of Ellington pieces ("Mood Indigo," "Black and Tan Fantasy," and a tune, "Rose Room," Ellington had adopted) in versions that are deplorably lightweight, almost deliberately "cute." Before long, we encounter the kind of good lightweight material that was more appropriate to the Lunceford showmanship, vocals and solos on a piece like "Rhythm Is Our Business." What we do not encounter often enough is the kind of rousing, powerhouse instrumental best represented by a piece like "White Heat" (which was not done for Decca), but well represented by "Oh Boy" and "Runnin' Wild." Meanwhile, we hear far too many deadpan ballads, too many vocal trios and the like, some of which are really dreadful.

One thing that was clear at the time is clearer still in retrospect: with rare exceptions, Lunceford was not interested in his soloists for the best that soloists can contribute, but only as pieces in a pattern of ensemble discipline and showmanship. Solos were effects to this band, effects among all the other effects it could achieve, and not the chief effects.

Not that Lunceford didn't have some good improvisers, and even some very good ones. Indeed, alto saxophonist Willie Smith was, at the time, one of the five or six best men on his instrument in jazz. But, whereas one might listen to Ellington for ten minutes and know what an exceptional alto soloist Johnny Hodges was, for knowledge of Smith's abilities, he might have to listen to Lunceford long and hard.

ONE might therefore expect, as I imply above, that the arrangements would be exceptional. Some few are. And others have good moments. (It's interesting, in rehearing this chart on "Avalon," to realize how many of its effects were borrowed by others.) But by and large, it was a general attitude that sustained this band, a kind of good time, stomping shout, or easy, middle-tempo swing that can be heard on "Bird of Paradise," "Stomp It Off," "Organ Grinder's Swing" (probably the best), "Sewanee River," or "Harlem Shout." These moods were quite genuine while they lasted (and this ensemble could swing a "two-beat" accented arrangement as none other).

Fletcher Henderson's best recordings survive their time because he showed what big band jazz might be, showed that the individual improviser and the composer-arranger might work together, and often enough showed they might work together with excellence. Ellington, simultaneously both earthier and more sophisticated than Henderson, showed that the individual player and the composer-orchestrater might both be brilliant and yet produce a whole greater than the sum of its parts. The Count Basie band gave spirited reaffirmation to the role of the soloist in episodes that both opened up the future for the individual improviser and survive on their own as spontaneous melody in an appropriate context. But Lunceford, I fear, the pleasures of his music being granted, was much more of his time. His music would therefore have been better served, in my opinion, by a carefully selected LP or two than by the series which these two new Decca albums inaugurate.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 41

Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier,* the Metropolitan may, in the classic formulation, have lost an Octavian, but it has gained a Marschallin. This is not because she was, at the end of her first exposure in this part, any less an Octavian than she had been before, but because she was so much more a Marschallin. Once established in the role—which may, for sundry reasons, take a little time—she may be very hard to dislodge.

Miss Ludwig lacks the stature or the physical magnetism commonly associated with the Marschallin, but she more than compensates for this with qualities of perception, warmth, and insight uncommonly associated with her. That she also sings the music with a low range that is warmth itself, a mid-range that is tender, and a top that is ample if not overpowering, are an index to the book of memories she is equipped to compile in this part.

Unlike her somewhat external playing of Octavian, Miss Ludwig has a composure and dignity in the part of the Princess von Werdenberg that may be the product of the hardest kind of work, but plays with the greatest of naturalness. She even managed the final moment of both the first and third acts with a touch of self-revelation neither stagey nor contrived, but completely true to the character as she conceived it. Like her best immediate predecessors—Schwarzkopf and Lehmann—Miss Ludwig is also an excellent lieder singer, which may provide a clue to her way with Hofmannsthal's words.

In her first Octavian, Evelyn Lear almost but did not quite qualify as an instant replacement for the place left open by Ludwig. She, too, has more to offer in this role as a singer than as physical embodiment of the Marschallin's impetuous young lover. The artistry and amplitude of her vocal effort were fine to hear (the best sound of her voice is squarely where it will do Strauss's writing the most good) in all three acts. Miss Lear, however, is somewhat shorter than an acceptable Octavian should be, and she has not yet the crispness, authority, or believability as the knickered, sworded knight to make a convincing image nevertheless. However, with so much to offer vocally, it should be worth her while to make the extra effort indicated. Judith Raskin was the very sight and sound of a sympathetic Sophie, and Karl Böhm's conducting had more lift, less drag than in the earlier performances of the handsome new O'Hearn-Merrill production.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

On Being Curious Twice

THE FIRST time *I Am Curious (Yellow)* came my way, it was at the U.S. Customs House in downtown Manhattan. Customs runs a screening room there, periodically showing some of the choicest film footage to be found anywhere—for the wholly righteous purpose, I should add, of affording access to those who would either defend or deny the right of Customs-seized films to be exhibited publicly. After seeing the film, I was on the side of the exhibitors, and so stated during a jury trial held in federal court; nevertheless, after several other critics and moralists, among them the Reverend Dr. Howard Moody and Norman Mailer, had praised the overall cleanliness, moral worth, and artistic integrity of Vilgot Sjöman's two-hour movie, the jury of seven men and five women unanimously voted the film obscene. The government attorney had been cleverer than he seemed during the course of testimony. He made his case by simply showing the jury the film.

The defense (actually the suers to have the film released from confiscation) had played right into the Government's hands. The questions put to the witnesses naturally focused on the sexual content of *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Terms such as "intercourse," "cunnilingus," "fellatio," "moment of orgasm" were bandied about in full hearing of the goggle-eared jury, the members of which had probably never expected to have so much fun while doing their duty as citizens. By the time they saw the film itself they were ready to see and dutifully watch a wilder orgy than ever imagined by Cecil B. De Mille. And—such is the power of suggestion—they probably did. Quite rightly, in the appeals court, two out of three judges cast doubt on the ability of a jury of private citizens to correctly vote on such a matter, and now the film is available for viewing by anyone who can prove he or she is not a minor, and thus not morally damageable.

Many months having passed since I saw the film at Customs, I refreshed my recollection of it at a screening held in a refreshing and decorous atmosphere of freedom. The first time around I had found the film worthy, but on the dull side, only faintly livened by its sexual content. Now that the hullabaloo over its seizure was over, now that I no longer had to put on spectacles of moral judgment, I found myself—literally—seeing less and enjoying more. For one thing, there is simply not *that* much sex in the film. Oh, certainly, the girl and boy of the film do make love frequently, and in a variety of positions and circumstances. They *are* seen in the nude, but not suggestively. What does emerge much more strongly is the evident purpose of Vilgot Sjöman to explore and say something, through cinematic methods, about the political and social climate of his country, Sweden. (Sjöman put together two versions of basically the same film and titled them "Yellow" and "Blue." Since both films deal, in Sjöman's view, with aspects of the Swedish character, he has used the colors of the Swedish flag for identification purposes.)

What emerges, also, is the remarkably sensitive and effective performance of the young and sexually athletic heroine, Lena Nyman. Hardly a sexpot, she is a tubby, pendulously breasted girl of nineteen or so—one who admits she is too fat. Totally lacking in Portnoy-like guilt feelings about sex, her anxieties have more to do with peace, non-violence, political morality, and her father's defection from his former political and socially conscious principles. Sjöman, the director, plays a part in the film as its director. The film is really the story of a film growing out of the desire to make a film.

Originally a student of Ingmar Bergman, Sjöman, attempting to free himself from the influence of the master, has headed a little too far toward the camp of Godard. And that way, as many of us are beginning to be aware, lies excruciating boredom. Not that Sjöman bores nearly as much as Godard, but for that he owes thanks to Miss Nyman who, by her perky presence, makes bearable long stretches of *cinéma verité* interviewing that purport to show us the lackluster political and social ambiance of present-day Sweden.

Sjöman's boldness, by the way, has less to do with the sexual explicitness with which he develops his story than with fashioning a devastating retort to the screen's traditional way of handling erotic material. In the "story" part of the film, the lovers, who do not succeed in finding their way to more than a physical use of each other's bodies, wind up in a clinic being deloused. After an antiseptic bath, they casually say good-by to each other on the street outside. I don't recommend this as a romantic solution to other film-makers, but I can't help thinking Sjöman has taken us a long way from Andy Hardy.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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The New Guard Takes Over

THREE months ago, this column noted that: "President-elect Nixon has, at this writing, given little indication of the policies his Administration will pursue in education. Almost certainly there will be changes—though the hard realities of national welfare will make them less dramatic than some anticipate." Events since the Inauguration seem to bear out this judgment.

During the campaign, President Nixon repeatedly spoke of his reluctance to use the federal purse strings to coerce local and state compliance with the Civil Rights Act of 1964—encouraging many, especially in the South, to believe that federal guidelines for school integration would be enforced with less vigor than in the past. He also advocated block grants to the states for education—in contrast to categorical grants—in an effort to reinforce local and state control. But, as on so many occasions in the past, campaign rhetoric has proved a poor guide to eventual policy.

Perhaps part of the reason in this case can be traced to the painfully frank report of the President's task force on education headed by Alan Pifer, president of the Carnegie Corporation. Reports of the carefully guarded document indicate that it points out to the President that he is not generally regarded as "education minded," that his campaign statements on block grants came perilously close to reopening the thorny church-state issue that was so carefully circumvented in the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, and that the distrust with which he is regarded by the Negro community would be deepened by any evidence that federal pressure for school integration was being eased. And, for the economy-minded Administration, the task force recommended a massive new program of at least $1 billion for urban education.

It is not clear how influential the task force report has been within the Administration in inducing awareness of the "hard realities of national welfare." It is clear, however, that the tone of Administration rhetoric has changed, and, after a hesitant start, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert H. Finch appears to be moving vigorously against public school segregation. Perhaps most revealing of all, however, is the appointment of New York Education Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr., to the joint positions of U.S. Commissioner of Education and Assistant Secretary for Education in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

During his thirteen years as Commissioner of Education in New York, Dr. Allen has provided strong leadership by using the powers of his position to bring about integration in the schools, to stimulate experimentation and innovation of many kinds, and to tackle directly and forcefully the multiple problems of the inner-city schools. In a news conference shortly after his appointment, he indicated that he will follow similar policies when he moves to Washington this spring. The nation is fortunate to secure such strong and experienced leadership for its two top education posts.

—J.C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

The Revolt Grows Younger

I HAVE JUST read "Revolt in the High Schools: The Way It's Going to Be" by Diane Divoky [*SR*, Feb. 15]. If this is any kind of indicator, I feel sad for all of us and the way it's going to be. *SR*'s is a shattered image. I will never again trust any article I read in it, because I know for a fact now the lies, the distortions, the misrepresentations that exist in the first five paragraphs of that article.

The facts are as follows. Certain students at Long Beach High School (New York) wanted to distribute any literature they pleased. This was refused for obvious reasons of possible dangers to the safety and welfare of the student body. The students were told they must first let the principal examine all the material. This was agreed to in accordance with the students' own American Civil Liberties Union document which stated: "Neither the faculty advisers nor the principal should prohibit the publication or distribution of material except when such publication or distribution would clearly endanger the health or safety of the students, or clearly and imminently threaten to disrupt the educational process, or might be of a libelous nature. Such judgment, however, should never be exercised because of disapproval or disagreement with the article in question."

The students were told they could distribute their magazine under these conditions—their own. They did distribute their magazine, but violated their own agreement by inserting material that had not previously been discussed. I suspended the distribution. Parents of the student editors, who, Miss Divoky says, "have turned to lawyers," agreed with me completely. The students themselves, who had been "happy" to be allowed to distribute under the agreed-on conditions, accepted the judgment and expressed their regret at their "misunderstanding."

The truth is that the school board, the superintendent, the principal of Long Beach High School do "encourage students to express themselves freely, in writing or otherwise, as part of their educational program." Evidently, the students are trying to evade, intentionally or not, any agreements they make where these agreements do not suit their purposes. Some adults evidently are very happy to cooperate with them in this.

Miss Divoky makes invidious gibes against the liberal administration of the Long Beach schools. The truth is that the students are freely and gladly given a maximum of opportunities to express themselves.

HYMAN GORDON,
Principal, Long Beach High School,
Long Beach, N.Y.

DIANE DIVOKY'S excellent article was read with special interest in Long Beach because she reported briefly the difficulties faced by local high school students in trying to publish *Frox*, an independent, unofficial newspaper. *SR*'s readers may be interested to know that after Miss Divoky's article went to press, distribution of *Frox* was again suspended by the school administration.

The students originally volunteered basic ground rules for the paper: no obscenity, willingness to publish views in opposition to their own, and acceptance of a faculty adviser who would not be a censor. When after lengthy discussion the high school principal, Dr. Hyman Gordon, volunteered to act as faculty adviser and stated that he would follow the principles laid down in a recent American Civil Liberties Union statement on student publications, both the school board and the students agreed to the arrangement.

When the editors presented their material for the next issue to the faculty adviser, he objected to one article and the students, on reflection, agreed to drop it. Subsequently, they added an innocuous discussion of popular music—which they promised to show Dr. Gordon in stencil. At this point they slipped. While wrestling with the mechanical problems of getting *Frox* out, they simply forgot to submit the noncontroversial new article to their adviser, and began distribution in the belief that all was well.

Dr. Gordon summarily stopped the distribution, summoned the students' parents to a meeting in his office, and angrily stated that he was suspending *Frox*. He admitted that he had not read the offending article.

There is no doubt that the students were wrong, and that, technically, Dr. Gordon had a point. But neither is there any doubt that the students acted in good faith. Certainly, they would not agree to drop an allegedly offensive political article, and then try to "sneak in" an inoffensive article on music.

These students do not want to riot, or take to the barricades, or even to seize the principal's office. They merely want to exercise what they believe is their constitutional right of free press—and to do so responsibly. As a parent, I cannot help but agree.

RICHARD P. CECIL,
Long Beach, N.Y.

St. Louis Schools

WHY DOES OUR neighbor from Kansas City, Patricia Jansen Doyle, in her article "St. Louis: City with the Blues" [*SR*, Feb. 15], find it necessary to weave together a sackcloth of error, omission, inconsistency, and misinterpretation in which to parade St. Louis and the St. Louis public schools through the pages of an influential national magazine?

Board member Daniel L. Schlafly, for instance, is described as sparking "a go-slow attitude toward integration." In fact, he was an initiator of St. Louis's immediate and model compliance with the 1954 Supreme Court decision, with a plan that was prepared in anticipation of the historic ruling.

She implies the effectiveness of the Banneker inner-city project is being diluted because of enrollment pressures, yet she does not mention that the average size of Banneker classes now is smaller than when the project began—and now, as then, is the lowest in the system.

We are accused of conducting too many evaluation tests. Yet, she does not find room to report results which show our comparative success in halting the progressive falling behind by disadvantaged children, an almost overwhelming problem facing all big city school systems.

We are faulted by Mrs. Doyle for having irritated the old rural-dominated Missouri Legislature. Yet she neglects to add that our admittedly aggressive—and successful—efforts were to get such rudimentary improvements as state aid for kindergartens and for teaching handicapped children (aid for all Missouri school systems, not just ours) and to obtain state funds to train teachers to work with inner-city children.

No letter can begin to counteract Mrs. Doyle's strange reporting. But perhaps it can suggest that anyone with a genuine interest in comprehending the problems of the big city school systems might wish to look beyond the columns of her article for some truth about St. Louis and the St. Louis public schools.

MRS. ELAINE D. AFTON,
Director, Community Relations,
St. Louis Public Schools,
St. Louis, Mo.

PATRICIA JANSEN DOYLE'S article points up the frustration of the large-city citizen and educator alike. We have been serving the St. Louis city schools as community education consultants since last summer and have been saddened by many of the problems that the article mentioned.

Readers would perhaps be interested to know that the community education project at the Ford School and several other schools in St. Louis that were mentioned have received short-term financial assistance from the Danforth and Rockefeller Foundations. We, together with the school administration and members of the Health and Welfare Department in St. Louis, hope that the Rockefeller and Danforth money together with consultation and assistance from Ball State University and the Mott Foundation will reinstitute an awareness of the value and necessity of education in St. Louis.

A key position in community education development is about to be filled in St. Louis. The schools and the Health and Welfare Department are searching for a man to train and supervise community school coordinators in the development of a community education program in St. Louis. The ability and attitude of this individual could make every difference in the future of the St. Louis city schools. We hope that the right man will be chosen and that change of a "system" will begin. Articles such as Mrs. Doyle's help.

CURTIS VAN VOORHEES, Director,
Center for Community Education
Development, Ball State University,
Muncie, Ind.

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Jim Amos

"Miami has become an academic and geographical opportunist, using its unique location to scholarly advantage. . . . The task is to convert the old image . . . into an asset."

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

THE CLIMATE OF LEARNING

By PETER SCHRAG

BACK in 1925, the heyday of the hip flask and the Varsity Drag, a Florida land developer named George Merrick set aside a 260-acre tract of Coral Gables, which he happened to own, for what was to be one of the crown jewels of the Miami sun boom—a Real University. Two years later the real estate market collapsed; the great dream began to languish under swampy land options, uncollectable pledges, and academic ooze; and the institution chartered as the University of Miami became known as Sun Tan U. What the University lacked in academic distinction—which was a great deal—it made up in climate, attracting hordes of hedonists who came to "catch rays" on their way to the most hilarious bachelor's degree in the history of higher education. Their cash kept Old Sun Tan half alive until some real *chutzpah*, federal funds, and a new crowd of true believers came to the rescue. Now, like a lot of other Florida fairy tales, this one threatens to come true: The University of Miami is becoming respectable.

No one at Miami is yet prepared to acclaim it a great university: The telescopes of local ambition are trained on Duke, Emory, and Tulane, not Harvard, Berkeley, or Oxford; yet Miami's boosters now regard marine science, medicine, and international studies with more reverence than scuba diving, surfing, and sunshine. With 15,000 students (one-third of them women), Miami has become an academic and geographical opportunist, using its unique location to scholarly advantage, investing heavily in the sciences, and betting that the prestige of special institutes, programs, and departments will ultimately purge it of its historic image. Miami is an institution on the make.

And, like all institutions on the make, Miami is plagued with ambiguities, problems, and inconsistencies. Because its chief sources of support are tuition and federal grants for research (some $22,000,000 this year), it tends to be relatively strong at the top and weak at the bottom, heavy in the sciences and certain fields of research (marine biology, biochemistry, meteorology, medicine), light in the social sciences and humanities. It has been doing a monumental job in training and retraining thousands of Cuban refugees—among them hundreds of doctors and lawyers—but is thus far failing to ignite much social concern among its undergraduates. Its physics department has funds for forty full-tuition scholarships (and football has 125), but the honors program has none; among its junior faculty are men who earn more than certain senior professors, and deserve it; and the same students who speak proudly about Miami's academic reputation can't tell from their own experience in what it might lie or whence it stems. As far as most of them are concerned, what's wrong with a little sunshine while "you're getting your education"? What is?

The University is divided into conventional academic departments—into schools of arts and sciences, engineering, law, business, nursing, medicine, and education, plus a growing number of special institutes for urban affairs, international studies, theoretical physics, and marine science. But the more important division is between the old Miami and the new, between a young faculty recruited for its academic and scholarly potential and an older staff that appears —in many instances, though not all—to be more interested in the golf course than the laboratory; and between a majority of affluent undergraduates who jam the parking lots with their Camaros and Corvettes, and a minority of academically talented and creative students who came without particular regard for the entertainment at Miami Beach. It is noteworthy that while the

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—U. of Miami.

Ted Hendricks, Miami's All-American—"Where the university once regarded its advantages in terms of sunshine . . ."

big campus issues at Miami are parking, "security" (theft in the dormitories), and curfews, the University has a fledgling, unrecognized chapter of SDS and enough Negroes to constitute an active United Black Students organization, active enough to help stimulate courses in African studies and black history. Neither group has any numerical significance; the important fact is that they are there at all.

IF there is a geopolitics of academic development, Miami is a prime example. The University has always traded on its location, but where it once regarded its advantages chiefly in terms of sunshine, the new Miami sees them in terms of its proximity to the Caribbean, to Latin America, to an ocean that is hospitable twelve months of the year, and to the retired wealth—"the silent wealth"—that Florida attracts in increasing amounts. The task is to convert the old image—not to discard it, but to change it into an asset. Thus the oceanographers and marine biologists, thus the emphasis on medicine and medical research (especially tropical diseases), thus marine archaeology, thus the interest in Latin American studies, and thus a Center for Theoretical Studies where the glow of visiting Nobel Laureates can shine on Miami, and where the virtues of the institution, climatic and academic, real and projected, can be displayed to the visitors. "It's pretty easy to get people down here in the middle of the winter," someone said. "If we want a visiting lecturer in January or February, we can usually get him—at a *reasonable* fee."

The acknowledged catalyst of the new Miami is Henry King Stanford, an indefatigable enthusiast who has been the University's president since 1962. "A university in a good climate," he said, "does not have to be undistinguished"—a declaration that, in the context of Stanford's ambitions, is rather an understatement. Stanford has raided not only the troubled state university system and other Southern universities, he is now beginning to bring in faculty and administrators from Princeton, Berkeley, Wisconsin, Hopkins, Chicago, and Columbia. He persuaded Foy Kohler, former United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, to join the Center for Advanced International Studies; brought the conductor Frederick Fennell to the School of Music; appointed Harvey Blank, a distinguished dermatologist, and William J. Whelan and Sidney Fox, internationally known biochemists, to the School of Medicine. (Fox, who directs the University's Institute of Molecular Evolution, has made major contributions in the synthesizing of artificial protein cells from amino acids.)

At the same time, Stanford has raised average faculty compensation from "C" to "B" in the ratings of the American Association of University Professors ("We used to pay in sunshine," someone said), has helped establish a federation of Caribbean area universities, and has fostered a vast expansion of the University's research. (It is now one of the thirty leading American beneficiaries of federal research funds.) The University has nearly $700,000 in grants from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA); $2,500,000 from the National Science Foundation; $8,000,000 from the National Institutes of Health; and $500,000 from the Department of Interior. The Medical School is a leader in studies of certain tropical diseases: Under a $600,000 grant from the Army, it has done pioneer work on fungus and bacterial infections. Other Miami scientists are studying everything from hurricanes to shrimp, from cancer to birth defects. There are projects in radar meteorology, underwater sound waves, artificial kidneys, the political influence of the military in Latin America, space law, and the government of Cuba.

IN addition to the hard research, Miami can boast a recognized music faculty, among them Fennell and the pianist Ivan Davis; an intelligently designed and tasteful art gallery; an active program in theater; and a university press that has moved from the ranks of academic vanity publishers issuing marginal monographs that find no other outlets, to serious studies in oceanography, Latin American affairs, and literature. "In the past, climate compensated for academic weakness," said Armin H. Gropp, Miami's vice president for academic affairs, in discussing the University's appeal. "The flow of faculty talent used to be out of the South. I think we're reversing it."

But if Miami's research and some of its graduate programs have matured, if Miami can begin to pay in cash and academic company, its undergraduate offerings are just coming out of the ice—pardon, sunshine—age. "We're operating by a sort of trickle-down philosophy," Stanford said, but the trickles remain relatively sparse. As at many large universities, the faculty tends to be relatively small for the student body (about 1 to 18) and the classes large, a fact which led Miami to try a major, but ultimately disastrous, experiment with televised lectures for freshmen and sophomores, an experiment which has now been abandoned. Much of the fare, nonetheless, is standard, frequently uninspired, and sometimes inane. Most students, especially in the first two years, are subject to big lecture sections and graduate student instructors, to processes of routine note-taking, and to final exam regurgitation. (In an education course final: True or false: "The main purpose of an education is to store up factual knowledge for future use" and "Creativity is the process of bringing something new into birth.") The big sellers at the book store are course outlines and review books, and there is a lively trade in lecture notes. During final examination week the students are reading underlined textbooks, not paperbacks; are reviewing outlines and lists, not discussing problems or questions. "These kids," said a member of the faculty, "want to be spoon-fed. We had better students at [the state university] where I came from."

Nonetheless, in recent years the University has begun to attract a core of competent and sometimes outstanding undergraduate teachers in the humanities and social sciences, among them

—E. Fisher (Institute of Marine Sciences, U. of Miami).

". . . the new Miami sees them in terms of its proximity to the Caribbean and to Latin America."

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John H. Knoblock in history and philosophy (East Asia), Robert Hively and Robert Hosmon in English, and John Hall in archaeology. (Hall is a diver, searching for Greek artifacts in the Mediterranean, not a digger.) Most of them are more interested in methodology than in surveys or in "appreciation-type courses"; they feel little or no administrative interference (except on budgets); and they tend to be self-consciously young, new, and intellectual—many of them have little to do with the senior men. A few feel that Miami is doomed to remain a second-rate university, pointing out that to date Miami's best students, graduate or undergraduate, are there by accident—for reasons of health or marriage—not by free choice, and some confess that they themselves wouldn't be there if the climate was poor.

THE elite of Miami's undergraduates—some 400 to 500 students—are enrolled in an honors program that functions primarily for the purpose of matching academic talent with good teachers. The offerings in the program break away from the surveys, from the formal lectures and texts, and rely heavily on seminars, open-ended questions, and interdisciplinary topics. Some of them combine music and literature, history and philosophy, art and archaeology; their reading lists tend to be eclectic—from *The Victorian Frame of Mind* to *Lolita* in one course, from *The Iliad* to *Catch 22* in another—and their students to be competent and occasionally brilliant. "Our 'A' students," said Hively, who directs the honors program, "would be 'A' students anywhere." Hively, who would like to develop the program into a full-scale honors college—a college within the college—feels that there is a genuine intellectual subculture at Miami, people who "are not part of the XKE crowd, who listen to Mozart (there's a recital here almost every night, but few people know about it), and who will eventually go to the better graduate schools."

Miami, like many institutions, is subsidizing its advanced programs with the tuition paid by undergraduates. But because its endowment is still relatively low (now some $27,000,000—about 2 per cent of Harvard's), it needs that tuition more desperately than most. (Oddly, at $1,650 a year, it is also lower than most.) The big lectures and the mass programs are helping to capitalize prestige. "Let those kids come in their Ferraris," said a member of the faculty. "We'll take their money and flunk 'em out." And flunk out they do. Three-fourths of Miami's entering freshmen don't survive through graduation; some transfer, some get married, some simply disappear. The competence of the average Miami student has been rising steadily—the entering classes now average about 500 on their college board tests, placing them (in this respect at least) on approximately the same level as entering freshmen at Amherst or Harvard twenty years ago, but they are—with notable exceptions—neither intellectuals nor social reformers, and see no reason why they should be. Two-thirds of them come from out of state, most of them from the urban areas of the Northeast. More than a third are Jewish, and another third are Catholics (including some 2,000 resident Cubans) according to the University's records. For many of them, Miami is probably a second choice, and their insistence that they came, among other things, because of the climate, may be partly the defensiveness of people who weren't admitted to Penn, USC, or Colgate. If Miami's climate were dismal and its setting genuinely urban (rather than palm-fringed glass-and-concrete suburban), it would probably resemble Boston University or Syracuse.

What is striking about most of the undergraduates is not that they are playboys or hedonists, but that they are the ultimate consumers, conscious of dress, of money, of cars, of what it costs. They are utterly reasonable, politically conservative (a majority for Nixon in 1968), socially apathetic, and surprisingly humorless. About thirty Miami students spent last summer on the campus working with disadvantaged kids (with no remuneration), and a number were involved in the 1968 campaign, but they are almost invisible. The handful of undergraduates with long hair who hang out in the coffee shop of the Student Union are regarded with vague embarrassment by the majority, and the black students who dance to the hard rock on the juke box on the terrace just outside are like visitors from another planet.

When students talk about going to the beach, they are not referring to surf and sunshine, but to the commercial entertainers in the big hotels; the boys read *Playboy*, the girls *Bride's* or *Good Housekeeping*, not for entertainment, but for instruction in the modes of consumption—for proper living room arrangements, for the latest styles in furniture or dress, for the things one ought to buy. The richly stocked book shop on the second floor of the Student Union (the first floor of the shop is devoted to cosmetics, gifts, and greeting cards) is poorly patronized. Ask any student what books are exciting the undergraduates—books other than those assigned—and he's likely to treat you like some sort of nut. Ask him what he thinks of his teachers, his courses, his academic life, and he'll tell you he likes them fine. He's getting an education; as in everything else, he is a consumer of learning.

—*U. of Miami.*

"In addition to the hard research, Miami can boast a recognized music faculty, among them the conductor Frederick Fennell."

The girls consume men. "This," said the resident director of a woman's residence, "is a good gene pool." Which means that for a Jewish girl in Cincinnati or Waco or Atlanta, where the number of eligible males is low, Miami is a place to meet boys, to get pinned, to get engaged. For her and most of her classmates, going to college is an exercise in being reasonable: structure your time—study in the afternoon, go out at night. There is a time for homework, a time for setting your hair, a time for shopping. When you start a course with a tough reputation, you get a tutor—get him (or her) now; don't wait until you have trouble. In the midwinter, chances are good that the family will be in town for a few weeks. They are there because you are there (or vice versa); and you will spend much of your time with them and may use the occasion to have them meet your boy (or girl) friend, look the pos-

(*Continued on page 77*)

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UNTAUGHT TEACHERS AND IMPROBABLE POETS

—Drawings by Gaspar E. Vilato.

When the post-war history of educational reform is written, an extensive footnote will have to be devoted to the many programs and projects in which non-professionals explored new styles and approaches to teaching and learning —often with notable success. The accompanying article, adapted from a report to the U.S. Office of Education, describes such a program in which a group of undergraduate women from Goucher College in Baltimore attempted to introduce vocational high school students to poetry. Much of the description is taken from daily journals kept by the undergraduates. The author, an assistant professor of English at Goucher, was the director of the project, and is co-author, with Paul Lauter, of "Education for Change" and "Rebellion and Service" to be published by Macmillan.

By FLORENCE HOWE

ON the first day of the program, one student said, "I guess they are trying to make gentlemen out of auto mechanics. Or maybe as we drop the oil pan on a car we're supposed to recite poetry." The Goucher undergraduates who were teaching sixty-three tenth-grade boys did not want to turn auto mechanics into poets. But their aims were no less modest for that. They wanted their students to learn to enjoy and read poetry because they thought it was valuable. The undergraduates hoped to learn something as well from an experience that removed them from their campus and placed them in an urban classroom with small groups of boys in circles of discussion.

Early in the spring of 1968, Goucher College and the Baltimore public schools agreed to cooperate in sponsoring a ten-week pilot project, using undergraduate English students to develop and teach a curriculum unit on contemporary poetry to high school students. The project depended in large measure on the talent and energy of undergraduates, inexperienced as teachers but committed to literature and writing, and on the intelligence and good will of high school students who cooperated in the experiment. It depended also on a fledgling group known as Teachers and Writers Collaborative, funded by the Office of Education through Columbia University's Teachers College. The Collaborative, which financed our project, seeks to involve teachers, children, and professional writers in the creation of an English curriculum that is stimulating and relevant to the lives of children in school today.

School officials were responsible for the choice of a vocational-technical high school, of the tenth-grade boys, and of the participating teachers. I had asked that the teachers be willing to participate and that the students be relatively uninterested in reading and writing poetry. As it turned out, the students had had little or no instruction in poetry. Their teachers expressed ambivalent attitudes toward the project. They were interested in participating in an experiment. But their own training had

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been traditional, and they were, naturally enough, concerned about the undergraduates' lack of traditional preparation.

On Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, the Goucher undergraduates and I traveled to Mergenthaler Vocational-Technical High School, where for an hour they met their students in small groups of five or six that were arranged for heterogeneity. The undergraduates were responsible for choosing poems and for writing an account of each session. The first day's entries in the journals set a tone that generally was maintained by all for the entire ten weeks.

April 25—Where to begin . . . quite scared, mainly. I had no idea what to expect. I wanted to let whatever happened, happen. There are five of them—an extremely diverse group, it seems, but I immediately am interested in each one of them, they are each individuals. Irvin announced almost immediately that he hates poetry. James, very quiet, shy, sat apart from the others . . . he dislikes poetry—he was quite frank. Quite opposite to James is Pat . . . at least he's the most willing to talk about poetry. He even mentioned that he had tried to write poetry before but (like a fool) I didn't take this up. . . .

(Judeth Mensh)

I had asked the two cooperating teachers to collect a writing sample from their students, and they had, imaginatively, asked the boys to describe their reactions to the project. As one might have predicted, they found the girls and the project's style more attractive at first than the poetry. Clearly, the boys also had expected "the usual student teacher with the big pocketbook and the bifocals and so on," as one of them put it. They and their teachers were, to some degree, puzzled by the lack of traditional formality in the small group.

> The way they teach is a little off. Like our first lesson, most of us don't know the first thing about poetry except that some rhyme and some don't. What I mean is that when you have your first introduction they should like give meanings and describe and explain poetry and its different or various types. Maybe they'll get around to it sometime during the process or I'll start asking questions.
>
> (Reginald Johnson)

Weekly workshops were held on Tuesday evenings at Goucher for discussion of curriculum as well as for ongoing evaluation of the undergraduates' teaching styles. It was to these meetings that we relegated discussion of poems on controversial subjects like glue-sniffing, race, and religion.

The undergraduates had, to begin with, some poems that I had used in several high school projects during the previous three years. But not many of them felt comfortable with my offerings. Most of them set out on their own, using some poems they had studied in courses at Goucher, others that they found by searching in volumes of contemporary poetry or in materials supplied by Teachers and Writers Collaborative. Many of them decided to use poems they had written. The undergraduates' need was to find poems that they were "prepared" to teach and that interested the high school students—that was their continuing assignment. And altogether, they "found" some 200 separate poems, more than 100 of which were used in the project. They ranged from very brief "pop" poetry to a relatively long narrative poem by Robert Frost called "Out, Out."

May 2—The boys decided to read "Complete Destruction." M. said it reminded him of mean things he used to do when he was a kid. They all agreed that they had taken pleasure in watching things die. It made them feel as if they had some type of power over smaller things. R. said that the poem was sad. When asked why, he said that "nothing was left." It seems that the general consensus was that everything would eventually die no matter what it was—there was always something bigger than you that would quickly cut off your existence without qualms. Like when they were kids and killed ants. M. asked if he could read "Insects." He said it had the same idea. D. said that it's a natural feeling to kill something that was small. We went on to a discussion of wars and the killing of innocent children. It seems that the boys agreed that a soldier must have no emotions within him when he bombs a city or he wouldn't bomb all the little kids. However, T. said that he didn't feel bad about killing ants that were smaller than he. In fact, he thought that it was sort of fun when he was a kid and played with ants—boxing them in and planning attacks. Boys said that we all must have some hate (I wrongly supplied sadistic) qualities.

(Joan Josephson)

May 16—I handed out the football poem. . . . I read it, stressing stresses and running lines together where meter sounds best. . . . When I looked up, everyone looked impressed, and the boy with the tie was really turned on, though he didn't say anything. L. said begrudgingly, "Yeah, it's got a good beat, but the beat falls down in places. . . ."

Now the silent, athletic guy spoke up. "I think it's not about a football game, I think it's about going through life." I was stunned. I never thought of it that way. But it works so well that if I hadn't written the poem—I didn't tell them I had—I would have thought I had missed a whole dimension of it. Of course, in the end it doesn't work—the poem is too mock-heroic to be truly symbolic—but it does reveal a metaphysical mind in that boy. C.: "What're you talking about? It says here pigskin, goal post, halfback—how can it be about something else besides football?" L. snickers. Silent boy looks unconvinced by C.'s argument, but decides not to defend himself. I do. "You mean that it is about football but also applies to life in general, on another level?" "Yes," he nods vigorously and goes on to elaborate about pushing through obstacles. (Andrea Friedman)

May 2—Lou offered to read "Out, Out" and did an excellent job. I asked, "How does the poem make you feel?" "Sad, especially the way Lou read it." And it really was. (Ruby Lerner)

May 16—"Out, Out" by Frost. A bad time with this poem and reasons to be found in me. After much thinking I realize now why. For some reason, though I like the poem very much, I don't feel easy with it in class. Anyway, I found that I sort of panicked with it, and found myself groping and then almost repeating a conversation we had had coming over in the car, most of them having used "Out, Out" the time before. . . . I was mouthing that conversation and paying no attention to what was happening with the group or probably to individual responses. . . . I was not working with them and their thoughts and feelings for the poem.

(Francine Ludington)

No one tried to prepare "lectures," though most of the undergraduates could have done so. Instead, they studied their poems very carefully, working out useful questions that their students might ask. The ability to work as they

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did depended not so much on the specific preparation of a single poem (though that is important), but rather on the past preparation of many poems. Most of the undergraduates had the kind of assurance with poems that allowed them to understand that any point may be a useful place to begin, since a poem's organic nature leads a reader naturally from its language and rhythms to feelings and ideas and back again to language and rhythms.

May 9—This is the first day that I felt any progress was made. . . . We talked a little about open and closed questions. It was interesting. I said, "Look, guys, there's no sense in just repeating what I've said, like lots of times a teacher asks questions with the answer right in the question." "Yeah," said Pat, "then you know what the answer is, that's the safe way to play it." Everyone knew what I was talking about. . . . I said, "I'm not looking for any specific answer, really, so we don't have to play that game."
(JUDETH MENSH)

May 21—Today was good. There was a lot of extraneous discussion, along with some very good discussion of the poems we looked at. Sometimes I feel guilty about the extraneous discussion, if it goes on for too long and gets really far away from the poem. But still I think it is useful and has certain positive psychological effects—it helps them to realize that they can say anything to me, they don't have to watch out what they say. . . .
(JUDETH MENSH)

The Goucher girls knew the difference between "open" and "closed" questions. From their own classroom experience, they expressed preference for questions that "opened" discussion with the questioner wanting to hear the response, whatever it might be, and willing to follow its lead. They were wary of questions for which there existed a fixed, "correct" answer, so that the student's job might become to supply that answer rather than think through his own. But enjoying a preference was not the same as translating it into a teaching device. How to ask "open" questions that were meaningful enough to lead into the poem's details? How to know when to supply pertinent information necessary to the high school students' reading of poems? How to know when to be silent and allow the students to work something out for themselves? The diaries record the girls' struggle to find workable teaching styles.

April 25—Jim still insisted that the "meat/sliced walking" "wrecked the sound of the first part," so I said, "Why would a poet do that?". . . . They made some remarks about how if I "knew it all" I should say. I was at first a little hurt by this. . . . They also wanted me to speak, I feel, because they didn't want me holding back, "hiding the secret meaning," if I knew it. So many times, I think, this teaching technique of trying to rhetorically "lead" the student up to a truth or understanding or "meaning" of something destroys confidence and turns into guessing-game-playing. So I came out and said how "meat/sliced walking" made me feel like a person so hurt he's exposed, raw-like, a piece of raw meat, and has no defenses. They were impressed by my suddenly lapsing into deep interpretation and it made it easier to go on.
(SUZANNE PLUMB)

April 30—Well, today was tough. . . . I realize now that I should have just laughed or at least smiled when Irvin turned the poems upside down. The others laughed and it was kind of funny. I'm sure I've done the same kind of thing in class. But instead of reacting to him in this more natural easy way, I guess I got defensive, and I lectured—what a drag! I hope I don't do that again.
(JUDETH MENSH)

May 9—Today we had fun. We started with "my sweet old etcetera" by Cummings. . . . We spent a while making sense out of it before we looked at what it's actually talking about. . . . Meanwhile, Irvin was writing on the bottom of his shoe, first his right shoe, then his left shoe. Pat sat on one side of him and James on the other side of him. I thought they were writing notes to each other.

It turns out they were playing tic-tac-toe, because eventually I said, show us what you've written on your foot, if you don't want to say it yourself—I thought he was commenting on the class. So he quite freely showed me what it was. We all laughed, then went on. I think he was relieved to see the easy reaction on my part. I'm almost convinced that allowing them to whisper to each other, or joke, or really do what they want really does a lot of good in many ways. For one thing, they don't have to be defensive, because no one is attacking them.
(JUDETH MENSH)

As the boys discovered that they were able to determine curriculum, they became less shy about saying what they liked. Tastes differed from group to group and within groups, but it is possible to generalize about several criteria. They enjoyed solving puzzles such as the "grasshopper" poem; but once solved, their reaction was "so what?" A poem had to be more than that. There were similar reactions to songs and to pop poems. Not surprisingly, the students preferred poems that were "difficult but not too difficult." They thought that a poem had to have "something to say." Perhaps more important, the freedom to express and maintain preferences heightened the students' willingness to express and talk about their feelings. And this was fundamental to the project. The undergraduates understood that poetry is truth-telling of a particular sort. As one girl put it to her group in a final session, even if the ideas in a poem are those one disagrees with it is impossible to discredit the poet's feelings. They are as "true" as he is able to translate them into words and rhythms. Feelings don't lie: they exist humanly, and to live, one needs to understand his own and others'.

It may well be that this part of the project—the serious discussion of feelings and ideas about the way the students lived, about such matters as race, policemen, drugs, war, religion—is, alone, of some importance. Young people do not often have the opportunity to talk freely together about matters that concern them, certainly not in school. Large classes do not lend themselves to it, and large school systems with standard curricula have tended to remove such matters altogether, on the rationale that they are too personal or controversial for "objective" study. I em-

(*Continued on page 79*)

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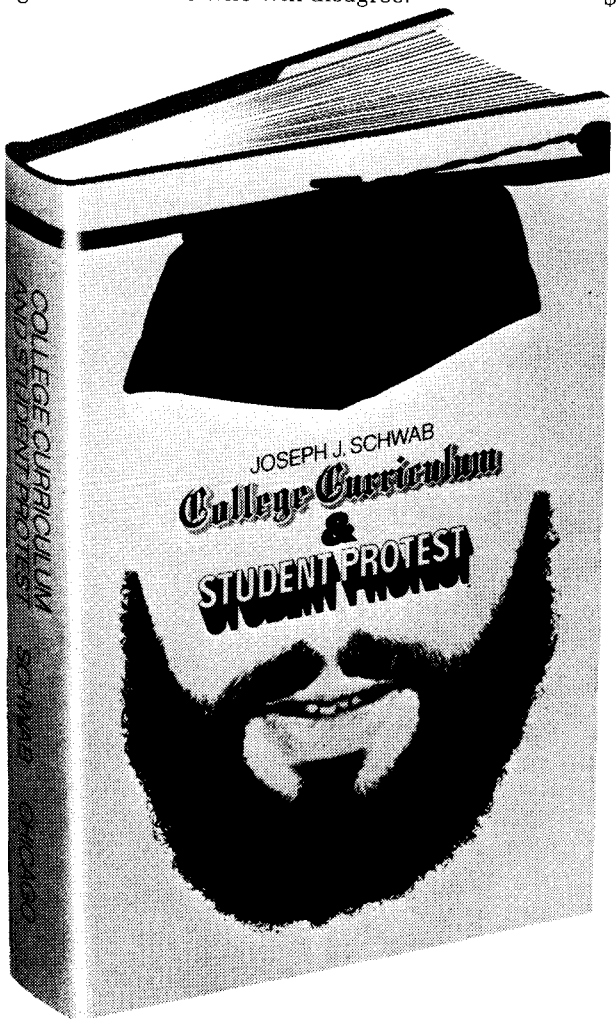

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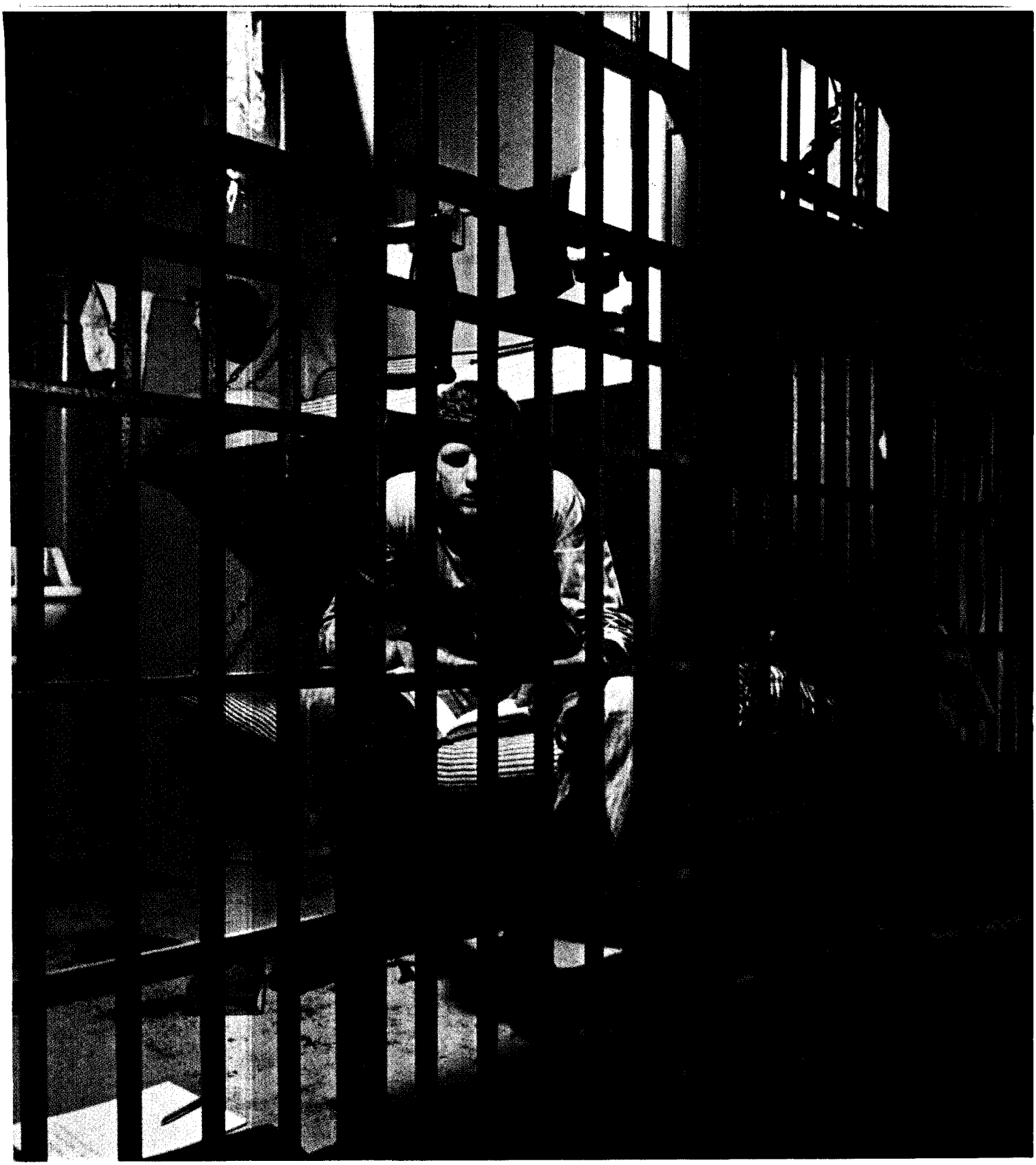

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THE WELLESLEY INCIDENT

A Case of Obscenity

By THOMAS J. COTTLE

ON May 31, 1968, Wellesley Senior High School in Wellesley, Massachusetts, devoted half of the day to studying racism in America. There were panel discussions, movies, speeches, dramatic productions. My own role was to participate in a panel discussion with students. Upon entering the school, I encountered a rather powerful looking man. He stood at the head of a corridor, somewhat in darkness, his arms folded across his body in an almost self-comforting posture. He looked at me, shook his head side to side, and uttered one word, "smut." I smiled, a bit terrified. What had he seen? What had he heard?

What he had seen and heard had taken place in the gymnasium where bleachers were set up on both sides of the basketball floor. Students occupied one set, that facing the entrance. Several of us stood at the entrance, viewing the backs of actors playing to an absolutely spellbound young audience. Four actors presenting segments of plays, poems, even a dramatization of a sociological study, had the audience enthralled. They were so enthralled that at one point, in a scene from *Marat/Sade*, in response to an actor's plea for people to stand up for their rights, a group of black students did exactly that. They stood up, looked about sheepishly, and sat down. No one laughed.

Throughout the performance, the faces of the students told the real story. They were utterly involved and swept up in the fire of black and white dramatists, poets, and actors. They laughed at times, literally squealed with excitement at other times. They were angry and frightened, perplexed and relieved. School was good. And I thought that if it takes a Kerner Report and the assassination of a great man, well then, that's what it takes.

When the play ended, the students exploded with applause. They leaped out of their seats, many wanting to get close to the actors, perhaps even to touch one.

Thomas J. Cottle is assistant professor in the Department of Social Relations at Harvard University.

Their spirit was just as vibrant during the panel discussion. They argued, listened, argued some more. They were polite, but a political restlessness could be felt in their rhetoric. They wanted in. They weren't self-conscious about their status. They wanted a piece of the action.

The blacks especially reacted as though some systemic emergency brake had been released, and they lurched forward. Were the students speaking publicly about race for the first time? Was this actually the first real forum on race in this high school, which received busloads of Boston blacks each day? They were talking now.

Outside the gym in the concrete and brick corridors of the school, the atmosphere was electric. One could only envy the teachers who would confront those wonderful mobs after lunch. Wellesley Senior High School had taken a courageous step. I took back all I had felt about suburban high schools. They had their problems but they did the best they could. The school had been turned on and, indeed, it stayed turned on for the rest of that special, special day. Several teachers, however, upset by the dramatic presentation, had stomped out of the gym before its completion. They felt that the language was obscene and inappropriate for children. But in the main, all seemed fine. Sadly enough for the students, classes would carry on and "normal" curriculum would resume for the last few weeks of the term.

But the people of Wellesley had other ideas. The fire of the theatrical production and especially the language of LeRoi Jones's *The Slave* had ignited the town. A school committee meeting the following Monday brought heated discussion, but reports still indicated that the majority of those in attendance supported the program—movies, panels, LeRoi Jones, and all. A few cried obscene, but a Wellesley College philosopher had cited that poverty, racism, and Vietnam were America's genuine obscenities. Most significantly, hearing only secondary reports, the superintendent of schools publicly supported the entire program.

All at once, the Wellesley *Townsman*

Photos from a re-enactment of "The Wellesley Incident" on WGBH-TV, with responses from parents, teachers, and students. . . .

One teacher noted: "There is a curious difference between the teenagers' reaction and ours. . . ."

". . . Our conversation has been about those words. Their conversation was about the issues that were raised."

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became essential reading matter. Letters to the editor came in from the left, right, and most oblique center. Parents and teachers wrote of scandal and horror as well as of a community reawakening. Some questioned how the program could have been approved, others how it could have been so long in coming. Two resident families known for their liberal activities invited the theatrical company to perform *The Slave* again in a public place such as the library. The town selectmen voted no, feeling it would only cause unnecessary trouble. *The Townsman* also reported that one parent had contacted the local district attorney's office. Criminal complaints were to be sought. There would be investigations, a court case, and perhaps prison sentences. The Wellesley Incident was born.

THAT night Robert Kennedy was assassinated. Like so many, we commenced our television vigil disbelievingly. Wellesley, too, had heard the news from California, but *The Slave* incident took precedence. People talked, police investigated, and before Kennedy's body had been transferred to St. Patrick's, five people were notified that applications for criminal complaints had been filed. They were to appear in court the following Tuesday for a show-cause hearing. The charge was introducing an obscene and indecent play to minors in a place of education. In Massachusetts, the penalty for this crime is five years imprisonment and $5,000 fine.

The five were two teachers, the drama company's producer, the director of the company's actors, and the chairman of the Wellesley Committee to End Racism, the group incurring the company's expenses at the high school. Established in response to the Martin Luther King assassination, the committee had openly supported the Friday morning programs.

By now, the community was split on the issue, although not down the middle. The majority of Wellesley parents and teachers stood opposed to the theatrical production even, apparently, to the extent that criminal charges were felt to be appropriate. A majority of the students indicated support. Their backing was not that loud, but loud enough to demonstrate that social and political attitudes now separate the generations by entire lifetimes.

There is a totally helpless feeling that comes over people when they become implicated in events like this. So it was on that Sunday and Monday. The accused received no news from the town of Wellesley except an announcement that an open school committee meeting would be held the Monday evening before the court hearing so that feelings might be aired.

On Monday night it rained. When we arrived at the school auditorium only two people were present. A man sat across the aisle from us. He sat sternly erect and perfectly silent. Then he turned to the woman, the only other person in this large hall, and said something about their having gone too far this time and that they had to be stopped. She agreed.

After long moments of silence, the auditorium began to fill. Students rushed to sit in front. They would have camped on the floor had they been allowed. They poured down the aisles, some dressed as hippies. This took special courage that particular night, but many young people don't compromise themselves. Television reporters, too, strutted about wishing to be observed. Aisles were kept empty but along the perimeter of the auditorium and in the exits, parents and teachers were everywhere. It was jammed. The noise swelled, then suddenly diminished as TV lights splashed on the stage where the Wellesley School Committee, led by the superintendent of schools, paraded single file from stage left. One woman sits on this committee and serves as its chairman.

The exciting although anxious proceedings of that Monday night meeting might best be described as a rather grotesque fugue, its inner voices audible only to those sufficiently aware politically to listen for them. *The Slave* contains words some had felt to be obscene. In the particular performance in question, it also contained a scene in which a black man leans over a seated white woman, nuzzles her a bit as she resists, and according to the actor who did it, gives her a small kiss on the side of the neck. In the drama, the two are former marriage partners and the parents of two children. This scene became known as the "chase and rape" scene. The so-called obscene word became known simply as The Word.

Along with segments of other works carefully selected and integrated into a continuous performance depicting black feelings and philosophies over the last twenty years, *The Slave* was presented on the gymnasium floor of a white, upper-class Boston suburban high school. About twelve black families live in this community. Three years ago, Boston's Metropolitan Council for Educational Opportunities (METCO) program tried to gain permission to bus twenty-five black students from the Roxbury district into Wellesley Senior High School, a school of some 1,300 pupils. There was, at the time, some protest. Convening to oppose the METCO proposal, a small group calling themselves Operation Abolition METCO had instituted a town vote. However, a sizable majority of the 10 per cent of the voters going to the polls voiced their acceptance of METCO. After this rather difficult go, Wellesley had consented, and in the fall of 1966, twenty-five blacks rolled in each day, hung around the METCO office, went to class, hung around the METCO office, and were bused home. There was tension, but mostly a distressing bewilderment. Many white students confessed desires to be helpful and large numbers of Wellesley homes opened their doors to blacks. Some students dated in Wellesley or spent weekends in Wellesley homes.

Accepting even those few blacks was no mean accomplishment. As recently as

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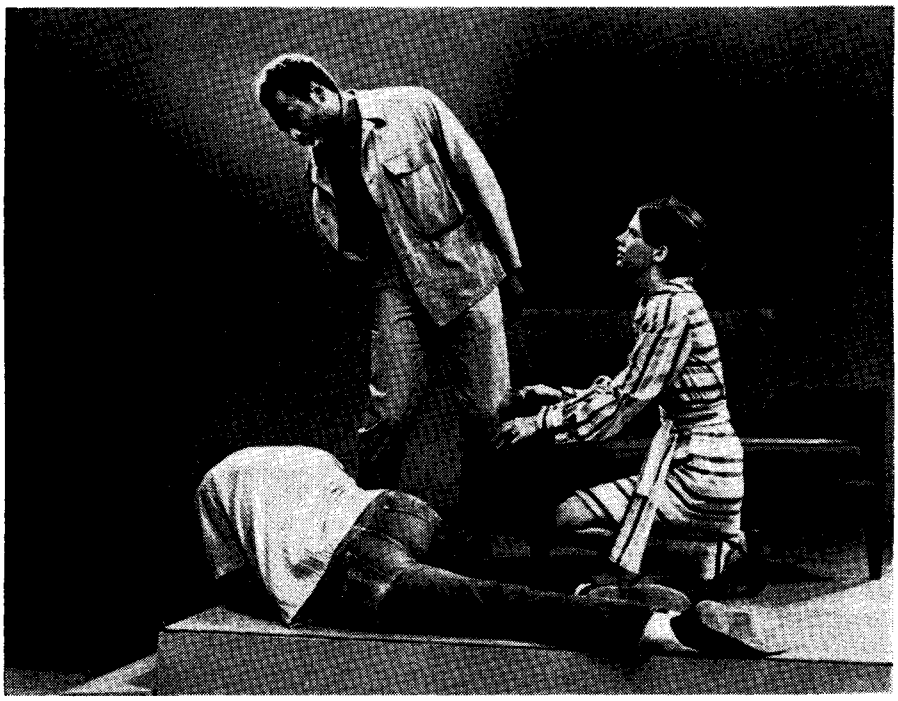

A scene from *The Slave*—"Was this actually the first real forum on race in this high school, which received busloads of Boston blacks each day?"

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Voices in the Classroom

Wallace Roberts

Unrest in the Academy

"When something starts to happen, groove with it; don't just sit there. You're not the audience; you're the oppressed. You're oppressed by the Modern Language Association."

THE SPEAKER was an intense young thing, dressed in bell-bottom slacks and a lumberjack shirt. Her audience consisted of several hundred members of the professional association for college teachers of language and literature gathered at a "radical caucus" the evening before the annual meeting of the MLA in New York just before Christmas. Her statement was accepted without objection, almost as if the oppressive effects of the policies were as obvious as Moby Dick's coloration. They are and they aren't. The MLA exists, like the American Historical Association, the American Sociological Association, and similar groups, to provide opportunities for its members to exchange ideas and job offers. However, it is also a tacit monopoly guarding the primary access road to careers in the academy, and if one wishes to become a professor of English or history, one must meet a set of informal, but in one sense restrictive, standards set through consensus by the members of the discipline. The standards are intended to weed out the hacks and incompetents, and in many cases the process works. Nevertheless, the standards can be used—either consciously or unconsciously—to define what are appropriate fields of inquiry and ways of studying them.

The radical caucus at the MLA meeting is one of several current indications that there is a growing number of professors and graduate students who want to have certain subjects and methodologies recognized as valid. They feel that these areas and methods of investigation are more directly connected to current social issues, such as poverty, urban decay, population explosion—food shortage, race relations, and the whole host of dangers that some see for a society dominated by technology and electronics.

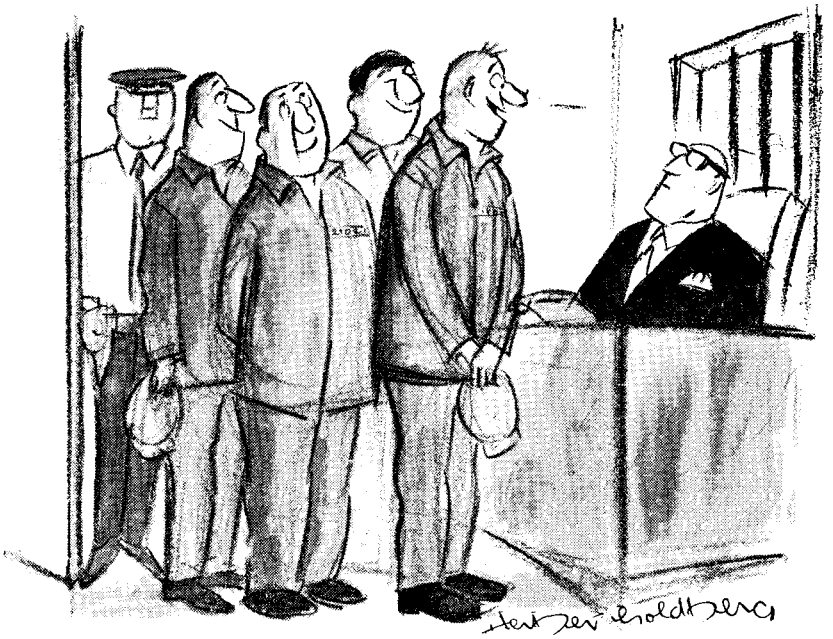
At the Christmas meeting of the MLA, the actions of the radicals took several different forms. After hours of sometimes harsh debate during the final business meeting, resolutions were passed condemning the war in Vietnam, the draft, the choice of Chicago as next year's meeting site, and what some see as the use of the law to harass writers like LeRoi Jones and Eldridge Cleaver. Louis Kampf, chairman of the humanities department at MIT and a leader of the radicals, was, along with two colleagues, arrested in the lobby of the Hotel Americana for trying to prevent the police from tearing down a poster that used a quotation from William Blake to protest academic apathy parading as dispassion ("The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction"); three days later, Kampf was elected second vice president of the MLA, which means he is to become its president in 1970.

The MLA meeting was not unlike recent meetings of similar organizations in other disciplines at which there have been attempts to bring to the main body of the professoriate the political and professional concerns of some members. Since last fall, the sociologists, psychologists, political scientists, and historians have been confronted with the question of the extent to which the academic disciplines could express concern with current social issues and the extent to which they should modify their disciplines to meet the needs presented by massive social change.

This unrest appears to stem from two sources, one of which is that the students of the Sixties are growing up and some of them, as instructors and assistant professors, are raising the same kinds of questions about education and social issues that they raised as students. The New University Conference, a loose coalition of faculty members, teaching assistants, and graduate students—most of them young and many of them former SDS members—was formed several months ago and is now operating with autonomous chapters on about twenty-five campuses. There are similar groups in several disciplines, such as the American Psychologists for Social Action, and there are more informal arrangements, such as a one-day boycott of research work scheduled for March 4 at MIT and several other campuses to protest alleged misuses of scientific and technical knowledge.

Another part of the problem seems to stem from a growing sense of many Americans, including some of the older professors, that the magnitude of some of society's problems is greater than was imagined five or ten years ago. In the disciplines, this sense is translated into a feeling that the *ultimate* relevance sought by the dispassionate scholar should no longer be the sole concern, that at least as important are more immediate questions. The feeling is that "we don't have time to wait until all the data are in," and that we have to deal with certain pressing problems with the best information we have.

What all this comes to, I think, at least for the academic disciplines, is not whether any particular assessment of the times or of the state of the disciplines is correct; some people believe these assessments and will act on that basis. The obligation of the radicals is to make their attempts at new forms of inquiry as rigorous and as self-critical as possible. Our obligation, it seems, is to recognize that there may be other equally valid ways of putting ideas and knowledge to work.



"So in view of your enlightened approach to the penal code, we thought you might share our recommendation for a co-ed prison."

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Schools Make News

Academic Innovation

In the face of the "knowledge explosion," student unrest, and the demands of black students, college educators have begun to reconsider the structure and content of their tradition-bound curricula. Recent efforts emphasize interdisciplinary study, a flexible individualized curriculum, and a closer working relationship between professor and student. Particular stress has been placed on revising the freshman year.

Last month at Stanford University, the Study of Education at Stanford (SES), reporting on its two-year examination of undergraduate education, proposed: a freshman tutorial in which a professor would work closely with a handful of students, a minimal number of required courses, more interdisciplinary work, and strengthened counseling. Vice Provost Herbert Packer, chairman of the study committee, said the members were "profoundly convinced that the key to changing the cognitive style of students, of making college a distinctively adult experience, lies in the freshman year."

Educators elsewhere seem to agree. Hiram College in Ohio has developed a two-week summer orientation program in which all freshmen, thirty faculty members, and thirty upperclassmen discuss a subject of major concern. The traditional freshman program has been scrapped for tutorials and a common lecture course, "The Twentieth Century and Its Roots."

Carleton College in Minnesota introduced freshman seminars and a pass-fail grading option for most freshman courses. A student curriculum committee played a significant role in planning the changes to counter the "relative lack of intellectual stimulation" and the "fragmented" curriculum of the freshman year. Hamilton College in New York has created a board of faculty advisers to "assist freshmen and sophomores in the development of programs of study that will best serve their educational needs."

Other efforts at innovation: St. Olaf College in Minnesota plans a small experimental "paracollege"—a smaller unit within the larger college. Oberlin College in Ohio offers ad hoc courses, "responsive to current social and political conditions," that can be added to the curriculum within a few months time. Lehigh University in Pennsylvania plans a similar experiment.

Florida Presbyterian College, which has stressed interdisciplinary and independent study since its founding ten years ago, is planning a new program, called Jefferson House, to allow a small number of "disciplined, purposeful, and creative" students to formulate degree-granting programs designed for their special needs and interests, free from the usual graduation requirements.

A Range of Voices

In the effort to combat the sterility of Dick and Jane and traditional anthologies and textbooks, a few publishers have produced some experimental reading materials to enliven the English curriculum for urban, suburban, black, and white children alike.

Voices, published by Rand McNally, s one of these experiments—a six-volume anthology of poems and pictures for junior high and high school students. The poems are gathered primarily from contemporary English, Irish, Scottish, and American poets, but reach out to include Japanese *haiku*, American Indian chants, traditional ballads, and works by youngsters themselves. Editor Geoffrey Summerfield declares in the accompanying teacher's manual: "Each volume is designed to meet the interests of students as they move into and through adolescence . . . to provide a diverse range of voices that can and will speak to our students and to their condition. . . . This anthology is an attempt to recognize the rhythms and idioms of the present time and place."

The books are paperback, attractively bound, with paintings, drawings, and photos scattered throughout to harmonize with or run counterpoint to the poems—details from Breughel, photos by Walker Evans, sculpture by Giacommetti; child crying, bird nesting, clouds blowing, man walking, cat stalking. Summerfield insists, "They are included as experiences in their own right."

The multi-media approach is taken further in materials produced by Educreative Systems, Inc. (303 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.), for Noble and Noble publishers. Paperback books are complemented by tapes and records. The books themselves speak to the reader through photos, cartoons, drawings, design, and layout, as much as through the poems, short stories, and plays. The visual emphasis seems calculated to reach the television-trained eye. On one page, for example, captioned "Breaking Loose," there is a news photo of an angry young demonstrator screaming at a police officer, a picture of a grasshopper shedding its cocoon, and a *Peanuts* cartoon where "for one brief exciting moment" Linus thinks he has a whisker.

The books, *Breaking Loose*, *Tomorrow Won't Wait*, and *In Others' Eyes*, aim at inner-city youth, boys especially. But selections range from Langston Hughes to William Saroyan, from Guy de Maupassant to Yevgeny Yevtushenko, and even include selections from the Bible. The visual style is no accident, since Educreative Systems believes that advertising and television have permanently affected our perception, and they are designing records, tapes, films, filmstrips, even blocks and toys, to reach the television-bred child.

Reshuffling the OEO

The Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) has lost two of its chief activities to other government agencies. In a major reshuffle of the anti-poverty agency by the Nixon Administration, Head Start will go to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW), and the Job Corps will fall un-

A Landmark Case Goes to Trial

On February 24 the suit of Marjorie Webster Junior College against the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools (the regional accrediting body) went to trial in Federal District Court in Washington, D.C. Middle States, together with the other five regional accrediting agencies around the country, restricts its membership to nonprofit institutions, and has therefore refused to visit, evaluate, or accredit Marjorie Webster Junior College, which is a proprietary (profit-making) institution. The college charges that this is an unreasonable policy on the part of the accrediting agency and is invoking the anti-trust laws in its effort to achieve the right to be evaluated on the same basis as nonprofit institutions. The Court's decision, whichever way it may go, promises to be one of historic importance, for the case is unique and could have far-ranging implications for the world of higher education and perhaps that of the lower schools as well. At the very least the trial should provide a forum for a thorough review of accrediting policies and procedures. —James D. Koerner.

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der Labor Department auspices. The OEO will focus mainly on Community Action Programs which were set up to encourage citizen participation and self-help activities. More than 800 neighborhood centers now guide the poor to agencies tackling legal, medical, and other social problems.

The loss of Head Start and the Job Corps is a major blow to the agency; both are regarded as the chief successes of the anti-poverty campaign. OEO officials claim that much of the Head Start achievement stems from a departure from the traditional nursery school. Emphasis is placed on cognitive growth, and the program attempts to involve parents by giving them some decision-making power and hiring them as aides. The fear at OEO is that in HEW a more traditional education approach will dominate and narrow the program's focus.

Officials in the Office of Education reply, however, that about one-third of the full-year Head Start programs and more than two-thirds of the summer programs already are run by the schools, and Follow Through, a program designed to maintain the Head Start gains as the child enters grade school, is run by the Office of Education.

Teachers in Short Supply

THE TEACHER SHORTAGE is critical and there is little chance of it easing in the foreseeable future, according to the first federal assessment of education manpower needs. The findings challenge recent predictions that the shortage of classroom personnel will end as birth rates decline and teacher-training institutions produce an increasing number of graduates.

Pointing to growing demands on education—early childhood education, individualized instruction, increased guidance services, improved vocational programs, the growth of community colleges, and special efforts to meet the needs of the disadvantaged—the study found that schools require not only more and better prepared teachers, but also additional and more competent administrators and auxiliary personnel. In fact, the report states, "the very word *teacher* as we now define it will be inadequate to describe the variety of people and skills we will need to serve our schools."

The report, required by the Education Professions Development Act of 1967, discusses curriculum improvements and innovative teaching practices, but adds: "We must recognize that the majority of our children have not been affected by these improvements."

Among the reasons the report cites for education's failure to attract and hold quality personnel are the rigid salary structure, the lack of meaningful opportunity for advancement, little involvement by teachers in the decision-making process, and the depressing character of existing teacher-training programs.

To meet the current shortage, the Office of Education has made federal grants of more than $14,000,000 to forty-seven states, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico. Under the Education Professions Development Act, each state is eligible for a minimum of $100,000. The intent of the grants is to bring into the schools members of the community such as former teachers who are now housewives, persons in other professions, and individuals with current vocational skills or simply a desire to help their schools.

Copies of the thirty-four-page introduction to the assessment are available from Information Office, Bureau of Educational Personnel Development, U.S. Office of Education, Washington, D.C.

Reagan and the Rebels

GOVERNOR Ronald Reagan is profiting politically from the student rebellions erupting throughout his state of California. Party leaders seem to agree that the Governor has gained enormous popular support by attacking the students and supporting legislative measures to restrict their protests. Recently, he hit the front pages of state papers by claiming that student rebellions are fomented by an unnamed "power structure" that is using them "to create launching pads for insurrection against the social order."

Opposition to the students extends beyond conservative Republicans, however. Liberals and Democrats, too, fear the threat that the rebellions pose to California's vast state college system. They recall that a large bond issue to finance expansion of the system was badly defeated by the voters last November, and they are seriously concerned about future crackdowns on both financial resources and academic freedom.

The Afro Degree

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has adopted a full degree-granting program in Afro-American studies on a par with all other academic disciplines. It is not the first university to take this step, but because of Harvard's vast prestige, the shape the program takes there may have nationwide import.

An eight-member faculty Committee on African and Afro-American Studies first made the recommendation. "We are dealing with 25,000,000 of our own people with a special history, culture, and range of problems. It can hardly be doubted that the study of black men in America is a legitimate and urgent academic endeavor," the committee declared.

The committee also urged an increase in Negroes on all levels of Harvard's teaching, administrative, and research staffs, and the creation of a social and cultural center of Negro students modeled on the present Hillel House for Jewish students and the Newman Center for Catholics. —B. B. S.

"It's not that you're not funny—it's just that your stuff is too intellectual for our court."

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

Campus Stress

THE POWER STRUCTURE of academic institutions is undergoing dramatic change. Students are demanding control, not only over their personal lives but over the curriculum and in some cases over the faculty. The faculty is fighting to hold on to the hard-won gains of recent decades—during which power has been passed to them from the administration—but it is obvious that if the students are to have more power, the faculty will have less.

A properly organized faculty or a student body can legislate but neither can play the administrative role. On one campus after another both student governments and faculty senates have demonstrated their impotence in the face of violent student uprisings. Once the trouble starts, about all they do is pass resolutions which the militants cheerfully ignore. If the administration is denied the power to act, no one acts, and the situation deteriorates into anarchy.

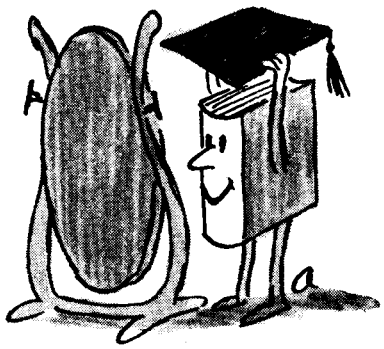
Many college presidents and deans seem to have given up the leadership role—preferring to be only consensus seekers. But when they are confronted with angry students who insist that their demands are "non-negotiable," they find that mediation is impossible. At this point some administrators surrender meekly, others call for the police, but in either case the university demonstrates its inability to govern itself.

The prevailing climate of despair makes all the more remarkable a recent proposal from a man in one of the nation's academic hot-seats that power be returned to administrators in order that they may become real leaders instead of mediators and consensus seekers. Roger Heyns, chancellor of the Berkeley campus of the University of California, says, "To put the matter as bluntly as possible, I feel that it is necessary to give more power and effective responsibility to college and university administrators at all levels. I emphasize *at all levels,* lest anyone think I mean centralization of power in a top executive. We must identify the major decision-making points and center responsibility and accountability and authority in specific persons. I see no other way to avoid the patterns of mindless and inefficent stumbling from crisis to crisis than to solidify our leadership base. Authority and responsibility are so diffusely spread that there is no way for those with problems to identify who it is that can help."

Heyns's proposal is one of many in a timely new book, *Stress and Campus Response,* G. Kerry Smith, editor (Jossey-Bass, San Francisco, 297 pp., $7.75), which is made up of some twenty-four papers delivered at the Twenty-third National Conference on Higher Education. Other writers comment on such varied topics as the causes of student unrest, the relevance of the curriculum, the organization of the academic community, and the crisis in our society. Joseph Axelrod provides an excellent introduction and summaries of the various topics.

In the section on students, S.L. Halleck, after offering twelve hypotheses in explanation of student unrest, concludes that it is futile to offer a simple explanation when so many factors are at work. Edward Joseph Shoben, Jr., commenting on the decay of morals, concludes that something has indeed gone wrong, for ". . . it seems only accurate to read the morality of student radicalism, recently so promising and vital, as decaying at its center and far less humane than many of us would prefer to believe." In a later chapter Andrew Greeley disagrees, concluding, "The moral values of the younger generation are not declining; they are rather, improving," but to this reader, the evidence presented by Shoben is the more persuasive. In any case I think he is right in saying that when there is a lack of moral responsibility, " . . . civil disobedience can readily degenerate into indiscriminate rioting, a technique for serving selfish interests, and a route to one brand or another of fascism."

Robert Van Waes defends the demand that academic freedom be extended to students as well as professors, and Robert Yegge, in an excellent chapter on the legal rights of students, discusses the far-reaching implications of the application of the due-process clause to disciplinary actions in academic institutions, the proposed end to *in loco parentis,* and the 1961 court ruling that the right to receive an education is guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.



In a chapter on the educational impact of American foreign policy, Charles Frankel accepts a distinction made by Spinoza between the moral standards that apply to governments and those that apply to individuals. He says, "I do not think that any government can live by the standards of morality that are appropriate to the behavior of individuals." That such a distinction should even be suggested will come as a shock to those who have equated warfare with murder or police action with criminal violence. But Frankel makes it clear that the distinction is legitimate only when the government is one that derives its powers from the consent of the governed.

Although "relevance" is a vogue word on campus today, students who use it seem reluctant to answer the question, "Relevant to what?" In one section of this book, six academic men wrestle with the problem. Donald L. Garrity describes the efforts made at San Francisco State to meet the student demands for relevance, but recent events on that unhappy campus indicate that the efforts have not been successful in forestalling rebellion. William E. Engbretson discusses various approaches to curricular relevance in teacher education. Andrew M. Greeley sees relevance in the teaching of moral wisdom to young people, while William Moore, Jr., sees it in the new opportunities being provided for the disadvantaged. It seems unlikely that any of these approaches are what the students have in mind when they demand a more relevant curriculum. To many of them, "relevant" seems to mean something more personal, more subjective, and more immediate.

Books based on the speeches of academic men attending a conference are likely to be strong on analysis, weak on solutions. This one is no exception even though the problem discussed is one for which solutions are imperative. But some of the authors see a possible solution in the cluster-college approach. Burton Clark, a Yale sociologist, points out that effective participation of students and faculty in decision-making is impossible in an undergraduate college with 16,000 students and 1,000 faculty members, but entirely possible in a subunit of 500 students and 50 faculty members, if the unit has some degree of autonomy. And he concludes, "Within the massive complexes that we have lately assembled for carrying out the work of higher education in America, the key to meaningful . . . involvement is decentralization."

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Chronicle of Conflict

By MARILYN GITTELL

The Teachers Strike, New York, 1968, *by Martin Mayer (Harper & Row, 122 pp., $3.95), offers a detailed account of last fall's confrontation over the decentralization of the New York City school system. Marilyn Gittell is professor of political science and director of the Institute for Community Studies, Queens College, City University of New York; she is the author of "Participants and Participation: Study of School Policy in New York City," and has just compiled, with Maurice Berube, a documentary history, "Confrontation at Ocean Hill-Brownsville," to be published in May by Frederick A. Praeger.*

THE confrontation over the decentralization of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district contained all the elements of the political struggle between those who seek power through social and institutional change and those who resist change to protect their interest in the system. Unfortunately, Martin Mayer's book is oblivious to this larger social context in his chronicle of the events of the fall of 1968.

The school crisis in New York City made front page copy for every major newspaper in the country for over a month. It was reported daily on TV and radio. The passionate responses the story aroused everywhere reflected the depth of its meaning. Ocean Hill-Brownsville became a symbol for black people in cities throughout the country. They identified strongly with what they perceived as an assertion of black independence. Large segments of the white population, on the other hand, identified with the teachers they saw as threatened with displacement. They resented the militancy of a black community which dared to challenge long-established precedents. These polarized responses were themselves a reflection of a fundamental conflict in American urban communities elaborately explored in the Kerner Commission report.

There are other larger issues that should provide the overview to the school crisis in New York City. The uninterrupted movement toward centralization and professionalism in American government in the last four decades has contributed to the frustrations of black and white communities alike. Access to decision-makers and the ability to influence their decisions has greatly diminished. In city school systems these frustrations are intensified by the insulation and protective mechanisms that school professionals have been able to develop around their empires.

The failure and frustration in school integration and compensatory education efforts led some school reformers, and community groups in particular, to the conclusion that only reform of the total system could provide the necessary environment for meaningful solutions to urban educational problems. Their reform included a redistribution of power in the school system through decentralization and increased community control. Wider participation, they suggested, would produce more alternatives, greater receptivity to innovation, and better solutions. The movement is educational and political. Its political component is essential; it is a thrust for revitalization of democratic institutions. The Ocean Hill-Brownsville experiment is an early product of this movement. It was an attempt at a heart transplant in the New York City school system. The events of the last year can be calculated as part of the rejection process. How the experiment fares will be significant, not only to the people in Ocean Hill and New York City, but to urban communities throughout America. The lessons to be learned from this experience can be a major input in resolving some of the deepest problems facing our society.

Unfortunately, Mr. Mayer has extricated the story of Ocean Hill-Brownsville from its larger setting. In so doing he has produced a book of limited value. His journalistic narrative of events results in a study of personality conflicts, stressing very immediate and wholly individual political stakes. We have facts that do not tell a complete story. The interpretation of each participant's behavior is related to the author's context of concern. Mayer never explores the larger audiences and constituencies to whom each of these actors were addressing themselves. There is no question but that Albert Shanker, head of the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), and Rhody McCoy, unit administrator of Ocean Hill-Brownsville, were constantly attuned to national movements and to their larger roles. Mr. Shanker provided the leadership in the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) Convention in 1968 in securing a weaker union statement on community control, and he has been in the forefront of the movement opposing decentralization in New York City since the 1967 teachers' strike. Mr. McCoy has been an organizer and active

"No! Please . . . I'm relevant, I tell you . . . relevant! . . ."

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participant in inter-city black conferences advocating community control. Often Mayer's failure to deal with the broader frame of reference distorts perceptions of events and leads to errors of omission and interpretation.

The book offers a rather naïve theory of conspiracy in Ocean Hill-Brownsville: Several board members and McCoy are described as leading a group of "ignorant" mothers down the path of confrontation and disruption. Mayer's very detailed factual presentation, however, indicates there were many examples of these same board members refusing to accept the judgments of the "conspirators." The trouble with conspiracy theories is that they presume far too much rationality. Decisions are often a product of more irrational responses, especially if they must be immediate reactions. If there was any conspiracy in Ocean Hill it had a broader base and purpose. It was to establish the independence of the district from the constraints of the New York City school system. And from that perspective, all the actors played anticipated roles.

I am not sure whether it was because of his perspective or his commitment to the conspiracy theory that Mayer stressed his investigation of the participants in Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Nevertheless, we get an extremely detailed view of the public and private faces of the Ocean Hill leadership, their secret meetings and private statements (which are directly quoted, from second- and third-hand reports). However, we do not get similar insights into the private faces and actions of Shanker or School Superintendent Bernard Donovan.

SEVERAL other omissions are especially noteworthy. The alliance between the Council of Supervisory Associations (CSA) and the UFT is all but ignored. Yet it was the major reason for the effectiveness of the strike. The lockout of teachers and parents was assured because schools could not be opened. The UFT's subsequent statement of support for the retention of the Board of Examiners, which it had previously agreed should be abolished, indicates the deeper political implications of that partnership. The break in the union ranks, reflected in the creation of a black caucus which took strong issue with Mr. Shanker, is also unmentioned. A broader social overview would have also considered the differences in approach and attitude of old and new board members and the alliance (not conspiracy) of old Board, UFT, and CSA. These events have larger importance to an understanding of the forces that will be drawn into such conflicts in other cities.

Mayer's rundown of the dissidents in Ocean Hill-Brownsville should have been complemented by a similar survey and evaluation of dissidents in the union ranks. A major union dissenter (Vice President John O'Neill) was removed from his policy position in the midst of these events, yet Mayer neglects to mention this. The action was particularly relevant because it mirrors a national AFT conflict that is developing and will certainly influence union responses to community control in other cities.

Although Mayer's earlier article on Ocean Hill-Brownsville, written less than a year ago, emphasized the repeated frustrations imposed upon the district by the headquarters bureaucracy, he virtually ignores this background in this book. The role of headquarters staff in all large city systems is so basic to any effort to reform the system from within that the omission of its function in this story is critical. For those who seek a deeper understanding of the events in the fall of 1968, especially an answer to the question of why Ocean Hill-Brownsville chose confrontation as a strategy, Mayer provides too simplistic an answer. We are also denied a satisfactory explanation of the UFT's decision to escalate the confrontation.

Mr. Mayer has been on and off the school scene for several years. He has been a critic of the school system but reluctant to recommend anything but gradual and minimal changes. He was one of the sponsors of the Board of Education's administrative decentralization plan in 1967 and has never fully accepted the need for a redistribution of power in the school system. He has hesitantly supported an increased community role in the policy process and seriously questions the advisability of enhancing the role of the Mayor in school affairs. This approach is reflected in his judgments about the Ocean Hill-Brownsville controversy. The blame for the fall disaster, he suggests, rests with those people of wealth and political power who failed to tighten the reins. They permitted the natives to get out of hand. The admonition to those who could have prevented the confrontation has a neo-colonialist flavor. How could the Mayor and the foundations allow this disruption to happen? It was their responsibility to manipulate local leaders and keep the Ocean Hill-Brownsville colony quiet.

It is tempting to refute individual statements and partial truths in this kind of presentation but I will leave that exercise to others who were directly involved. One example will suffice, however, to suggest how such errors may distort theories and conclusions. Mayer goes to some lengths to suggest that when foundation money ran low the Ocean Hill board grew louder. His proof is that the third Ford Foundation grant was made after the involuntary transfer by the local board. He carries this thesis one step further, indicating that Ford could have denied the grant and forced the Ocean Hill board to retract. Actually, the Ford grant was made in April 1968 and preceded the action of the governing board. As for withdrawal of Ford funds, one wonders if Mayer would approve such practices with regard to grants to Harvard or Yale when the foundations disagree with their policies.

The author leaves little doubt that he considers the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experiment a failure. He goes a step further in suggesting that "community control" is "thoroughly impossible" because the ". . . professional staff will always be the exclusive source of information." This conclusion admits to no differences in the commitments and attitudes of professionals, and the relationship of recruitment procedures to performance. The assumption that community participation will not greatly influence changes in the system has great relevance to the basic concepts of democratic theory.

It is regrettable that an author of Mayer's stature is so often guilty of generalized statements of opinion that undermine his reporting skills. These include such statements as "Except for college teachers, professionals typically work hard . . ."; "Unavoidably, however, both the mothers and the youngsters [in Ocean Hill] are very ignorant"; "Those on the outside most interested in the ghetto want to hear about murder plots and revolutionary movements . . ."; "Rational grown-ups are not demanding a larger say in how the school system operates." Many of these opinions interfere with what should be an objective analysis of the facts.

No one would disagree with Mayer's judgment that the teachers' strike in 1968 was a major disaster. The tragedy is that the political stalemate that kept the city's schools closed for thirty days has intensified. The polarization of groups for and against decentralization and community control has hardened. Extremism and emotionalism on both sides are more prevalent. New York City is in desperate need of reconciliation, and blame-placing serves little constructive purpose. The chastisement or removal of a group in Ocean Hill-Brownsville will not wash away the fundamental problems and conflicts facing the city. In fact, such action is likely to greatly increase friction. It is clear that change is necessary. That monopolies of control and inflexibility will be met with repeated confrontation is also clear. Solutions are dependent on full recognition of the complexity of the issues. The stakes are enormous, and public education as an institution hangs in the balance.

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Wellesley Incident

Continued from page 68

last fall, METCO withdrew proposals to institute programs in suburbs where resident opposition proved to be too much to overcome. Wellesley survived, however. Indeed, the busload was doubled in its second year with no protests from the town. Students were not necessarily encouraged to speak about the racial "merger" during class time although, for different reasons, many were unhappy over that single black face in the back of the classroom. The issue was swept under the rug except for the blacks who even today receive gawking stares and long looks as they move about the town. For the principal, it seemed to be working out just fine. Wellesley even got a new end on the football team, he once announced.

MANY fears, fantasies, and problems are awakened when school integration of this form takes place: Blacks will become the favorites; they'll get special attention; the "good" teachers will have less time for the whites; blacks will bring drugs, dirty music, sex, immorality into the high school; they'll befriend the whites, ignore the whites, intimidate the whites. And they'll date the whites.

In the last year alone, Wellesley had a drug scandal, a short skirt problem, and a long hair problem. Each case brought the community's fear up to higher levels. Each time, with the skirts and the hair and the drugs, parents had intervened. Punishment was demanded and punishment was meted out. And each time, Wellesley, to the discontent of its residents, had made the headlines of the Boston papers.

LeRoi Jones, therefore, was the fitting end to a perfectly traumatic year. This time, as the man said, they had gone too far. But who exactly were they? They were the teachers who supported the program. The parents thought they were a sizable group, but hardly a majority of the school's faculty. They had signed a letter in *The Townsman* supporting the play and the program while apologizing for the furor and hoping, almost pleading, that future programs of this sort would be presented.

They were the school committee and, more than anyone else, the superintendent who had advocated and maintained METCO from its inception. Knowing no more about *The Slave*, its performance at the school, or black literature generally than any of the people urging censure, he had officially proclaimed his support of the entire program. They were the local residents who had sponsored the program through the Committee to End Racism, and then had proposed that the play be performed again in Wellesley. Along with the superintendent, these people seemed to be the most pernicious because they were locals, neighbors, the people with whom one shopped, voted, and stood on the sidelines at the football games.

Last, and most uncomfortably, they were also students, the literally hundreds of them who had instituted and signed a petition arguing for the success of the May 31 program and urging that similar programs be offered. Like teachers and parents, the students had responded with quick, penetrating action. Notice of their petition was reported in *The Townsman* while the petition itself was prepared for presentation to the school committee.

All of these voices, all of these interests, had produced a resentment, often diffuse, always unsettled. No public incidents meant no reason for direct action, but the anger persisted and on the night of Monday, June 10, as the rain pelted down on this one suburban high school, the anger, in its most diffuse and ignominious cloak, burst out. It was an evil catharsis; instincts had discovered their objects and the fugue commenced.

The school's principal spoke first. He claimed responsibility in one area, in that it was his decision not to intervene in the second performance of the production because emotions were running high after the first. (One of the actors stated that had anyone requested *The Slave* to be deleted from the second performance, the company would have either consented or canceled the performance altogether. They would not have gone against the wishes of *any* school representative, including a student.) The principal showed sympathy for the anger expressed on both sides and voiced support of "free speech." But he provoked wild applause with the words: "But I go on record that the type of language used in that portion of *The Slave* should not be used before an audience of high school students." Moments later he nearly brought the house down: "I believe the young men and women in high school today should be made aware of the problems they will be facing in their world of tomorrow. But these problems do not have to be voiced with four-letter words, and I can pledge you a repetition of such a performance as *The Slave* will not again be given as long as it is my privilege to be the principal of Wellesley Senior High School."

Following the principal, several persons representative of the community spoke briefly. A teacher association official hoped that the issue now might be dropped, as did a gentleman of the clergy. Both expressed misgivings about the language but seemed content that the matter had played itself out. Not quite; the second voice of the fugue was just audible.

A woman spoke, reminding the audience first, that she was not an American, only married to one; and second, that she had not prepared a speech. Her point, however, was well made. Teachers should maintain total control of classrooms and not let pupils have their way. Where she came from, teachers permitting freedom and open discussion "are investigated." Like the principal's, her words were well received.

Next a teacher spoke. He was an opponent of the performance. Invoking John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Lyndon Baines Johnson, he described his early career at Wellesley and expressed utter amazement at the changes that had occurred in the school during his brief leave of absence. There had been significant changes, clearly instigated by an easily recognizable group of recently appointed teachers.

His was a difficult speech for the students and teachers who either emotionally or intellectually honor and obey the clauses of academic freedom. The sound of teachers accusing teachers or testifying against them goes against the ethics of many educators, but more importantly, depicts for students the cracking of an authority structure in which they believe. For many, it is far more frightening than the language of *The Slave*. Equally frightening for many students during those weeks was the performance of their parents, both that night and from then on, presumably, in the privacy of their homes. Many were to see their parents whole for the first time, and while some would be more proud than ever before, others would be wounded by their first experience with hypocrisy.

It is inconsequential that the teacher speaking resorted to four-letter words himself both that night and in the press to emphasize the intensity of his feelings. It is not inconsequential, however, that his speech introduced the fugue's third voice, the attack on the school committee and especially the superintendent. In its way, it was the preamble to a speech by the local state representative whose words were forceful and comforting to parents, if not a bit platitudinous. He couldn't stand idly by; he walked together with Negroes, fought arm and arm, and marched shoulder to shoulder with the founders of METCO. Some of the students groaned, but only a few seemed aware of the purpose of his political enterprise. His talk served to remind the audience that they possessed ultimate control over the school, its students,

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faculty, and guiding committee. It also roused the drowsy bitterness over the METCO decisions of two and three years earlier, and the failure of Operation Abolition METCO.

A housewife-parent spoke next. She felt the play was important, and when she told her fellow residents to take their heads out of the ground and listen to the world of poverty and despair about them, the audience, like the furies, chanted, "Speak The Word, Speak The Word."

Next, a psychiatrist-parent gently assured those assembled that according to his reading of scientific literature, nasty language had no lasting effect. "Cool it, Wellesley," he prescribed, and commented upon the gravity of Senator Kennedy's death and relative insignificance of the town's uproar over a few words in a play.

A black woman was recognized by the chairman and with her words came what was to be the fugue's final voice and sudden end of the evening. From one of Wellesley's few black families, she commenced by recounting that she had quietly told an earlier speaker, the woman advocating teacher investigations, that she hadn't liked her remarks. The woman had responded, if you didn't like them then why don't you go back where you came from. With this, many students gasped, horrified. Some adults looked pleased, others shocked. Some people applauded. Years ago, the speaker was continuing, remarks like this went unchallenged, but no more. Directly in front, a white man leaned over to a black man and asked, "Who's that speaking?" The black man didn't know. The white man seemed surprised and annoyed. How was it possible that this black man did not know that black woman?

Moments later with the excitement and anger at fever pitch, a young man, and recent graduate of the school, stood before the packed audience. His posture spoke of the many battles raging within him, some perhaps rather private. His youth anticipated his support of the program. So far, the sexes seemed fairly evenly divided on the issue, but the young were consistently on just one side.

The boy stood almost contentiously as he waited for silence. He wore no necktie, no sport jacket. Some of the audience had objected to the program and its language, he started. Well, he was going to quote a line from the play. A pause. His sense of the dramatic was keen. "Sit the – – – – down," he said. Days before, the roof of Wellesley had blown off. Now the walls had collapsed. "Stop him!" they cried. "Get him off of there!" In grief, women placed their hands over their mouths. Men shook their fists. It was a furious score with all the instruments blaring to an incredible finale, but he wasn't anywhere near done.

"Well, while some object to it, I first heard that word when I was five years old in Wellesley, Massachusetts," the boy continued. There was something else about people who go to church, but this was lost in a frenetic din. "Kill him!" "Drown him!" "Fire him!" "Suffocate him!" The walls of Wellesley were totally destroyed now, and the very foundation had given away. Screaming, yelling, dismayed, angered, crying, they piled out of the auditorium. At once, a policeman entered from the front, spoke momentarily with the committee chairwoman, and hauled the youth from the auditorium. In one hysterical moment the boy was gone and the auditorium was up for grabs.

I left the auditorium and started to go outside, but the driving rain forced me in again. Returning, I saw the boy, held by the police and calling for help, being dragged down a corridor. I chased down the hall after the boy, the police, and the press. As I rushed by an office, I heard and saw a lawyer demanding the youth's rights and from my left, disbelieving, I heard The Word spoken again from the auditorium. The evening's final address made by an assistant principal had contained it. The meeting was quickly adjourned, and the real drama of Wellesley had concluded.

THE confusion at the police station that Monday night and the attempts made to reassure a father that his son was courageous and supported by many were resolved in a public apology by the boy the following morning.

As for the hearing involving the two teachers, theater personnel, and the chairman of the Committee to End Racism, a continuance was issued on the evidence that, as a Boston newspaper reported it, one of the accused, a married teacher, was expecting a baby. A second continuance, in fact, was issued as the birth of a daughter prevented the one teacher from appearing at the announced date. The hearing was rescheduled for September 11. Apparently the cooling-off period worked. By the time September came, the town seemed eager to get on with life and "repress" the thoughts of last spring.

The court procedure again required waiting and deliberation. Before commencing, the women teachers, witnesses, and accused conversed for the first time in months. These particular witnesses, however, were never called. Two male staff members only were asked to recount their observations and impressions. Both were troubled by the performance. One found it, along with other sections of the presentation, "disgusting" and had walked out. It was he I had encountered in the self-embracing pose muttering "smut." The other, a guidance counselor, was eager to have matters resolved. One sensed his desire to reunite the faculty and be done with *The Slave* affair. Neither wanted harm to come to anyone, not to the students, nor to the accused. Importantly, both stressed the socially redeeming nature of the play and the entire performance generally. Importantly, both denied that anything had been sexually arousing. These two features, the socially redeeming and prurient interest clauses, are fundamental for legal obscenity decisions.

But the criteria proved to be insufficient as the judge first refused to consider *The Slave* as part of a continuous presentation of segments of dramatic works, and then ruled the play obscene for minors. He did, however, excuse the accused on the grounds that, given the testimonies, they could not be charged for introducing the obscene play. A crime had been committed, but these were not the criminals. To say the least, the decision was a complicated one.

But there are other types of injuries and, predictably, the most vulnerable in these cases are those persons residing in the community. The two families who had advocated repeating the dramatic performance were pressured to leave. Indeed, their landlords ousted them. The wife of the head of the Committee to End Racism presently receives cold stares from those she once counted as friends. Possibly because of this scornful pressure, this family too will leave. Black families threaten to pull out, and several faculty members have resigned. Others have pledged to do so next year. The former chairman of the history department, who helped plan the program, has departed for a neighboring high school.

The school is cleaning up. Few persons, apparently, speak about the episode during class time or any time, for that matter, when students are around. Students have reported that all has been swept under the rug. A severe pass system, moreover, has been enforced by which students must show written permission to be late or to linger in halls. To prevent and control future scandals, several school custodians have been deputized by the local police chief. Recently, a proposed field trip to see the movie *Romeo and Juliet* was prohibited by the

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assistant principal on the grounds that its nude scene might provoke reactions similar to last spring's. Rumor has it, too, that a liberal school committee member will soon resign. If true, his resignation will be filed on top of the one already submitted by the superintendent.

All these events are important because authoritarian responses—whether to the Wellesley Incident or the drama in the streets of Chicago at the Democratic convention—turn students overnight into revolutionaries and anarchists. In times like these, the world seems so terribly unjust to the young that a transitional period of "becoming political" is junked, and students are transformed from readers of politics to outright warriors.

The town is also cleaning up. In a way, it is like a young woman caught in a compromising position having to adjust her hair, straighten her skirt, and appear properly innocent. For one brief instant it looked as though Wellesley would again make headlines when a sailor sought sanctuary in one of the town's churches. The crowds returned, and the sailor was led away rather hurriedly. Students recounted the obscenities they had heard on this occasion and shook their heads in recalling the relative mildness and absolute safety of *The Slave*. Reconsidering the town's history of tribulations, one student registered his vote for the year's one obscene event: the afternoon the Playboy bunnies had taken on some local men's group in softball on the field of the high school.

IN retrospect, the Wellesley Incident now seems a rather large hump on the plain of the past. My own thoughts keep returning to the voices of a man and a boy. The former, a lawyer, came out of the hearing in despair. Too often had he experienced the irrelevance of the law and the unnecessary fright of naïve clients. The boy had sought alliance with a fiery black student. He wanted in. He wanted to join the struggle. The black boy told him something to the effect that you need us, but we don't need you.

Perhaps this is as it must be, but the final rejection comes from us if we ignore white problems. Through anger, "decent" people were urged to leave Wellesley; in anger, they left. This must not be the result. If in focusing attention on the ghettos, we forsake large groups of talented students, tomorrow's inevitable leaders, we leave them, too, "disadvantaged" and restless amid their inherited opulence. Too many rich, white suburban high school students "want in," and only teachers will provide that opportunity. The young don't necessarily want revolution or scandal; they merely want teachers who will help them to pull back society's rugs and examine everything that has been swept underneath.

University of Miami

Continued from page 59

sible match over, grant or withhold approval. Life is not hilarious or silly; life is serious. You are a matron-in-training. Failure may be a low grade in a course; as likely, it is a senior standing without a ring, a fraternity pin, and without serious prospects of getting one. If you fail to find a man, you apply for transfer to BU, NYU, or Syracuse.

And yet there are others—other students, other situations, other trends. More than the standard institution of the old joke, Miami is a collection of departments and schools held together by common parking lots. (No common heating system is necessary.) Frequently people in one department have little idea of what those in others are doing or of the kinds of students they teach. The residence halls, which house about half the undergraduates (the rest live in apartments around town), are full of private stereo units and color television sets, and the average male student (according to an undergraduate market researcher) spends $350 a year for clothes. At the same time, according to the University's statistics, 60 per cent of all students (at some time in their career) receive some form of financial aid (through scholarships, loans, and employment), a fact that suggests—if the figures are correct—that some students may pretend to be wealthier than they are. It is apparent, as someone on the campus pointed out, that many of Miami's students represent first-generation affluence which tends to be simultaneously ostentatious and unstable and which may produce a climate that intimidates those who lack the proper resources. The image of wealth, like that of Old Sun Tan itself, may be something of an anachronism.

And so with other things: While the pool tables and bowling alleys in the Student Union are jammed with players, a group of student photographers mounts an elegant exhibit of photographs on a stairway to the second floor. While most students respond apathetically to questions about poverty and social injustice (hardly knowing enough, it seems, to be defensive), and while the big campus controversy this fall stemmed from Stanford's ban on the playing of "Dixie" at football games, others have filled the hall to hear Dick Gregory, Herbert Aptheker, and William F. Buckley, and still others have joined the mainstream of protest by picketing visiting Army recruiters.

Miami, said UM's student body president Michael Abrams, lags behind other institutions in student activism, but the number of "radicals," he feels, has increased substantially since he came as a freshman four years ago. Abrams and the student government are now asking for a larger voice in academic planning, a student seat on the board of trustees, and the establishment of a pass-fail option in undergraduate courses. Most of these reforms elicit little student enthusiasm (most students haven't heard of them); but the fact that they have been requested, however politely, indicates that the lag of which Abrams and others speak may not be so much a matter of place as of time. "The rebels at Berkeley and Columbia," said an administrator, "know that everything's available in this economy, that they have it made. Here they're still trying to make it."

Miami's gaps remain large and obvious—the whole University is still trying to make it. It has begun to institutionalize research and social involvement: centers for urban studies and theoretical physics, marine science and child development. It is conducting projects (with federal funds) in educating agricultural migrants and refugee Cubans; it has a growing involvement with commercial corporations in the Miami area; and it is becoming—because of the Cubans—increasingly bilingual. So far, however, the general tone of the campus remains largely unaffected: Miami looks and feels like a suburban institution, not an urban one. It is hard to reach from downtown by public transportation, and it does not have—either on the campus or on the periphery—the scent of urbanity that characterizes most great universities: secondhand book shops, coffee houses, art movies, galleries. Miami is studying the problems of the world and its own region, but in the middle of the campus, where the big outdoor pool adjoins the Student Union, the problems seem far away. Perhaps that, too, is just a matter of time.

But Miami's greatest problem (aside from the historic image) is money and the conditions that money might buy. "This place," said Charles R. Estill, the vice president for development, "is hungry, exciting, and scrambling." It is scrambling after, among other things, the retired wealth that Florida attracts, and placing its hopes, not surprisingly,

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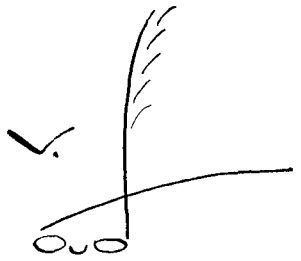
in deferred gifts and bequests. (So far, Miami's alumni, the majority of whom tend to be recent graduates, contribute only a small percentage of its major gifts.) Estill hopes to raise the University's endowment from its present $27,000,000 (it was only half that a few years ago) to $100 million by 1975. In the meantime—and perhaps for all time—the University must continue to depend on contributions from local businesses and on support from the public treasury. (The state of Florida, through a special act that helped create the Medical School, contributes $2,500,000 annually to its support.) None of these factors alone is of special significance—after all, every private institution confronts financial difficulties. But together they are likely to shape the future of the University, creating special opportunities and very special problems.

Although Miami is a private university and therefore (in theory) free of the pressures and constraints that legislatures often impose, it is probably as vulnerable to the policies and demands of its sources of support as any public institution. Its reputation and its academic strength are founded on new money and new programs, not on established traditions or on a strong, historic constituency. It is beholden to the federal government, to the state, and, to a greater degree than most, to private capital that is regional rather than national: The money may have been made in New York, but it was brought to Florida, and people who bring money to Florida tend to have special interests and attitudes. It is probably no accident that Miami is littered with clinics, health centers, rest homes, and other putative fountains of youth, or that the University's medical and scientific research may have an especially bright future.

But the very things that now give the University its strength are also those that have created the greatest difficulties for established institutions: federal grants, research-oriented faculties, and a heavy involvement with federal and corporate agencies. Its problem is that, while quick reputations are not made with teaching but with scholarship, graduate institutes do not warm the hearts (or strengthen the minds) of undergraduates. Academic prestige grows like the lawns of England: You plant the seed and cultivate for 300 years. Stanford believes that he can control the University's priorities, and that the University's programs in art, theater, and music compare favorably with its work in marine science or molecular biology. If he and Estill can persuade the "silent wealth" that surrounds them to finance less glamorous enterprises, to support undergraduate instruction and scholarships, and to tolerate the political and social noise that they may produce, they will control their destiny and produce the distinguished and unique subtropical university that Stanford envisions. If not, they may simply emulate the worst attributes of the best institutions, producing competent technicans, not educated men. Berkeley's science and scholarship without the intellectual and social intensity of its campus life – Berkeley without Telegraph Avenue—would be an academic monster. Miami is beginning, in a small way, to develop the first, but it still lacks the second.



Most—if not all—of the great private American universities achieved their distinction without federal grants and before the days of big research. Miami did not. Since it does not carry the burden of tradition—as virtue or liability—it does not have to honor its past. But neither will the past help check the excesses of the future. Perhaps as much as any new university—and it is as new as NASA—Miami represents a test, a test not only for the dedication of its leadership, which is considerable, but for America's new wealth, public and private. In the end, the Rockefellers and Carnegies believed that their affluence imposed certain obligations. It will be interesting to see how we honor ours.

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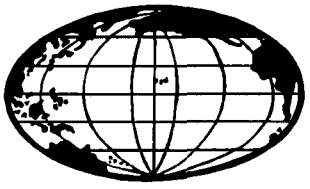

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WIT TWISTER #103

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He _ _ _ _ _ daily, to and fro,
The _ _ _ _ _ within his narrow cell.
He dreams of seas, of _ _ _ _ _, of snow,
Of jungle heat—but wakes in Hell.

(*Answer on page* 81)

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Untaught Teachers

Continued from page 62

phasize this aspect of the project, for I suspect that although it was the "pretty girls" from Goucher that first caught the interest of the high school boys, it was the opportunity to talk seriously with an intelligent, older person that maintained their interest.

But there was, of course, also the poetry. The undergraduates' job was to turn the discussion back to the page when appropriate. Sometimes, a student did it for her, caught by unfamiliar expressions or stimulated to check something said in discussion.

Some of the undergraduates eventually used rather difficult poems, at least poems with difficult language and complex imagery like Denise Levertov's "To the Reader." There was always a dictionary in the midst of each group, and any word that anyone wanted to know about could be looked up on the spot and talked about. The undergraduates began by doing the looking—it was not to be a punitive exercise for the ignorant. Words were often the substance of long discussions. Punctuation was scrutinized, especially in Cummings's poems and in Ronald Gross's pop poems. And a number of the undergraduates got to the subject of lining: why poets choose to break lines where they do, instead of writing their sentences out in the manner of prose. Some undergraduates discussed rhythm with their groups, and others got into figures of speech or aural effects like alliteration. In spite of the short term of the project, there was a surprising number of technical discussions of poems as well of relatively deep analysis.

May 16—While Fred was gone, one of the boys asked what "seat of my sense" meant. The other boy didn't say anything, so I asked the one who asked the question what he thought it meant. He said he thought it meant that the hoe came up and hit him in the rear. I said that's what you expect because of seat, but that the poet surprises you by adding—instead of "my pants"—"my sense." The other boy now spoke up and said that the hoe hit him in the back of his head. I said, yes, and explained that one's sense means one's brains. Then the boy who asked the question understood.

Fred returned with the dictionary. I read the definition of "malice" and "prepense." Fred said that the phrase must mean something like planning out a murder—he was thinking of premeditation. Then his face lit up. He said that the poet thought that the hoe really wanted to hit him. "Like it was human," he said. I said, "Very good." We looked at the poem again, and Fred said that the hoe was described as human in other places: it had toes, it was unemployed, it was called a name, it could have had the blame, and it struck him. "Very good," I said. (I was ecstatic!) I added "offense." The very quiet boy asked what was the need for underlining the word "was." Fred said that he thought that meant you emphasize the word when you read it—and he read the line with the word emphasized.

(Andrea Friedman)

From the beginning, we had agreed that a major ingredient of the curriculum would be the writing of poems. All of the undergraduates had experienced both the satisfaction of "making a poem" and the resulting new insights into the reading of poems that followed their efforts to write. They all knew from experience that the sooner the high school students began to write poems, the better; for then there would be time to return to the reading of poems. And yet, they were all somewhat hesitant about beginning the writing. They were afraid, they said openly in workshops and outside, that their students might react negatively; that, for most students, writing was punishment. What the undergraduates wanted were ways into writing, tricks, strategies, and the like. And encouragement.

In a Tuesday night workshop, we discussed many strategies ranging from direct action to games. The undergraduates were, of course, left to work things out in their own styles.

May 21—Today I said we were going to write and everyone looked apprehensive. So I said, "Don't you want to?" They seemed to want to but also to pretend that they didn't. This idea was conveyed mainly by mutterings which weren't intelligible, but I could get the tone. I said, "I don't know whether you have the same inhibitions that I do about writing, but I'll tell you the 'rights' I need, in case you do also. First of all, no one ever has to show anything until he's ready, if at all. There won't be any time when I'll say, 'Okay, now you must show what you've written.' If you need more time, you can take it home and work on it, or never show it at all." Then I threw my dictionary into the center of the circle and said, "Common dictionary." And I passed around some paper for anyone who wanted any. And I took up some and started to write. After a few minutes I looked up and two were writing. After a while longer, everyone was writing. . . . I continued writing and tried not to look around too much. Every once in a while someone would make a comment; then we'd return to our writing. . . . At one point, B. asked if they had to be neat. I said no. They all sighed. Then R. said, "Some words are misspelled here," and I said, "That's okay,

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I'll fix them when I type them." They couldn't quite believe that, but the thing they really couldn't believe was that they didn't have to hand them in unless they wanted to. . . . As they went out, B., S., and R. gave me their poems to mimeograph. (ELLEN BASS)

May 21—Mike read "The Wrestlers" by H. Braun. . . . Lon: "You can't write poems about wrestlers. Poems are about beautiful things—like love." (snicker) Mike: "They don't have to be." Lon: "Well, I thought poems were just about intangible things." "What about 'Airplane Glue'?" Lon: "Well, that's different." "And where the boy cut his hand off with the saw?" Lon: "Yeah, well, that's different too." And "Last Night I Drove a Car"? Lon: "Well, maybe I don't know what I'm talking about." Mike: "You can write about anything—like that chair over there. About the metal and where it came from and everything." Lon: "Well, then, write it." Mike: "Naw, I can't." Lon: "You can so. He's really intelligent." Barbara: "Well, why don't you try?" Lon: "I'll write about dirt." They start writing. Showing each other. Thinking. Crossing out. Ask if I am writing a poem.
(BARBARA DANISH)

May 16—I then handed out "This Is Just to Say," by William Carlos Williams. James said it wasn't a poem; it sounded like a note. We discussed the lack of continuous lines and punctuation in notes they had left at home. They decided it was a poem written for fun, that the guy figured maybe if he left a screwy note, the person wouldn't be so angry.

I asked the guys what they meant by that. Joe illustrated with a shop incident. I asked if he could write a similar note for his shop teacher. This was what he came up with—I wrote on the blackboard as he spoke. Richard told me where to break the lines.

This is just to say
that I used
the drill press
without permission
And I broke
the chuck
I'm sorry
but it was
a lot of
fun.

Joe said it'd be worth the $30 to replace the chuck if he could leave a note like that one. (DEBORAH STONE)

Once begun, most of these groups enjoyed the experience apparently enough to spend at least half, and in one case all, of the remaining six hours on their own poems. The students were excited simply by the sight of their words on a mimeographed page, even when they had asked, the previous hour, not to sign their names. Some of them, after seeing the sheets and after the class discussion, asked to have their names added to their poems. They teased each other about being "poets"; they made jokes about the value of their autographed copies.

They were being asked, of course, to do something very difficult as well as unique: write a poem, here and now. The undergraduates I have taught are hardly willing (or able) to take that direction. These high school students, moreover, had not been exposed either to "creative writing" or to a great deal of literature for its own sake. Their experience with English had been largely skill-training. English was a tool, to be used in a standard fashion. Certain words were the proper ones; certain forms of pronunciation; certain patterns of speech; certain postures, even, when one stood to talk before a group. Asking them to write a poem was, in one essential way, asking them to deny standards and to express themselves individually, uniquely. They had glimpsed something of the variety that modern poetry allows. They had felt, for six hours, the permissiveness of modern forms as well as of the small group they were part of. But of course these were hardly sufficient for the freedom, inventiveness, and skill that a poet needs. And yet, surprisingly, they produced a few good poems and several interesting ones.

During the final sessions, most groups returned to the reading of professional poems. The following diary entry records a typical "good" or "deep" discussion both of the ideas of poetry and of a particular poem; it also communicates a sense of the undergraduate's surprise and pleasure that, yes, her students had learned something from their hours with her.

June 13—Then Dwight said something about Jim's comment that poets were "brainy," arguing that you didn't have to be smart to be a poet, and I clarified Jim's statement by saying that Jim had just said that poets don't stop thinking about things. (Jim had said that the reason poets write poems is to get across some of what they see and feel so strongly.) Dwight made the beautiful statement that anyone was a poet who had "something to express—a feeling or a thought about something—and who did it in such a way that it communicates something to others." This is pretty much a verbatim quote—again I was awed at his use of words "express" and "communicate." When I think of our beginning session—when they said poetry was sissy stuff and had nothing to do with grease under an engine hood!!!

Unbelievably for all the intensity of

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discussion, the period wasn't over, and we went on to the poem about the deer on the road. The high level of our discussion by this time made it possible to go directly to the meat of the poem: i.e., we didn't have the usual retelling of the story, but rather a clarification of its details. We discussed the writer's dilemma of pushing the deer off the road and hence killing the fawn inside her, and the sadness of the fact that the fawn would never be born. Dwight was very emphatic about one's having a respect for life of any form, and he isolated this as the poet's problem in the poem, pointing to the line, "Beside that mountain road I hesitated." He explained the hesitation. (SUZANNE PLUMB)

We had several discussions in workshops about how to get from the high school students a final "evaluation" without seeming to be, and indeed without really, testing them. We agreed, finally, on the following procedure. A group of four poems that the high school students had not seen were mimeographed and handed to them by two representative undergraduates during a regular class meeting on Wednesday of the penultimate week. The students were asked to write on one of the four poems that they particularly liked and to explain why they did and what the poem was saying. Most of them wrote freely, assured by the undergraduates that their papers would not be graded, or even seen, by their regular teachers.

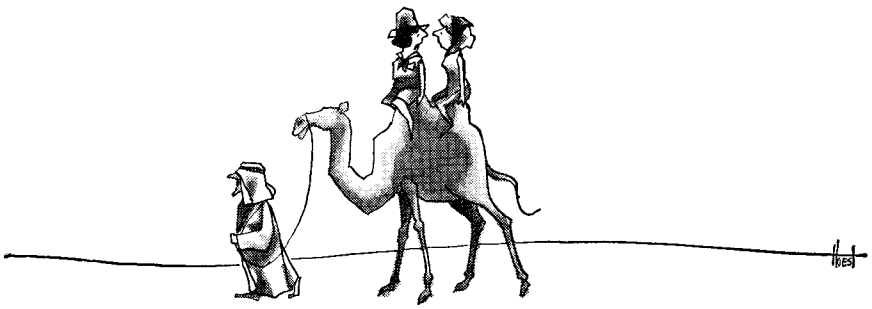
An interesting postscript was provided by one of those teachers. In the final workshop, following the last meeting of the students and undergraduates, she confessed the following. She had been skeptical all along, she reported, about the project. Her observation had convinced her that the undergraduates "had no methods." "Certainly, they didn't have *my* methods," she added wryly. Hence, she had been in favor of the concluding writing assignment we had agreed on. But the results had surprised her: the papers were so good that she couldn't believe that they were a result of the undergraduates' teaching. Hence, she decided to try her own experiment. She had another class of auto mechanics-to-be. These students had had no poetry from her or anyone else. She quietly decided to give them the same writing assignment, and she reported that those students were unable to deal with the poems. With some humor, she added that she was finally "convinced."

By any standard, the papers written by the project's students are superior to the others, but a comparison of the two sets reminds us that the high school students did learn something particular about poetry: that poems express feelings as well as ideas, that often the idea hinges on the feeling. Some students opened their essays by saying that they liked the poem because it made them feel sad; others because the poem reminded them of something in their experience. In all cases, the students used independent *ways* into the poems.

IT wasn't a miracle. Teachers need to learn methods of some sort. The undergraduates understood that poems are always communicating feelings first, and that therefore the teacher's method must help students get to the poem's words by encouraging open response to the feeling. We all have feelings. Even when we do not share values or ideas, we share feelings. We also share the language of feeling—sadness, joy, suffering, anger, and wonder are words we can talk about and relate to, regardless of our academic degrees or age or income or alleged "deprivation." All art shares this form of wealth, but for students who are labeled non-verbal or non-academic, poetry is especially useful since it is a way into language and without language in our culture, one remains helpless.

For the highly verbal undergraduates, the experience was useful. Their initial enthusiasm had to do with getting out of the college classroom to do something with their studies. Their continued enthusiasm—in spite of three regular Goucher courses, apart from the twenty hours a week the project asked of them—depended on the experience itself. Much of the time they were good teachers because they were also learning—willing to learn from their students.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 78: paces, space, capes.



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Travel

Continued from page 43

da Misericordia. "It is old, with crystal chandeliers, red velvet banquettes, gilded chairs and mirrors—a little like Maxim's in Paris, but small and not sophisticated. The waiters are old friends with whom I can relax over a *supremos de cherne cardeal*, turbot with the suavest of sauces, and *iscas com elas a Lisboeta* —liver steaks touched with garlic—adored even by those who ordinarily can't abide liver."

Victor Rodriguez, the *cameraro*, no relative of Amalia, wrote out the recipe —"a pound of calves liver, one-quarter pound of puréed spleen, a half pint of white wine, two cloves, a bud of garlic, a bay leaf, salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and one-quarter pound of butter. Cut into fine slices, the liver marinates in the mixture for twenty-four hours. Then melted butter and a clove of garlic are added to the marinade in which, after it is brought to a boil, the liver is cooked seven minutes." With the *iscas* Victor served a bottle of dry white wine from José Maria da Fonseca.

Amalia restricts her singing to recordings, benefits, and important recitals, and no longer entertains in the *fado* houses of the Alfama and Mouraria. But her sister Celeste was singing at the Taverna da Embuçado, and Amalia joined the hushed crowd in the candlelit cabaret. Celeste wore the black dress and *chaille* or shawl traditional among Lisbon's market women—a style introduced by Amalia "because *fado* is folk music, and because, being shy, I need to cover every part of my body." A twelve-stringed, pear-shaped Portuguese guitar, a Spanish guitar, and a bass viola accompanied the lyrics, which seemed to have been specially written for someone about to leave Amalia's Lisbon:

> Lady, my eyes are so sad for you
> in parting,
> My love, so sad, so full of remembrance, so sick with farewells,
> So tired, so tearful, so desirous of
> death, a hundred thousand times
> more than life;
> Leaving so sadly, the sad eyes, so
> far from hope.
> Never was another so sad, no one
> for anyone. . . .
>
> —Arthur Goodfriend.

Arthur Goodfriend, former journalist and foreign service official and widely published author, recently visited some leading artistic and literary figures in Europe. This is one of a series of reports he is writing on their impressions. Mr. Goodfriend, who lives in Washington, D.C., is assistant to the president of Project HOPE, part of People-to-People Health Foundation, Inc.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 83)

L'ECOLE AIGLON LANGUAGE SCHOOL—French and Spanish taught in the South's newest language school at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee. Summer sessions under direction of European instructors. Young adults (13-18) learn and play in cultured surroundings while conversing in French and Spanish. Write for complete details. Jean Sennyey, Box 305, Bell Buckle, Tennessee 37020.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY SUMMER SESSIONS for high school students. Precollege Summer Study Program, on campus, to advance mature students. Recreation, cultural, social events included. Quality faculty and supervision. Liberal arts, art workshop, school press institute, national science foundation program, architecture. Write for information: Precollege Studies Center, 805 South Crouse Avenue, Dept. 209, Syracuse, New York 13210.

JOURNALISM IN DEPTH—five week program combining practical with liberal arts approach, grades 11 and 12. Triweekly press conferences with top newsmen, extensive field assignments. University and preparatory school faculty. June 29th-August 5th. Write Director, Journalism Summer School, Blair Academy, Blairstown, N.J. 07825.

BURNHAM-BY-THE-SEA, Newport, Rhode Island. Summer Vacation School for girls 12-18 on beautiful oceanfront estates. All subjects. Small classes. Reading skills, study habits, typing. Music, art, drama. Olympic pool. All sports. Delightful social life. 20th summer. Coordinate program nearby boys' school. Bulletin. George Waldo Emerson, 57-R Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts 01060.

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

PINE CREST SUMMER SCHOOL. In Florida. College preparation for credit, review. Beautiful new campus. Developmental reading. Air-conditioned classrooms, dorms. June 16th-August 1st. Coed. Boarding, grades 7-12. Pool, tennis. Beach nearby. Director of Admissions, Box SS, Pine Crest School, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33308.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women 26 and over seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two-week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Students may start in January, February, July or August. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

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AT FRANKLIN PIERCE we expect you to find the answers. In the new $1 million library. From the 60 dynamic faculty members. Along with 900 other inquisitive young men and women working for B.A. degrees in Liberal Arts. Fully accredited. Winter sports. Catalogue: Franklin Pierce College, Admissions Department R, Rindge, N.H. 03461.

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(Continued on page 86)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 85)

For Summer Rental

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in cool mountains. Swimming on premises. $125 week. Hall's, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

MAINE, ON DAMARISCOTTA LAKE. 2 bedroom cottage, privacy, adults. $425 monthly. William Snyder, Newcastle, Maine 04553.

PAWLING, N.Y., Quaker Hill. Charming residence, 10 rooms, completely furnished, family antiques. Box L-899.

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SPAIN—wanted to rent—large furnished house for six months. Box L-533.

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CAMPS

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BLUE STAR CAMPS in beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains, Hendersonville, N.C. Two week, intercultural, interracial coed short term session children 8 to 12. Write: 1100 Crescent Avenue, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps: Stanley for girls, Tahoe for boys. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

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TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18. Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE at luxurious INDIES INN. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, *Illinois 60035.*

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

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CAMPS

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools, summer study programs and private camps, which have been visited, personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests and educational needs. Recommendations made and 336-page 28th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Since 1936. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116. Tel. 617-266-1831.

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KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for girls over 15 includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks *in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. &* Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 11-16. Arts, science program providing freedom to grow in understanding and generosity, in friendships and responsibilities. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

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(Continued from page 87)

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DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by hyphen and WORD B: Man Friday, for instance	1 20 58 70 81 84
B. See WORD A (comp.)	85 95 100 114 136 142 150 160 166
C. Scoot (2 wds.)	175 9 30 65 71 82 88 115 137 178
D. CCC was part of it. (2 wds.)	10 45 67 93 107 110 120
E. Defective	31 50 56 106 116 127
F. A semi-precious quartz	133 167 176 182 6 37 38 57
G. Not gorged	77 145 184 190 22 53 68 72 109 130
H. He said, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentis." (Virgil's *Aeneid*)	140 144 186 33 42 47 157
I. Principality on the Persian Gulf, pop. 170,000	188 2 12 16 28 36
J. Loathing; repugnance	19 25 34 54 60 112
K. One of the greatest Ionian cities, near the mouth of the Cayster river	118 40 79 94 134 161 17
L. Boisterous; vulgar	43 49 152 158 14 27 73 191 3 122
M. Undesirable or disordered condition	8 32 59 119 164 103
N. Mongolian dynasty of China 1260 to 1368	159 21 126 83
O. Dreadnoughts, for instance (2 wds.)	98 141 185 24 172 181 132 13 78 104 111 55
P. Horizons	46 151 26 4 7 64
Q. After *The* and followed by WORD R: He rode upon Sindbad's shoulders, and Sindbad killed him (3 wds.)	76 180 169 52 153 29 123 102
R. See WORD Q (2 wds.)	44 87 148 90 66 171
S. Narrow channel of the East River, New York City (2 wds.)	162 170 189 35 11 177 128 149
T. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity ————." (Cor., 8:1)	155 146 62 86 165 183 91 125
U. Awakens; pulls from bed (2 wds.)	108 80 39 23 113 69 74 92 174
V. "It's none of your bizz!" (2 wds.)	135 105 61 75 129 99 117
W. Succeeding, following (4 wds.)	101 138 96 179 5 15 18 154 51 187 48
X. Spanish missionary and historian (1474-1566) *The Apostle of the Indies* (2 wds.)	121 156 97 63 163 89 168 143
Y. Jail	173 131 139 147 124 41

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 A	2 I	3 L	4 P	5 W		6 F	7 P	8 M	9 C	10 D	11 S	12 I	13 O	14 L		15 W
16 I	17 K		18 W	19 J		20 A	21 N	22 G	23 U	24 O	25 J	26 P	27 L	28 I	29 Q	30 C
	31 E	32 M	33 H	34 J	35 S	36 I	37 F		38 F	39 U	40 K	41 Y	42 H	43 L	44 R	45 D
46 P		47 H	48 W		49 L	50 E	51 W		52 Q	53 G	54 J	55 O		56 E	57 F	58 A
59 M	60 J	61 V	62 T	63 X	64 P		65 C	66 R		67 D	68 G	69 U	70 A	71 C		72 G
73 L	74 U		75 V	76 Q	77 G	78 O	79 K		80 U	81 A		82 C	83 N	84 A		85 B
86 T		87 R	88 C	89 X		90 R	91 T	92 U	93 D	94 K	95 B	96 W	97 X		98 O	99 V
100 B		101 W	102 Q		103 M	104 O	105 V		106 E	107 D	108 U	109 G		110 D	111 O	
112 J	113 U	114 B	115 C	116 E	117 V	118 K		119 M	120 D	121 X		122 L	123 Q	124 Y		125 T
126 N	127 E		128 S	129 V		130 G	131 Y		132 O	133 F	134 K		135 V	136 B		137 C
138 W		139 Y	140 H	141 O	142 B	143 X		144 H	145 G	146 T		147 Y	148 R	149 S	150 B	
151 P	152 L	153 Q	154 W	155 T		156 X	157 H	158 L		159 N	160 B	161 K		162 S	163 X	164 M
	165 T	166 B		167 F	168 X	169 Q	170 S		171 R	172 O	173 Y		174 U	175 C	176 F	
177 S	178 C	179 W	180 Q	181 O	182 F	183 T	184 G		185 O	186 H	187 W	188 I		189 S	190 G	191 L

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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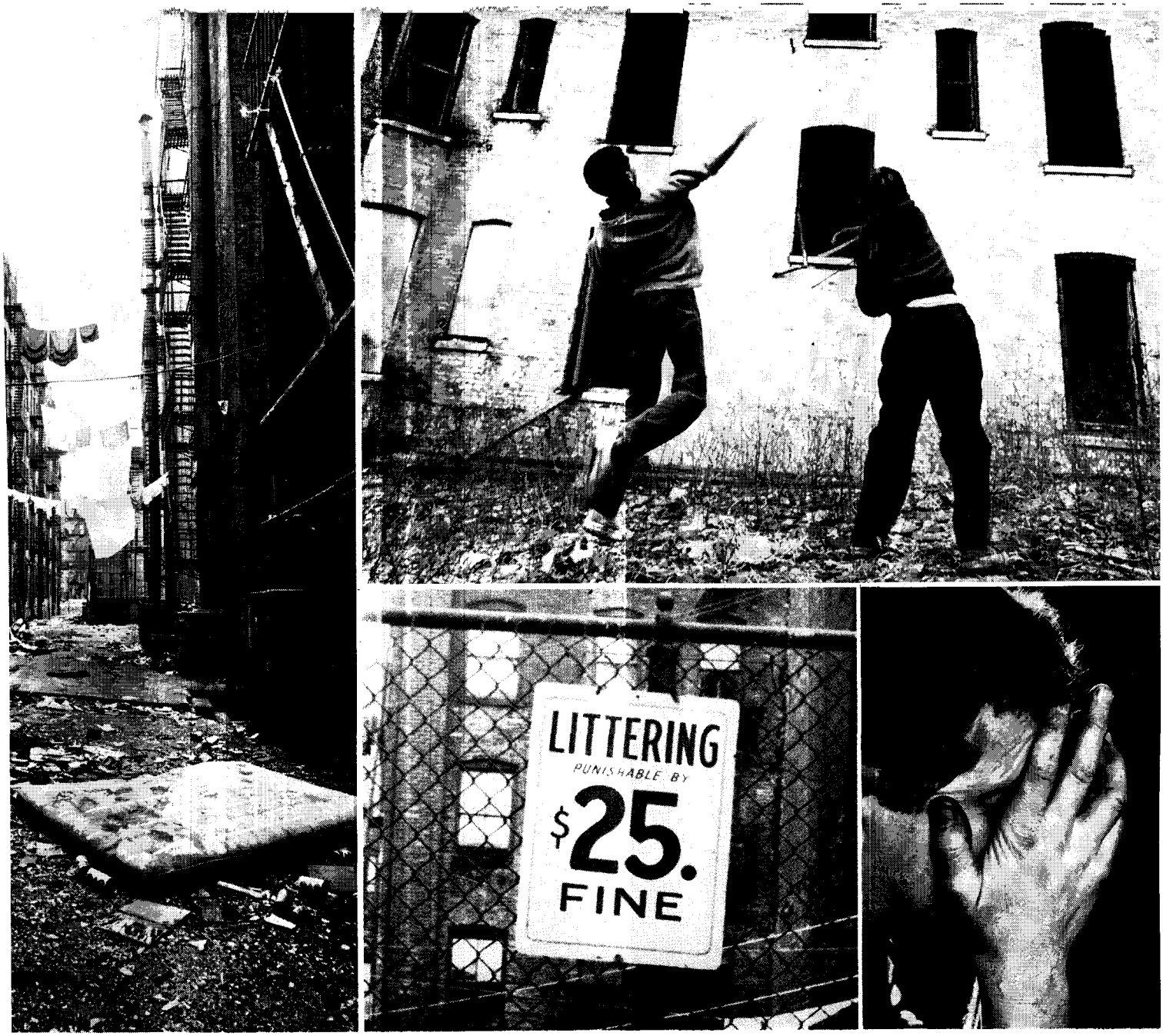

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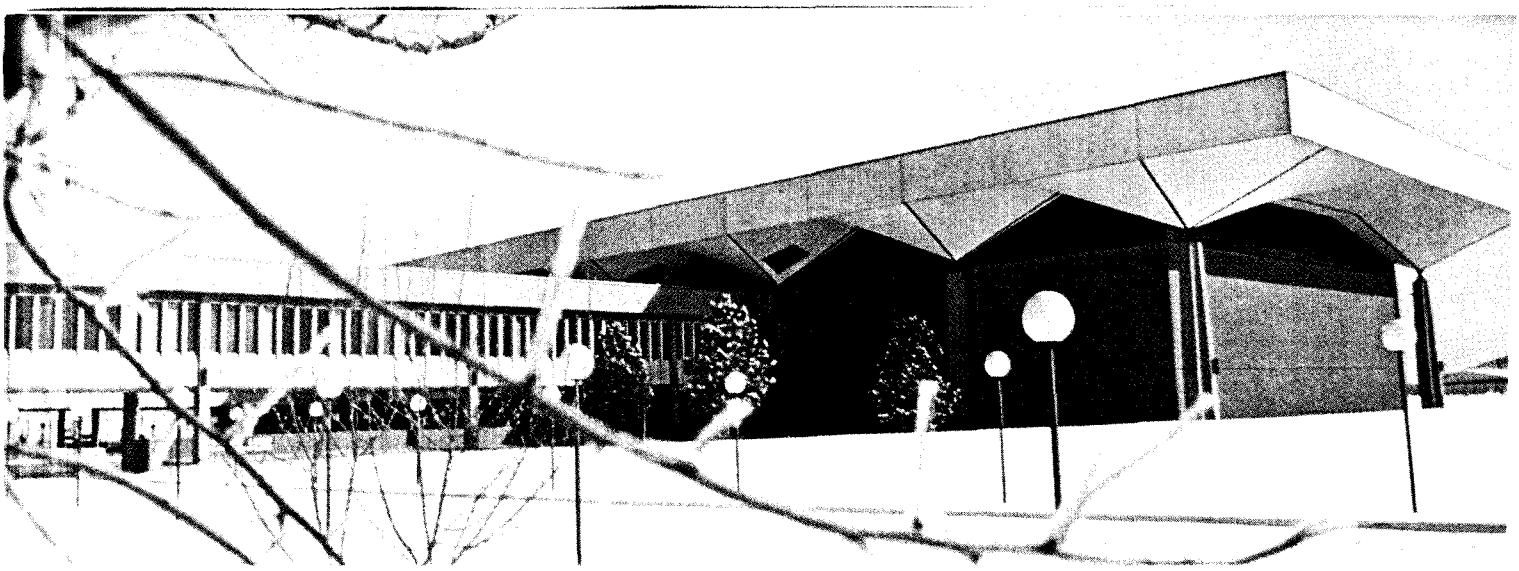
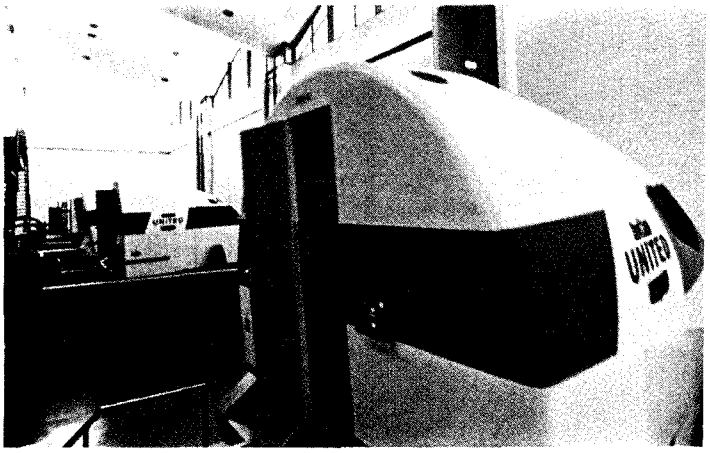


Over 40 worldwide airlines send us their pilots and crews for training.



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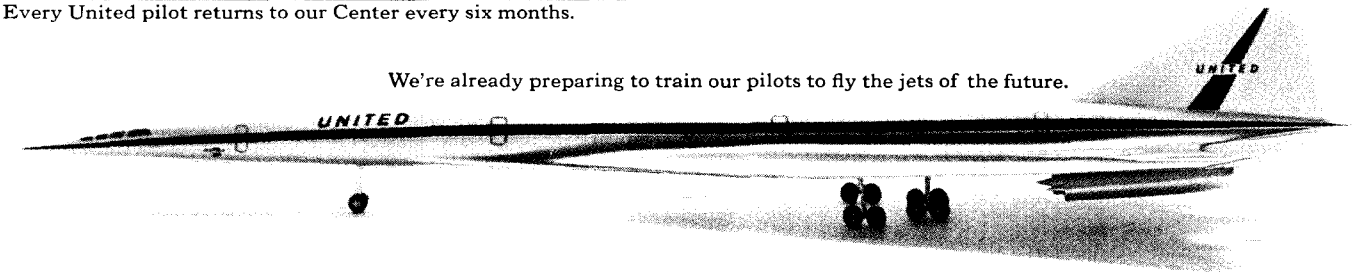
Every United pilot returns to our Center every six months.

We're already preparing to train our pilots to fly the jets of the future.



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